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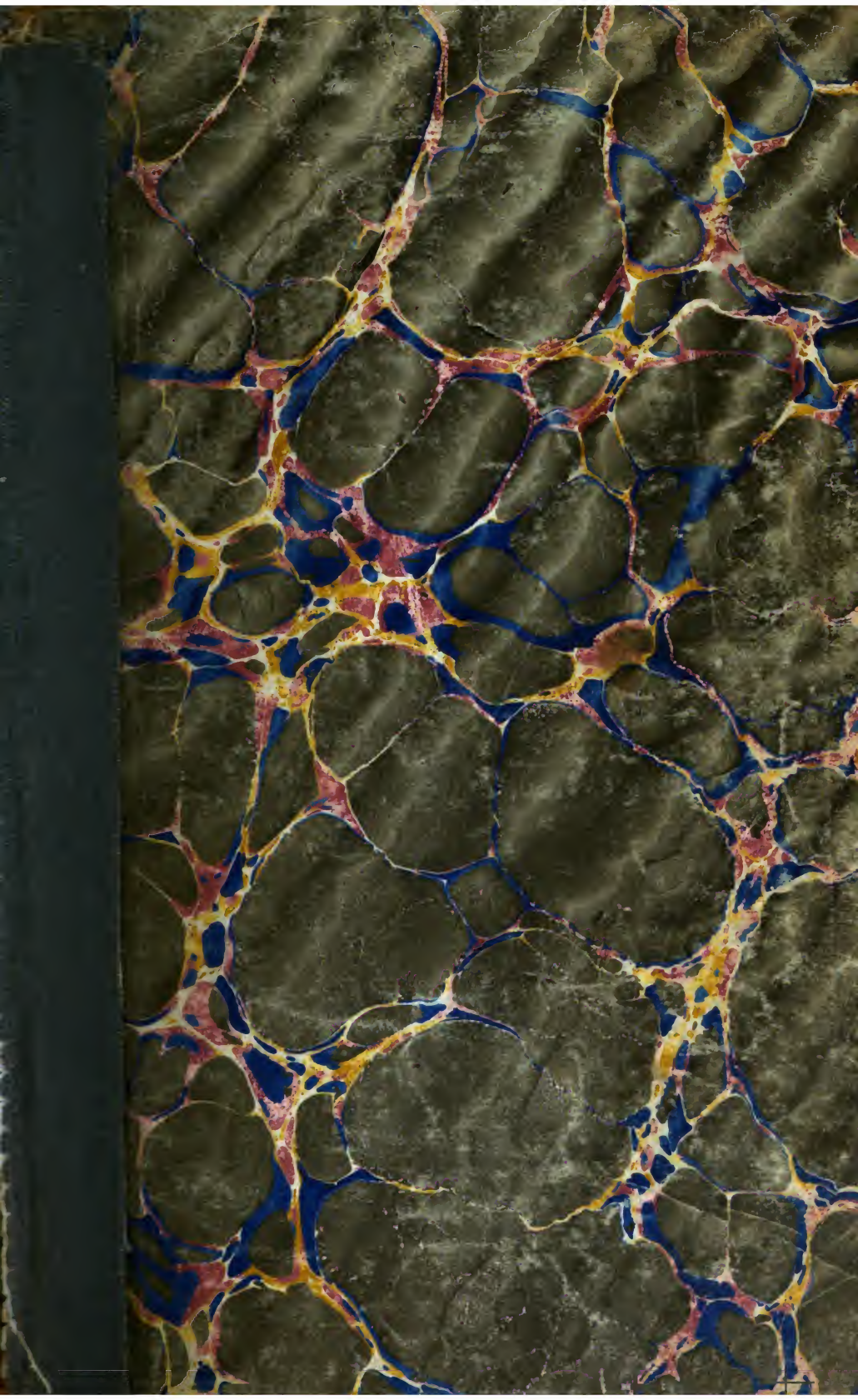

Mattie & Dot Showers.

Dot Showers

Where are you going this after noon?

I don't know where

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ODD FELLOWS'

LITERARY CASKET,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Edited by T. M. Turner.

"The Press is the great lever which, applied to any cause, gives it vitality and strength. Where the literature of the Order is most read, most encouraged, there Odd-Fellowship finds the most genial soil; there its principles are best understood."—G.M. Starr to G. L. of Ill.

VOLUME VI.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 57 WEST THIRD ST,
1856.

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Odd Fellows'
LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TURNER.

VOL. VI. JULY, 1856. NO. 1.

Mirabeau,

THE PRINCE OF FRENCH ORATORS.

BY ELIHU RICH.

Honore Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, one of the greatest orators of France, and the first leader of the revolution, was son of Victor Riquetti, Marquis de Mirabeau, and was born at Bignon, near Nemours, in 1749. Though his family was established in Provence, it was of Italian origin, and Mirabeau derived from his ancestors all the genius and passion which mark the race. At the age of seventeen, his father endeavored to curb his spirit and reform his manners, by a two years' imprisonment in the Isle of Rhe, consigned to the fortress there

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under the authority of a *lettre de cachet*. On being liberated, he joined a regiment of dragoons, and, after serving a year in Corsica, returned to Provence, involved in pecuniary difficulties, as a means of extrication from which he married the heiress of the Marignane family. This lady was already engaged to another, and the attempt to gain her hand was beset with difficulties, all of which were overcome by the daring spirit and intriguing policy of Mirabeau, who used the most cruel means to accomplish his purpose. His extravagance and his old debts still pressed upon him, and his life was so scandalous that he became the terror of the peasantry around Aix, and is said to have treated his wife with great brutality.

An opportunity being afforded the elder Mirabeau, he contrived, in 1774, to place his son once more under arrest, first in the castle of If, situated on a rock in the Gulf of Marseilles, and afterwards in a fortress of the Jura mountains. In the first named place, Mirabeau seduced the only woman it contained, the sutler's wife; and in the latter, carried off Sophia de Ruffey, wife of the Marquis de Monnier, the only being he ever really loved, and whose loss embittered all his after life, if it did not fire his genius, and render him the reckless man known to history. The lovers took refuge in Holland, where Mirabeau commenced writing for the booksellers as a means of subsistence, and while thus engaged, they were both seized by a stratagem—Madame de Monnier being shut up in a convent, and Mirabeau conducted to prison, in the Castle of Vincennes, where he remained three years and seven months. Previous to his arrest, he had been condemned by the Parliament of Dijon, *par contumace*, and beheaded in effigy; and all his endeavors to obtain a trial during this long imprisonment were in vain; as were his efforts, pleading with surprising eloquence in his own cause, to recover his wife by law, who procured a divorce from him.

The works which he had written up to this period, were chiefly licentious productions; but he used the interval of his freedom, in 1776, to publish an "Essay on Despotism," the fruit of which he had so bitterly tasted. Between the recovery of his liberty and the convocation of the "Estates-General," in 1789, Mirabeau occupied himself as a political and historical writer, and, becoming known to Calonne, the Finance Minister, went to Berlin on some secret mission.

His ambition, at the commencement of the national troubles, was to be returned to the Estates-General, as a deputy for the noblesse; but being rejected by his own order, he threw himself into the arms of the popular party, and was the first in the assembly to defy the royal authority. The occasion was the famous sitting of June 23d, 1789, when the deputies were charged to separate by the king, to the end that each of the three orders might meet in its own separate place on the

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morrow. The noblesse and the majority of the clergy departed after the king and his retinue, but the commons still lingered in uncertainty, and Mirabeau began to address them on the mission with which they were intrusted by the nation. He was interrupted by the Marquis de Breze, master of the ceremonies, who reminded them of the king's orders. The orator, flushed with anger, turned upon him with the glare of a lion—"Go, tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and no power but the force of bayonets shall send us hence!" The commons rallied to his voice as to the call of a trumpet, and instantly decreed the inviolability of the people's representatives, and being joined by some of the noblesse and the clergy, formed themselves into the National Assembly, of which body, in January, 1791, Mirabeau became President, only two months before his death.

MIRABEAU GIVING HIS ANSWER TO THE MARQUIS DE BREZE.

We have not space to follow his career in the Assembly, and the great questions decided by the magic of his eloquence. His characteristic was *irresistible power*, not only expressed in the deep bass of his voice, but represented in his defiant looks, his large head, his massy black hair,

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which he shook from his brow like the mane of a lion when he ascended the tribune, his face scarred with small-pox, and his tall, thick-set frame. "His gestures were commands; his movements *coups d'etat;* his sonorous phrases became the proverbs of the revolution." He compared himself to Marius, "less great for having exterminated the Cimbri than for having prostrated the Roman aristocracy."

The most graphic writers of every shade of opinion, have exhausted their skill in words to reproduce him as the people's tribune. "In fiery rough figure, with black Samson-locks under the slouch hat, he steps along there," writes Carlyle, in 'The Procession,' "roughest lion's whelp ever littered of that rough breed!" After the first burst of passion as the orator, Mirabeau devised rationally, and intended honestly as the *statesman.*

In less than two years from the commencement of his political career, it was terminated by his death; and it cannot be doubted that he foresaw clearly, and was prepared to resist strenuously, the evil designs of those who involved France in such calamities afterward. It is difficult to believe that a man could be devoid of both shame and virtue in private life, and at the same time act sincerely as a politician; yet it is highly probable that such was the case with Mirabeau. A man of wild, ungovernable passions, he had only just discovered the arena in which he could devote them to one sufficient end, and therein lies the whole secret. Like Danton, he took money from the court to support his extravagancies, and still pursued his own purposes. When cut off by a sudden illness, on the 2d of April, 1791, he was, in all likelihood, preparing to dissolve the National Assembly, and to undertake the guidance of the nation as Minister.

He was honored with a magnificent public funeral; and his remains were deposited in the Pantheon, from which, two years afterward, they were removed, and replaced by those of Marat.

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.—Sir John Hershel in his essay on the power of the telescope to penetrate in space, says there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve million of millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with the velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own; while the astronomer who should record the aspect or mutations of such a star would be relating not its history at the present day, but that which took place two million of years gone by. What is our earth in a space so almost infinite and still more, what is a man that he should be the special object of regard to the infinite Author of the system of the world!

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Brook-Side Reveries.

BY HARRY HAZELWOOD.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders through the gloom,
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large.—*Thomson.*

To escape from the dusty city, and revel 'mid the broad panorama of Nature, as displayed in the vernal splendor of mid-summer, is my delight. Seated on a mossy bank, deep within the shade of some majestic monarch of the forest, where, protected from the burning rays of the sun, I can enjoy the pleasing landscape, I love to sit for hours, giving my thoughts up to reflection; and in contemplating the glories of nature so profusely scattered around me, imagination often invests the scene with real living characters, enjoying the bliss which seems so inseparable from such an elysium. The rural sports of the swains and shepherds at close of day, when their work is done, as graphically described by romancers, appear in the foreground, while the shepherd's flock, reposing quietly in the distance, is suggestive of that simplicity and virtue so usually found in places remote from the haunts and vices of city life. Or, wandering from such scenes to the beautiful realities before us, forsaking the poetry of the imagination for the actual poetic inspiration of the vernal Eden before us, everything upon which we gaze seems to be good,

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and lovely, and beautiful. Our hearts claim acquaintance with all that meets the eye, and we feel deeply impressed by every little event which takes place around us.

The sporting butterfly, as it flits from flower to flower, the warbling birds, whose notes of melody enliven the gloom and make the heart glad, and the flowers that lie scattered profusely around, shedding their fragrance over the beautiful scene—all strike the poetic fancy. I love the fair and beautiful blossoms that are scattered so abundantly over the banks of the little stream at my feet, with their frail petals trembling to the pleasant murmurings of the brooklet that traffics its melody for gales of odor. It seems as if they were gifted with a feeling and a perception of the loveliness of nature; and I can not carelessly pluck them from their frail stems, and throw them aside to their early withering. 'Tis like defacing the pages of a favorite book of poetry, 'round which the spirit of the bard seems hovering still in a persevering watchfulness.

"The wise
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry."

Beautiful flowers! they are the jewelry of this charming season, and bravely do they decorate the laughing brow of Spring, gladdening all hearts with her exceeding loveliness. A beautiful writer, in speaking of flowers, has said:

"The flowers whose petals are one by one falling to Mother Earth, from whence their beauty rose, may mind you of some one who early blossomed and faded ere the evening came; and the sweet fragrance of those decaying, withered leaves, ascending upward, whence, from sunshine, rain, and dew, they gathered sweetness, lingers like the memory of the lamented one, still sweet and fresh, while the spirit soars back to its Author. Again, if you are in a glad or hopeful mood, some beauteous bud will speak in truthful tones of joys in future store; and Hope will paint a bright to-morrow, when all those lovely tints shall be unfolded to admiring, affectionate eyes, making glad the hearts that have long watched for its expanding beauty. So shall ye watch lest blight fall upon your opening prospects, and strive to brighten and develop your powers in bright colors, and strong, rich verdure, whose fruition shall be all the buds promised."

An elegant writer thus cherishes this conceit: "Yes, talk with the flowers; their voice is sweet and musical, their language pure and elegant, and all their teachings gentle, loving, and kind. Talk with the flowers, and they will not upbraid you. If you are good, they will whisper in low, soothing tones of hours gone by—of joys past."

But there are some hearts for whom the charms of Nature have no pleasure; some for whom her voice has no cadences of joy—her beauty

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no power to hasten the lagging pulses. How can this glorious season speak rejoicingly to those over whose degraded brows the free gales seem to breathe revilings instead of peacefulness and high thoughts, and for whose ears the gush of melody seems only to syllable one reproachful name? Gladness and beauty are not for the sympathies of the [illegible] and far better than the brightness of the vernal sunshine does the dreariness of winter harmonize with the desolate spirit of the slave.

Oh, that the warm breathings of universal love might drive out from the bosoms of men the cold, unfeeling winter of indifference, with which they have so long regarded the sufferings of their oppressed brethren! that the beautiful blossoms of Christian compassion and holy benevolence springing up in their hearts, might shed over them the fragrance of the memory of good deeds! Then should the benediction of those that were ready to perish, come upon them like "the early and the latter rain," and the grateful tears of the forelorn ones rest on them as a fertilizing dew, clothing them with happiness like a thick mantle of summer verdure.

Flowers.

BY EDWARD C. GOODWIN.

Flowers grow every where!
There's not a solitude of mountain rude
Howe'er so wild,
But there some little head,
By dew and sunshine fed,
Has bloomed and smiled.

Where footsteps never pass,
Year after year, their forms appear
In varied guise;
Where crop wild wandering herds,
And warble desert birds
'Neath azure skies;

Even the frozen shores
Of northern space, yield sheltering place
Among their caves,
Where from some sunny nook
Sweetly they overlook
The icy waves.

The Father sees them all:
Even those that grow by the white snow
And lonely land:
Not one droops down in death,
Not one e'er blossometh
Without His hand.

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An Address

ON THE NATURE AND PRINCIPLES OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

Prepared by a Committee of the Grand Lodge of Texas, appointed for that purpose at the Session of February last.

There is no condition of life in which one human being is entirely independent of his fellow-man. As mankind are actuated by thousands of varying and antagonistic interests, which are capable of an infinite variety of combinations, and which, when operating upon single man, are calculated to crush him; and as there are hundreds of injuries and oppressions against which civil and moral laws afford no protection or redress, it has been deemed necessary that there should be social organizations, other than those of politics and religion—organizations which, by their extent and power, can afford security to all its members against those wrongs which the arm of Courts of Justice can never assail, and which the unimpressive penalties of a future world are inadequate to restrain.

But, beside the dangers which frequently threaten us from combinations of human agency, we are all subject to the visitations of inevitable accident—to the attacks of disease, and to those wrecks of fortune which are only to be traced to miscalculation, misadventure, and to the limitation of human foresight—against those contingencies which lie in every one's path, and which render all earthly riches fleeting and all earthly hopes frail—it is for the Order of Odd Fellows to provide a remedy, or, at least, to offer a consolation. It is to give to the stranger a friend in a strange land; to shield him from poverty and insult; to shelter him from the storms of adversity; to speed him on his journey, and to cheer him when sinking under neglect and despair; to afford to him an universal brotherhood; and the mystic symbols, which he bears with him to distant lands, are the requisites of universal love. The true Odd Fellow bears with him to the uttermost parts of the earth that which secures him a friendly reception, and the heart and the hand of a brother.

But there is a higher and a nobler object than individual benefit, which links together our mystic Order—the propagation of universal friendship and sympathy. It is to spread abroad in society the seeds of a better and more harmonious social compact; it is to encourage the practice of friendly and mutual good offices; the intervention of the peace-maker; mutual concessions of mutual good qualities; to place a check upon the tongue of slander and abuse; and to stay the arm of violence when lifted against a brother.

The Order of Odd Fellows is a noble institution. Its principles of Love, Friendship and Truth—of Benevolence and Charity, of Sobriety and Morality, should never be departed from. These are the divine

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attributes of the Order, next in sublimity to the Christian religion. It seeks the happiness of the human family; with the classifications and divisions of the world it has nothing to do. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, are alike subjects of its interest. It allows no religious or political disputes within its precincts; but pursues one straight-forward course—that which, in its opinion, is best calculated to unite in one bond, individuals of the most opposite opinions.

In becoming a member of this institution, nothing is required contrary to the allegiance due to our country, or the duty we owe to our Creator, ourselves, and our family. Its rules and regulations are entirely compatible and conformable to law, sound morality, and religion. It assumes no control over the domestic concerns of its members, nor does it interfere with their duty as good citizens. On the contrary, he who is truly an Odd Fellow in spirit, in feeling, and in principle, is sure to be a good husband, a kind, affectionate parent, a dutiful offspring, a sincere friend, an upright citizen, and a true patriot. It discards all personal feeling and private bickering against its members, and inculcates harmony, brotherly love, truth, and charity. It requires of its officers, ministerial and executive, a faithful and impartial discharge of their respective duties; of its members, due regard for their officers, urbanity, courtesy, and kindness for each other. Everything like strife and contention is utterly repudiated.

It makes it the imperative and bounden duty of every Odd Fellow to watch over the interests of the Order, and the deportment and action of its members; to forewarn them of danger, and impart wholesome and salutary advice to an erring brother, and to endeavor to recall him to the exercise and practice of the true principles of the Order. In sickness and in distress, its members are bound, and should be ever ready, to afford instant relief, as far as practicable; they should consider their time and means as nothing, when relief or comfort can be conferred upon a suffering brother, the widow or the orphan of a deceased brother; and their acts of charity, although directed more particularly to their fraternity, should not be confined to it alone, but they should render all the assistance in their power to their fellow-man in general.

The institution of Odd-Fellowship makes our first duty to God, our second to our neighbor, and our third to ourselves. To God, by looking with reverential awe to Him, as the author of every good and perfect gift, as the proper object of our adoration and enjoyment. To our neighbor, by the exercise of that Golden Rule which requires us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. To ourselves, by avoiding all excesses; by refraining from all conduct unbecoming our professions and principles, and by keeping ourselves within due bounds, and free from all contamination; as citizens, we should be peaceable

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and quiet, conforming to the laws of the government to which we belong, respecting the rights of others, and doing justice to all.

Who shall be admitted to membership in this pure and benevolent institution? What characters are we willing to receive into the intimacy of an absolutely fraternal intercourse with ourselves, our wives, our brothers and sisters, and our sons and daughters? When laid on the bed of sickness and pain, the candidate proposed and admitted into our Order, may be the visitor who will call on us at all hours, have full and free admission into our houses, mingling with our families, and imparting to our wives and children the benefits allowed us by our Lodges. Is he such an one as we can trust in this intimacy, while we perhaps are unconscious of his doings? Is he a man of principle, of honor, of goodness of heart, and strict integrity? If not, what shall we do with his application? Is it not clearly our duty to reject it? The candidate proposed, if admitted, will be the watcher to sit by our bed during the silent watches of the night; when we are sick and dying, he will enter our houses, evening after evening, and mingle in our family circle when they need sympathy, encouragement, and assistance, and when this, their want, will render them confiding, open, and unsuspicions; when our families have retired to rest, he will administer our medicines to us, and he is to attend to our wants, wishes, and comforts with all a nurse's prudence, a brother's tenderness, a wife's affection, love, and care. When death draws near our couch, he is to be one amid our mourning family; perhaps, at the midnight hour, their aider, our comforter, their consoler and sympathiser, and our friend. Can we receive him in these capacities? Is he the man of kindly feeling and purity of life to be thus deeply, confidingly entrusted in the craving want of sympathy, in the confiding intercourse of sickness, and in the unguarded, solemn hours of dissolution and mourning agony? Has he goodness of heart and integrity of purpose sufficient for these things? If not, can we, in justice to ourselves and our families, to our brethren and their families, admit him?

"When this mortal frame shall have been consigned to its kindred dust, by the mandate from on high, and the spirit, released from its earthly tenement, shall have returned to God who gave it," the widow and the orphan will, to some extent, become the charge of our brethren. Among the number, perhaps the proposed candidate will be brought into peculiar nearness to our bereaved family, as their friend. They will be called upon to mingle with them in the solemn preparation for the funeral; to ascertain their wishes and their wants; to inquire into their pecuniary circumstances; to superintend the maintenance and education of the orphan, and to watch over them until they shall reach maturity. Is he such an one as we can entrust with those who are dearer to us than

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life? Has he that true humanity which will lead him to regard the welfare and reputation of the widow and orphan with a truly fraternal affection and sympathy? If he has not, it is needless to say, that every effort in our power should be used to reject his application.

The man of loose morals and principles; he who is regardless of public opinion on matters of reputation; the slanderer of female virtue; he who readily infers evil of others, and is free to utter his surmises and insinuations against reputation, as well as the dishonest, the unfeeling, the impure of heart, and unchaste of life, are not fit members of our Living Temple of Friendship, Love, and Truth, devoted to the performance of good deeds, and the dissemination of the principles of Charity and Benevolence. But while we thus judge, we should not hastily conclude, from a rash expression or an unexplained action, against an applicant for admission into our Order. We should look at his life, his conduct, and compare his deeds with his professions. We should go into the privacy of his family, and of his intimate, social intercourse, and from these we should decide upon his character and fitness—judging with that love which we would others should judge us. We should even charitably allow for the favorable influences which the charges, lectures, and examples of the Order will probably exert upon him were he admitted to become a member and brother; and if satisfied under all these allowances, we should receive him. But if not—if there is a reasonable doubt—we should reject him. Perhaps the simple question, "Is the applicant a gentleman?" is all the inquiry necessary to be made. By the term gentleman is meant the man of a kindly, gentle, and affectionate heart, uprightness and integrity of purpose, courteous and easy manners.

Honesty, that primal qualification, without which no man can be a good Odd Fellow, absolutely requires that an institution whose motto is Friendship, Love, and Truth, and whose business is the diffusion of the principles of Charity and Benevolence, should, in all their intercourse with the world and with each other, especially in the Lodge, illustrate that motto, and diffuse those principles by a living example; and he who does this is a gentleman, whatever his descent, his station in society, his occupation in life, his personal appearance, or his dress. True gentility resides not in these adventitious external circumstances, but in the heart, the soul of the man, and he who is friendly, truthful, charitable and benevolent in action is a gentleman.

The spread, extension, and advancement of our Order, the propagation and dissemination of its pure principles, is in the hands of, and rests almost entirely with the Subordinate Lodges. On the N. G.'s of Subordinate Lodges are imposed arduous and important duties. It is your province to preside over the brethren during Lodge hours; to see that the landmarks of the Order are duly observed; to point out to less expe-

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rienced brothers the duties which, as Odd Fellows, they are particularly to perform, and to set examples to them such as they may safely follow. It becomes more particularly your duty as the guardians of the honor and reputation of the Order, to apprise the more weak-minded of your brethren of any departure from propriety calculated to bring the fraternity into disrepute, and to check all improprieties whatever amongst the members of your body. To you, whom the members have invested with the highest honor in their gift, all the other officers must look for countenance and support in the discharge of their duties. The brethren having confidence in your ability, integrity, and faithfulness, have chosen you to the head of their community; and you must bear in mind, that upon the result of the course which you shall observe, will mainly depend the future usefulness of our institution. In all your decisions, you will be careful to observe strict justice and impartiality, sacrificing every other consideration, if it be necessary, to the maintainance of your duty; take care to observe strict order and harmony in your meetings, as without these, all the fundamental rules of our society will be broken; and by the authority with which you have been invested, permit nothing to be done within the walls of your Lodge, which would give room for unjust assertions without them. It will be your duty to consult frequently and carefully the books of the Lodge which have been committed to your care. Upon these pages are to be found most useful, instructive and interesting lessons, drawn from that sacred and inestimable book which should be the rule of faith and guide of life to every Odd Fellow. These will give abundant direction in all matters appertaining to your duty, and will reveal to you all the beauties of our system.

Brethren: Your duty to the Order generally, as well as to yourselves, will require the exercise of great care, watchfulness, and assiduity. Let strict caution be observed in every avenue to your sacred Temple, and let no one enter your fraternal abode, who can not, in strict justice, claim this great favor, due alone to merit. Select from the number of those who apply for admission into your Lodges, those only who, from the tenor of their conduct and conversation, you may consider likely to become worthy members. A jealous eye is kept upon all societies like ours, and every individual fault or failing is set down against the members at large. This being the case, all who know the value of the Order will so act that honor and not discredit will be reflected upon it. You should be careful not to admit persons of a doubtful character into your Lodges. You should make full and thorough investigations in all cases. When you have doubts in reference to the character of an applicant, give the benefit of those doubts to your Lodge.

In all important matters of Lodge business, consult with your members before action is taken in the Lodge. A spirit of mutual confidence

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and fraternal feeling will be thereby engendered, from which much benefit will arise. Be cautious and keep all Lodge proceedings confined to the members of the Order; in many instances, members are injured by unthinking, thoughtless brothers, who make known the names of persons rejected. This should never be divulged or spoken of outside of the Order. A member who willfully and knowingly discloses the proceedings of a Lodge, in reference to rejection of candidates, should have the highest penalty known to our Order inflicted upon him.

Brethren, to you have been committed high and noble principles; upon you rest sacred and solemn responsibilities; you have all in form been initiated into our society; but to be Odd Fellows indeed, you must be such in spirit and in action; the benevolent, truthful, and liberalizing principles of our Order, must be rooted and grounded in the heart. To be good and true Odd Fellows, you must be reverent and grateful to your God, faithful and true to your duty, courteous and kind to each other and all mankind, pure and upright in character and deed. He who violates the principles of virtue, hates or despises his brother, or who heedlessly disregards those duties which he has pledged his sacred honor to observe and perform, can not be worthy the name and character of Odd Fellow. If ever our Order becomes a by-word and reproach; if ever public opinion sets its fatal seal upon its successful operations, the fault must be with its membership, and not in its principles or the nature and policy of its organization; but of this we have no fears.

The institution is beneficial in its operations; benevolent and charitable in its character; it fully develops the true principles of Friendship, Love, and Truth; protects, maintains, and supports the helpless; the widow and the orphan are its recipients; it brings into active play the virtues and suppresses the vices of mankind; it exercises a universal and salutary influence over every community where it exists. Man, by its benign influence, is made a purer patriot, a more affectionate husband, a more devoted parent, a more charitable citizen, and a more energetic, upright, moral man. Therefore cherish it, see that its principles and teachings are practically carried out and enforced, and its temples and its edifices will soon be erected in every valley and upon every mountain top of this vast Republic; nor will its operations and influence be confined to any given district, territory, or country—the Universe will be its empire!

He that writes,
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends: there's not a guest
But will find something wanting or ill-drest.

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Midnight.

BY MRS. BELLONA HAVENS.

Darkness has spread her mantle over all,
And shrouds the earth as with a funeral pall,
The angry wind goes soughing through the trees,
That toss their arms, defiant at the breeze.
Alone and sad, I have my casement sought,
Here to indulge in luxury of thought—
The clouds that through the heavens darkly roll
Are bright compared with those that wrap my soul.

O Earth! to-morrow's sun will clear away
Thy darkness; but, alas! where is my day?
Methinks an echo, on the troubled air,
Is wafted to me, with my answer—Where?
Eternal God! 'tis thou alone canst quell
My Spirit's storm, and Thou canst break the spell
That wraps my soul with more than midnight gloom
And deeper shadow than enshrouds the tomb.

A vivid flash illumes the midnight dark,
The deep-voiced thunder mutters low—and hark!
This gentle pattering on my window-pane
Calms my wild Spirit—'tis the voiceless rain;
Nature, deep-wrapt in midnight gloom doth weep,
While countless millions on her bosom sleep;
Anon through breaking clouds the moon appears,
As if with smiles to dry up Nature's tears.

Fiercely the tempest bursteth on my soul;
Wild waves of anguish o'er my spirit roll;
But why this gloom? this spirit anguish—why?
This throbbing brain—this burning, tearless eye?
Rouse up my soul! shake off thy bondage now!
Dispell the shadow resting on my brow!
Shake off the fetters that have bound thee long!
Again resume thy long-forgotten song!

Vainly I strive to ease the burning pain
That wildly feedeth on my heart and brain;
No human will can rouse the spirit up,
That sickening, loathing, drained the bitter cup.
God of the weary-hearted! unto Thee
My prayers shall rise—O, set my spirit free!
Withdraw the gloomy veil that hides Thy face!
Stand forth, my soul! blest by a Savior's grace.

MARION, OHIO, June, 1856.

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Sierra Leone.

BY ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D.

From Sierra Leone to Cape Palmas the bearing of the coast of Africa is south-east. Thence it turns almost due east for more than fifteen degrees of longitude, whence it again turns to the south-east.

The general face of the country around Sierra Leone is uncommonly beautiful and attractive. It is covered with stately and umbrageous trees, among which the elegant palm-tree is not the least conspicuous. The soil is various, but is generally fruitful, and yields abundantly all the necessaries of life. The savannahs are least fruitful, and consist chiefly of beds of sand or rock. They are usually overflowed in the rainy season, and are covered with tall, coarse, grass, and a few stunted trees.

Our division of the year into winter and summer, spring and autumn is not applicable to the climate of this country. They have but two seasons, the wet and the dry; but the rainy season does not occur on all parts of the coast at the same time, but seems to move progressively from one place to another. A continued, heavy rain of thirty hours, without intermission, occurs but seldom, and more frequently twelve hours of heavy rain are succeeded by a day or two of remarkably pleasant weather. This part of the year, from its coldness, is most agreeable to Europeans and North Americans, but at the same time, it is undoubtedly the most unhealthy. The continuance of this season is about four months. Its commencement and termination are marked by tornadoes. These are violent gusts of wind attended with thunder and lightning, which come from the east, and are usually accompanied with heavy rain. The violence of the wind seldom lasts more than half an hour; but while it continues, the scene is one of the most awfully sublime in nature.

The heat has been observed at Sierra Leone as high as 103 deg. Fahrenheit, but the mean degree is about 84; the heat, however, is greater in places inland than on the coast.

The longest day in Sierra Leone is nearly twelve hours and a half, and the shortest eleven and a half. During the dry season, there is a haziness in the atmosphere which prevents objects from being seen at as great a distance as in clear weather. The freeness with which perspiration flows, and an almost constant breeze, seem to mitigate the severity of the heat on this coast, so that persons are not sensible of its intensity, but experience a refreshing degree of coolness.

The quickness and luxuriance of vegetation in Western Africa is such that without much exaggeration the plants may be said visibly to grow. As the trees are not despoiled of their leaves at once, but have a constant succession, they always retain the appearance of summer.

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Agriculture is practiced along the whole coast, but is in a rude and infant state. About Sierra Leone, the rice is thrown upon the ground and scattered into the earth with a kind of hoe. When the crop is nearly ripe, some children or old people are sent to drive away the birds which now appear in amazing numbers, and are ever on the watch to commit depredations. The harvest, of which there is only one in the year, occurs about four months after the time of sowing. The plantations are cultivated by the inhabitants of a whole village in common, and the produce divided among the families in proportion to their numbers, except that the head man of the village claims a larger quantity, as it is his duty to exercise hospitality to strangers and others. Along the whole coast, from Gambia to the Gold Coast, rice constitutes the chief support of the natives; but they also cultivate plantains, yams, sweet potatoes, cassada, etc. A variety of excellent fruits grow on the coast, but are little cultivated. Pine apples and oranges are in great perfection; and there are also grapes cocoa-nuts, guavas, water melons, plums, etc. The palm here, as in some other countries, is the most valuable tree, and answers the greatest variety of purposes. The leaves furnish an excellent covering for houses, and their fibres, fishing lines, while their inner bark is manufactured into a species of coarse cloth, and from the outer bark of the young tree, baskets, mats, etc., are made. The fruit also, which is nearly as large as a hen's egg, when roasted is esteemed a great delicacy, and the palm-oil is almost a necessary of life, as it is used in nearly all dishes, as butter is in other countries. The palm-wine is also in high esteem among the natives. The diet of the people is very simple, consisting chiefly of rice and palm-oil, with occasionally a small portion of animal food. They have but two meals in a day; the one about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and the other about sunset. The nations living near the coast have oxen, sheep, and goats; and of wild animals, deer, buffalo, wild hogs, etc. The guinea-fowl is abundant, in a wild state, on the Gambia, but not at Sierra Leone. Fish are caught by those on the coast, or in rivers; and in some places, dogs, rats, and monkeys are eaten; and also a large worm, found on the palm-tree, is esteemed a great delicacy.

The Foolahs and Mandingoes, who are Mohammedans, abstain from intoxicating liquors, and from such animal food as is forbidden in the Koran; but the Pagan nations are very fond of ardent spirits, and often drink to excess. All, however, are addicted to the use of tobacco. Their villages are commonly situated in places difficult of access, to avoid kidnappers, and are commonly built in a circular form, enclosing an area, in the midst of which is placed the Palaver-house, or town-hall. The houses are so near together that when one takes fire, the whole are involved in the conflagration. They are usually of no more than one

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story, and are either of a round or square form. They are composed of posts placed at the corners, and sunk a foot and a half in the ground, and the intermediate space is filled up with smaller posts and branches, and then plastered outside with clay. They seldom contain more than one apartment. By the projection of the roof, which is composed of bamboo, there is formed a sort of piazza, where they spend they much of their time.

The government of Africa is generally monarchical, but not hereditary. Among the Timmanees and Bulloms, the crown remains in the same family, but the *head man*, on whom the right of election devolves, may choose a very distant branch of the family. By Europeans many are denominated kings who have scarcely a shadow of a title to this dignity. Each town or district is usually under the jurisdiction of some person of age, and distinguished for his good sense and knowledge of the laws of the country, who is called the *head man*, to whom it appertains to judge in every dispute, and to represent his town at any meeting to consult for the general good. The whole village are accustomed to treat him with respect, and to yield him implicit obedience.

That part of the coast in the vicinity of Sierra Leone is inhabited by three distinct races of people. First, the Moors, the descendants of the ancient Numidians, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, etc. Between the conquest of Africa by the Arabians, and the year 698, all the inhabitants received the Mohammedan faith.

The second race are the Arabians, who, under the Caliphs, the successors of Mohammed, subdued Africa. Some of these penetrated as far south as the Gambia, and the Foolahs appear to be among their descendants.

The third race are the Negroes. They are found from the Gambia to the Cape of Good Hope. Many of the countries inhabited by the Negroes are yet undiscovered, and others little known. The Mandingoes inhabit the banks of the Gambia, and are a numerous race, who have long since embraced the Mohammedan religion. They are very strict in adhering to their profession, and solicitous to make proselytes. When the Portuguese conquered this country, about 1420, they settled colonies in it, and intermarried with the natives; hence the Mandingoes will not admit that they belong to the Negro race, but consider them as belonging to the whites. North of the Gambia, there is a people called the Jalofs, extending far into the interior. They are remarkable for the glossy blackness of their color, and the beauty of their features. They are also a warlike people, and are careful to preserve the firmness and hardihood of their character.

The Foolahs live at a considerable distance from the sea. Their capital, Teembo, is in the latitude of 60 deg. north. They are also Moham-

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medans, and are chiefly employed in agriculture. The evidence of their being descendants of the Arabians is strong, for their color is about as tawny, and they speak the Arabic language, which is taught in their schools. Their laws are also written in the same. Although strangers in the country, the Foolahs are the greatest planters in it. They are industrious and frugal, and they raise more cotton and grain than they need for themselves, which they dispose of to the neighboring nations, by whom they are held in high esteem. They breed many cattle, and understand the management of them. They are also great huntsmen, often going in large companies to hunt the elephant and the tiger. Although this is the country of the Foolahs, yet from the travels of Clapperton and Denham, it appears that by conquest and emigration, they are extending themselves very far into the interior and to the south; and by the Landers, they were found upon the river Niger, or Quorra, below the part where it was discovered by these brothers.

The Kroomans are a very remarkable race. They are in color a dirty black, and their whole appearance is unsightly. They are found along the coast almost everywhere for fifteen hundred miles, and perform almost all the hard work which is needed in loading and unloading vessels, and in other laborious employments. They are an honest, industrious, plodding, tractable people, who seem to be formed for mercenary labor, of which they never complain. The country where most of them live is from Cape Mount to Cape Palmas. They seem to pay little attention to religion, but they are generally Pagans. The Kroomans, although they bear the heat of the climate without inconvenience, and have little sickness among them, are exceedingly sensible of the cold at Sierra Leone during the rainy reason. Their only clothing is a piece of cloth around the body, although they are fond of wearing the cast clothes of Europeans. In their expenditures they are rigid economists; a little tobacco is the only luxury in which they indulge; in every other respect, they are contented with bare necessaries. The Krooman will go abroad, and labor hard for eighteen months or two years, when he will return home with his earnings. Of this, the *head man* receives a portion, his mother a present, and something for every one of his relations, if it is only a leaf of tobacco. All this is done to "get him a good name." The remainder is given to his father, to buy him a wife. After a few months, he sets off again to Sierra Leone, or some other part of the coast, to get more money, and feels proud of being acquainted with the "white man's faith," and takes some raw, inexperienced youth to be initiated into the mysteries of the craft, a large part of whose earnings he appropriates to himself for his trouble. When his coffers are once more replenished, he returns home again, and gives the money he has gained to his father "to buy him another wife." In this way they will often proceed for a dozen

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years or more, increasing the number of their wives, and establishing a great character among their countrymen, but applying scarcely a penny of their earnings to their own use. Their wealth consists very much in the number of their wives. A Krooman being asked what he intended to do with so much money as he possessed, answered that he would buy two more wives in addition to the two he already had, and then he would return to Sierra Leone, and get more money. His father, he said, had eighteen wives. Their wives, it must be remembered, are their slaves, to labor not only in the house, but also in the field.

In this country, the Mohammedan races have a manifest superiority over the Pagan, through their attention to education and general improvements, although, at the same time, they are characterized by greater pride and self-importance. They have gained proselytes chiefly by their attention to the children, to whose education they pay assiduous regard, and in this respect have set an example which may safely be followed by Christian missionaries. The smaller nations immediately around Sierra Leone are the following:

The Timmanees, who formerly lived at a distance from the sea coast, but being of an enterprising and warlike disposition, they forced their way down the river Sierra Leone, among the Bulloms. When this change of residence took place, their traditions give no information.

The Bulloms inhabit the north side of the Sierra Leone river, as far as the river Scarcies, from the banks of which, however, they have been driven by the Timmanees. Northward, they occupy chiefly the sea coast as far as the river Kissee.

The Susoos, who have also made aggressions on the Bulloms, extend from the river Kissee to the river Munes.

But often we find no certain boundary between two neighboring nations, they are often considerably advanced within each other's territories. They all have languages peculiar to themselves, most of which are not merely dialects of the same language, but essentially distinct. Although the extent of the Gold Coast is not above sixty miles, yet within this space, seven or eight different languages are spoken. For one hundred and fifty miles north of Sierra Leone, the Susoo language is spoken. It is also understood by a great part of the Foolah and Mandingo tribes. This language is remarkably simple and easy of acquisition, and has been reduced to writing. Like the languages of all Barbarian people, those of West Africa are exceedingly figurative, and those north of Sierra Leone are said to be softer and more harmonious to European ears than those to the south. Those of the Timmanees and the Bulloms are considered agreeable to the ear; but the Susoo language excels them all in softness, and may be termed the Italian of Western Africa. The Mandingo, however, is the fashionable language of this

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region, although it is more difficult of acquisition, and abounds with guttural sounds. The languages to the south of Sierra Leone are generally harsh, and especially that of the Kissees is excessively disagreeable, not merely on account of its guttural sounds, but the singing pronunciation given to it. The frequent visits of Europeans on the coast, and their intercourse with the natives, have produced a jargon made up of English, French, Dutch, Portuguese, etc.

The Coast of Guinea is divided into the Windward and Leeward Coast. The first extends from Senegal, in latitude 16 deg. north, to Cape Palmas, in 4 deg. 26 min. north. The Leeward reaches from Cape Palmas to an indefinite distance to the south and east.

The latitude of Sierra Leone is 8 deg. 30 min. north, and its longitude from Greenwich is 13 deg. 43 min. west. The name signifies "mountain of lions," and was given to the place by the Portuguese.

The original name of Sierra Leone was Tagrin, or Mitomba. The river is conspicuous for its magnitude, and is one of the most beautiful in Africa. Its entrance is formed by two capes, or projecting points; the one on the north-west, which terminates the Bullom shore, called Leopard's Island; the other on the south-western extremity of Sierra Leone, and is a narrow strip of lowland, called Cape Sierra Leone. The breadth of the river here is fifteen miles; from this, it gradually decreases in width until it reaches St. George's Bay, about six miles above the entrance, where it does not exceed seven miles, and for twenty miles up, the breadth of the river does not vary much from this. There it ceases to be navigable for large vessels, and is divided into Port Logo and Rokelle rivers. The land forming the peninsula of Sierra Leone, when viewed from the sea, or from the Bullom shore, appears like a number of hills heaped on each other, in a very singular manner. On a nearer approach, the face of the country assumes a more beautiful as[illegible] The lower grounds, which are under cultivation, preserve a considerable degree of verdure through the whole year, which, contrasting with the darker hues of the distant hills, forms a spectacle highly grateful to the eye.

In 1787, a number of English gentlemen subscribed a few thousand pounds as a fund for assisting some destitute blacks, then in London, to settle at Sierra Leone. These were among the slaves who had taken refuge in the British army during the war of the American Revolution; and who, on the return of the troops, accompanied them to England. The gentlemen alluded to procured from the native chiefs a cession of a considerable district of land, for the settlement of their little colony. The British government very liberally seconded their views, by taking upon itself the expense of transporting thither, and of supplying them with necessaries during the first six or eight months of their residence in Africa. This was the origin of the present colony of Sierra Leone.

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The Regalia:

A STORY OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSELESS.

Alone in a pitiless world—alone!
Loveless, and friendless, and drear,
I circle on through its frozen zone,
Like a meteor o'er a mere;
And will sink in the grave with an anguish-moan,
That I wring no pitying tear!

"Six'-two and 'alf—six'-two and 'alf! Going, going—once, twice, thr-r-r-r-r—gone!"

The cry of the auctioneer rang out over the heads of a dozen or two of by-standers, and was borne back by the high walls on the opposite side of the street. He was a great lusty fellow, with lungs of no weaker material than leather, and he shouted at the top of his terrible voice, as though his auditors were counted by thousands, and he was determined to be heard.

The scene was in a suburban district of Cincinnati, and occurred not many years ago. The auctioneer stood upon a store-box in front of a rude hovel; and as a woman handed him such humble and well-worn articles as would only be appropriate to come out of such a house, the auctioneer would commence a vague effort at drollery and wit, and then start his terrible voice at its highest key, and continue to roar until the article was "knocked down."

A few iron pots and kettles, some chairs, an old table and a bureau, had been disposed of at a trifle, when the following scene occurred within: A woman of forty years stood in the middle of the floor, holding in her hand the regalia of the Order of Odd Fellows. She stood gazing wistfully at it for a few moments, until a tear trickled out upon either lash, and she began to quiver with emotion.

By her side, and holding by her mother's arm, stood a young girl of twelve years, with her dark, radiant eyes uplifted in anguish to her mother's face. She was very beautiful. Her features were moulded in the most symmetrical beauty, and her eyes and hair were black and glistening as the plume of a raven's wing. She was rather tall, and well formed, with the most delicate contour of throat and neck; and as she opened her lips, a row of transparent pearls glittered between, like ivory inlaid in rose-wood. Her hair fell in luxuriant clusters down her shoulders, and added a wild beauty to her appearance.

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Both were dressed in humble calico frocks of mourning hue, while that of the girl's was relieved by a small white figure, like a lily growing on a blackened moor.

"Mother, do not sell that!" said the girl, as she stood with her arm on that of her mother's, her eyes lifted pleadingly to her face.

"I would like to retain it, Lulu," said the woman, with a sob, "but it will never do us any good, and we need the money."

"You are mistaken, mother," said the girl, in a searching tone. "Will not this regalia do us good, as it ever reminds us of the one who wore it? Can we ever look upon this without reverting to him whose badge of honesty it was, and whose heart never shamed its symbols? O, mother, let us try and retain this simple memento of our poor father, that we may remember him, as he was, a good and noble man—a benefactor to his race. Besides, the regalia would bring but little, and we may as well keep it."

The woman studied a moment, and then said:

"Like you, Lulu, I desire to keep this badge as a memento of the departed; and, though it will decrease our revenue considerably, yet I feel it a duty which shall be fulfilled—it shall not be sold!"

"Bless you! bless you, mother!" said the fair girl, as a smile of delight stole over her features, succeeded by a burst of tears, the offspring of an overjoyed heart.

"Bring on the articles!" shouted the auctioneer, as he intruded his bulky head in the door-way; "bring on the articles, ma'am—don't keep the crowd a waitin'."

Handing the regalia to Lulu, Mrs. Leslie opened an old, soiled safe, and taking therefrom a counterpane and several other valuable articles of linen, handed them to the auctioneer, who grabbed at them as though they were hoop-poles, and not subject to the least damage.

Auctioneers are a queer class of people, generally, and "Adolphus Thunderlungs, Auc."—as his sign on Fifth street read—was a queer man in particular. As a class they are accustomed, when acting under a writ of ejectment or seizure, to witness the most heart-rending scenes of grief and despair, poverty and wo; and, by the force of familiar contact, their feelings soon become as blunted as their faces—while their noted loquacity deprives them of either time or power to think and reflect upon any scene presented. It might, with an earnest of success, be questioned, however, whether Adolphus Thunderlungs occupied exactly this position. To look at his great round face, divided by wrinkles into bubbles of fat—his large, dull eyes peering vaguely from beneath his lashless brows—would not enforce the idea that he had *grown* callous and hardened by the force of circumstances. In fact, you could scarcely bring your mind to believe that he ever had a soul, or that his heart ever

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throbbed in sympathy with anything else than fat pork and the ale-keg. There did seem a kind of congenial sympathy between these objects and the auctioneer, and we are disposed to adopt the relationship.

"Here they is! A very nice article—fust-rate countipane. Give us a bid—worth five dollars any day. How much shall it be, gen'lemen? One dollah, one dollah, one ——"

We do not pretend to say that any one of the two dozen ill-dressed persons in the crowd had given Mr. Thunderlungs the bid of a dollar; but Mr. Thunderlungs understood his profession, and knew very well how to start an article; in proof of which, it was not long ere, in answer to the "wink, blink or nod" of some one of his auditors, he began to cry:

"Dollah an' 'alf, dollah an' 'alf—thank you, sir; very kind of you, sir—dollah an' 'alf!"

Looking down the street at this moment, he espied a well-dressed, elderly gentleman approaching, and, taking the *cue* of speculation, he changed his song to two dollars.

"Won't you examine the article, sir? it's dirt cheap!" was his exclamation, with an effort to smile, as he stopped the venerable-looking stranger.

"I seldom buy goods at auction," said the stranger, proceeding to pass on.

"So much the worse for you, sir—sorry to say it, sir. You never help the poor if you don't, sir. You might get your goods cheap, sir, and thereby help the poor, sir." There was a pious leer beaming on Mr. Thunderlungs' face, like light over the broken surface of the moon.

What universal preachers we are! Men without hearts and soulless, to all practical intents, with a brief smattering of pious liturgy in their heads, will use it per occasion, with as much sincerity as the "robed priest," and smile at their own goodness. We have insinuated that Mr. Thunderlungs' face was not indicative of benevolence or piety, and yet we might be mistaken. His words, at least, were wonderfully pious at times, and he could assume a most benevolent smile. But this was the *part* which Mr. Thunderlungs was destined to play in the drama of life. He had studied it well, rehearsed it frequently, committed well his *cues*, and now strutted the stage at each performance, a very "Roscius of his art."

The elderly gentleman must have thought something like this, as he stood for some moments and looked steadily at the auctioneer. But at that moment the beautiful child, Lulu, came to the door, and his attention was immediately attracted to her. He approached her, and, in a kind voice, said:

"Are these your things, my child, that are now being sold?"

"Yes, sir," in a touching tone.

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The stranger looked long and silently into the face of the child, bewildered by her wild and radiant beauty.

"Why are you selling them?" he asked, always in that same kind, genial tone.

"Father died last week, sir, and mother and I are going to rent a room further up in the city, and take in sewing."

"But you will need some of the articles, my child, for your new home."

"Home!" murmured the young girl, as her lips turned white.

"Or rather," added the venerable stranger, in a tone of apology, as her sad monosyllable reached his ear, "your new place."

"Yes, we shall retain some few articles, such as we must necessarily have."

The stranger was surprised at the superior intelligence of the girl, and the high-toned language which came from her lips. He was about to speak to her about her education, when the regalia, which she had carefully folded up, slipped one of its folds and revealed to his eye the glittering surface.

"What is that?" he asked, earnestly.

"It is father's regalia," said Lulu, timidly, as she quickly refolded it.

"Allow me to look at it," said the stranger, extending his hand to receive it.

"O, we don't wish to sell it, sir," said the girl, drawing it gently away.

"Nor do I wish to buy; but I would still like to see it," said the stranger, kindly.

Lulu handed it to him, and, unfolding it, he was not a little surprised as he beheld its sacred emblems.

"Your father was an Odd Fellow, I see; and, by this costly regalia, of no mean grade in the Order," said the stranger. "How is it that you are now so poor?"

At this moment Mrs. Leslie approached the door. She had been concealed from the stranger's view, but had heard every word he had uttered. She feared, however, that his frequent questions would intimidate and confuse Lulu, and she now came forward as her shield.

"Will you walk in, sir?" she said, in a tone of modest timidity.

The stranger read her uneasiness at a glance, and said:

"I have become interested, madam, in the story of your condition, from what I have gained from your daughter, and shall accept your kind invitation—but not until I have dismissed this bellowing auctioneer. What is the charge for your services, sir?" addressing Thunderlungs.

"Why, sir, when I'm done, sir, two dollahs, sir; that's our usual price, sir."

"How long have you been crying?" asked the stranger, gazing sternly in the man's face.

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"Well, two hours, or thereabout, sir—thereabout, sir."

"O, it has not been half an hour!" cried Lulu.

"You're right thar, black eyes," said an honest but rough-looking laborer in the crowd. But Thunderlungs was not daunted.

"I tell you, sir, it has been two hours since I come on this ground. What if the folks *wer'n't* ready? What if I *did* have to holler an hour to git a crowd, afore I sold one article? What if I'd been here five hours or five minutes?—we always charges two dollars for jobs. This is a job, sir—a regular job, sir. I've hollered myself hoarse, sir, and my two dollars I'll have, sir!"

"It is very evident that you wish to impose on this poor woman," said the stranger, taking some money from his pocket-book. "Here, sir, is a dollar for your services; take it, and be gone!"

"No, sir," cried the knight of the hammer, indignantly. "I'll *not* take it, sir—I'll *not* begone, sir!" I'll see if an honest man can be thus cheated out of his earnings, sir!" And Mr. Thunderlungs began to bluster about, as though he was a wind-mill just inspired by a fresh breeze from the North.

"If you don't take this money and be off, I shall cite you to the police, and have you in prison in five minutes," said the gentleman, in a determined tone, as he thrust the money in the hand of the auctioneer.

Whether the same wind that had set the mill to blustering, was also determined to bring it to a peaceful silence, or whether some higher agency was at that moment working the woof of events, is a matter too profound and mysterious for us to solve; but at that moment, all unexpectedly and unnoticed (as they ever come), a person wearing the badge of the police department, suddenly confronted Mr. Thunderlungs, and looked him steadily in the eye.

Mr. Thunderlungs returned his look for a moment, cramming the dollar bill in his vest pocket, thrust his hands into his pantaloons pockets, and, with a countenance expressive of the gravest humor, he puckered his fat lips, and, turning on his heel, stalked rapidly away, whistling the "Rogue's March," followed by a shout of laughter from the crowd.

The stranger thanked the officer for his timely interference, and, after requesting that no further action should be taken on his offense, he entered the hovel, and the crowd dispersed.

CHAPTER II.

THE PAST.

The Past spreads o'er me like a pall!—*Camille.*

"I feel, madam, as though I were intruding on your confidence and privacy," began the stranger, after he had become seated, and had taken a hasty survey of the room; "but I trust my motives will not be miscon-

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strued. We are sometimes carried away in a moment by the magic power of sympathy, and find our interests centered in those who are strangers to us socially, and in whose welfare there is no visible relation. Such seems to be my present situation, and, without attempting to enter into an explanation, let us at once be friends."

"While I am aware of the danger of hasty friendships and confident reliances," said Mrs. Leslie, after some hesitation, "your prompt action in this case has been so frank and ingenuous, that, whatever may be your design or intention, I cannot but impute it to a right motive. May I know your name, sir?".

"My name is Stanley," said the stranger.

"Thank you, sir. I believe I have heard the name before. There is one of your name, if I mistake not, at the head of one of the benevolent institutions in our city."

"I am an Odd Fellow, madam," said the stranger, carelessly. "And now, madam, if you have no objections, I should like to hear the story of your life, that I may know by what means you have become so poor; for, by your intelligence and that of your child, I infer that you have seen better days."

"Yes, better and bitter days, too, alas!" murmured the widow, in a low tone. Then, after a moment's pause, she continued:

"Your generous conduct, Mr. Stanley, merits my confidence; and you shall have it, however painful it may be to recount the story of my sad life. It is a theme on which I scarcely dare think—much less speak.

"I was born in the city of New York, and am the daughter of one who was once among the wealthiest of its merchants. I was an only daughter, though two brothers were sharers in my parental regard, and were expected to be sharers in my father's estate. As an only daughter, I was cherished as such, and no expense or care was spared to make me the accomplished woman that my station demanded. My early life was, therefore, happy. I was an heiress, and was, of course, 'the observed of all observers,' courted and wooed by every brainless fop, and constantly annoyed by suitors for my hand. Or rather, I might have been annoyed, had not my education, beside giving me the trifling accomplishments of society, also elevated me above the fawning worshipers of Mammon. I dismissed all these with little compunctions for rudeness, for I was well aware of the basis of their passion, and feared little for the consequences of rejection.

"But my father was a proud, haughty man, who had devoted his mind and heart to the consummation of worldly dreams, and wealth and station were his chief delight. How often have I shed tears in my girlhood, as I watched with intensest care the absorbing devotion which he

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paid to the shrine of Mammon! And how my heart has ached, as I saw, one by one, the better qualities of his nature drop away, until he was left an almost heartless devotee of the world!

"I was his pride—his idol. I seemed as one bright flower left blooming in the blasted garden of his heart, and I endeavored to sweeten those sacred hours of domestic peace with something holier than a worldly dream. But I employed the wrong means to make him happy. His heart had grown too worldly to appreciate the refined enjoyments of mind and soul. Affection could not thaw its ice-covered sea, and love's corruscations only bounded over the surface, as a skater over the bosom of a frozen lake. He would have had me proud and haughty, as a royal lady of the court; grand as some peerless queen of tragedy. He wished me to marry some one of the wealthy sycophants that fawned at my feet, that I might move as the 'bright, particular star,' round which all others would have been but satellites.

"But in my heart, I had a dream of a far purer life—a dream of love. I mingled with the world, but to learn its follies, and then retired within myself to frame resolves of good, and endeavor to exalt myself above them. My romantic ideas, as he termed them, were far from pleasing to my father, and he was often harsh, when, at his suggestion of the subject, I objected to marrying some wealthy gentleman of his choice.

"My eldest brother, James, was patterned after his father—proud and arrogant in his manners, and chilling in his approach. There was never much congeniality between us, and he was often rude, in ridiculing my peculiar tenets of social position and happiness. My younger brother, however, was of quite a different cast. His diposition was amiable and gentle, and his soul less aspiring for worldly emoluments. Often, in the hours of bitter heart pangs, have I found consolation on Henry's bosom, and time has yet to record his first harsh word."

At this point of the woman's story, the stranger became singularly excited. He moved restlessly in his seat, ran his fingers through his dark hair, just sprinkled with the autumn frost of grey, and finally rose from his seat, and walked the room. Meanwhile a strange light illumined his eye; one moment, his face seemed smiling, and the next it would relax into a shade of anguish, or glow with deep emotion.

Mrs. Leslie noticed it, and paused.

"Go on," he said; "do not mind me."

As she proceeded, Lulu approached her mother, and twined one arm around her neck, while she listened to the story.

"I am too prolix; I will hasten on. One day, while riding out alone in the family carriage, the driver lost command of his horses, and they ran away, throwing the poor fellow from his seat, and killing him. Mine must have been a similar fate, but at the moment of imminent danger, a

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young man sprang into the street, and, at the peril of his life, arrested the horses' progress. In my flight, I clasped hold of the door, which flew open, and I was precipitated out. The curb-stone must have ended my existence, but I was caught in the arms of my deliverer, and dragged from the carriage, just as the horses started their race anew.

"The young man accompanied me home, when my father thanked him, and offered him pecuniary assistance, which he declined. We found him handsome and intelligent, though dressed in the garb of a mechanic. My own feelings at the moment, I cannot describe. I remember thanking him profusely, learned his name and address, and then hastened from the formal and austere presence of my father, and, repairing to my own chamber, began to examine my heart. I had heard of love at first sight, but it ever sounded too romantic to my ears, and seemed but the fabled existence of the novelist's fancy. I confessed, however, to an unusual interest in my deliverer. He was at least above the hundred parasites who thronged around my attractions of wealth. There was something heroic in his courageous attempt to save me, and he was refined in heart and manners, even to a congenial equality with myself. And thus I mused the day away.

"What was my surprise, a few days after, at meeting at the house of a wealthy friend, the young gentleman who had so gallantly delivered me. The world is cold and vain, but there are some hearts, living in its most frigid and ephemeral sphere, that rise above the foolish prejudices of their caste, and are ever willing to take honest poverty by the hand, and help it to a position in the world. Of such was my friend. Of her I learned the history of Charles Leslie. He was a young man of noble qualities, who, by the labor of his hands, in a respectable branch of mechanism, supported an aged mother, whose only stay and comfort he was, as she [illegible]tched her way decrepitly to the grave.

"My heart was not impervious to love. Imperceptibly to myself, my interest in him increased, and I found myself a frequent visitor at the house of my friend, where I as frequently met him. Neither spoke of love, but a sweet dream was working its woof in my heart, and I soon fed upon his every smile. You may smile, Mr. Stanley, at my enthusiasm, in one of my age; but when I look back upon those hours when I first felt the hope of life thrilling in my brain, my heart grows young again, and memory, like a moss above some ancient ruin, adds a bright [illegible]ry to the desolate past.

"Charles Leslie's mother soon died, and then I felt that he was lonely. [illegible]rned from my friend, who shared his confidence, that he loved me. In honesty, I was compelled to acknowledge a reciprocal attachment. We met again, and plighted troths. My story here had best be short. He applied to my father, who rejected his suit with scorn and contempt.

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We were married notwithstanding, and I was—discarded with a curse!"

Mrs. Leslie paused. The tear would escape despite her efforts, and the rising emotion choked her utterance.

Mr. Stanley said nothing, but a tear glistened in his eye, and, biting abstractedly his nether lip, he quickened his pace across the floor.

"The past had been a dream of luxury and peace to me," continued Mrs. Leslie. "It was now necessary to come down to the hard, actual life, and learn the charm of toil. My eldest brother sided with my father, and turned from me coldly as I took my leave. Thank God! my mother was dead! But Henry was still true to me. He gave me his sympathy, his love—aye, and his purse, what little he had—and bade me God speed in the road to happiness. I bade farewell to my home of luxury, and entered the humble but comfortable cottage of my husband. For a time, I was sad over the past; but in a few days, I found a pleasure in his love that amply repaid for all my sacrifices. I was happy.

"A few years rolled by, and my husband, with the assistance of friends, soon began to lift his head above the gloom of poverty, and stood upon the road to prosperity. We did prosper, and this sweet child was our only care"—she kissed the tears from Lulu's eyes. "We devoted great care on her education, and looked down through the vista of the future, when she should be, not only the pride of our own hearts, but of communities.

"But fortunes ever vary. My father, in the general crash which occurred two years ago, was declared a bankrupt. My brothers, who might have been his solace, had long since emigrated to different parts of the country, and he was left alone to bear the burden of his loss and shame. He soon after died.

"But the end was not yet. My husband was a member of the Order of Odd Fellows, and such was his generosity and the goodness of his heart, that, seeing several brothers of the Order laboring under embarrassments, he undertook to extricate them from their difficulties. The monetary crash came like a deluge, and among its latest drifts were Charles, his friends, and our little all. We were penniless—homeless!

"After vainly struggling for a year, we gathered up the remnant of our 'sunken treasure,' and removed to this city, where we have learned, alas! the last problems in the lesson of poverty. Two weeks ago, my husband died with a fever, and—you know the rest."

Mrs. Leslie here gave way to a burst of grief, in which she was joined by Lulu.

Mr. Stanley paused in his march, and gazed steadfastly upon the weeping pair. Some deep emotion was agitating his breast, as could be

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seen by his heaving bosom and the nervous twitching of his hands; but a peculiar light sparkled in his eye.

"And this brother, Henry," he said, "have you never heard of him?"

"Never."

"And your family name was—?"

"Smith."

The fire grew brighter in his eye.

"Look you, Mrs. Leslie; just wait half an hour, and you will hear from me."

The widow heard a hasty step, followed by the closing of the door. She looked up—she was alone with Lulu.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellania.

BY GEO. B. JOCELYN.

For several months my pen has not traced a word for publication upon the subject of our beloved Order; and now that duty bids me again take up my pen, I am at loss to know what I shall write about. For three and one-half years, month after month, I had devoted many an hour for the interest of those who read my little Magazine, and found profit and amusement in its pages. Often, when others slept, I wrote; and hours that should have been devoted to recruiting a body rendered nervous by disease and weary toil, were given for the advancement of that Order whose foundation elements are laid in the necessities of one common humanity, and the cap-stone of whose superstructure towers toward heaven, and is flooded with the light of that glory which rests as a halo upon the pure, the beautiful and the true of all ages and all climes.

For that little work I had formed a strong attachment. I stood by at its birth, and was present at the font when its name was given. I was with it when it had not a score of *registered* friends, and I have gazed upon its form when I knew thousands of eyes were gladdened by the same sight. For its benefit and advancement I have spent many a weary hour, and have watched with eager anxiety the full development of body, and limb, and mind, and had fancied that length of years would be given unto it; but alas! there came a "killing frost;" the fire of its eye was dimmed, the rose of its cheek paled, and its form was entombed in the snows of the past dreary winter. Never more shall it revisit us; but above its tomb, in this beautiful "Casket," to which it has willed the

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names of the patrons who felt an interest in its death, let us place a sprig of evergreen, and cherish the memory of its worth, and draw the vail of charity over its faults. *Requiescat in pace!*

As I thus gaze upon the events of the past, and regret the sad and untimely fate of the Magazine, memory is busy with the names of many who manifested an unusual interest in its existence and usefulness; and I find that some who were its warm supporters have fallen by the hand of death. They, too, have passed from the busy stage of life, their bodies rest in the quiet of the tomb, and, we trust, their spirits repose on the bosom of our common Father and God. Pardon me, kind reader, if I refer to one whose name is as familiar and dear to the Order in Indiana, as a household word. I mean Joseph L. Silcox, P. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Indiana.

I knew not that he was dead until it was announced, May 20th, in the Grand Lodge of Indiana. As I sat gazing around the Hall, upon familiar faces, and scanning the features of those who had just been admitted in that R. W. body, two whom I had always met there I did not see—G. Rep. Colfax and P. G. M. Silcox. The former I knew was in Washington City; the latter I expected every moment to see enter the Hall, quickly advance to the center of the room, salute the M. W. G. Master, and be greeted by the cordial grasp of the hand from all who had ever known him. While thus I mused, G. Rep. P. A. Hackleman arose, and, with tremulous voice and solemn manner, announced the sudden death of P. G. M. Silcox. I presume that few had heard of it, for the announcement thrilled each heart with pain, and drew the tear to many an eye. Eloquent and appropriate was the tribute he paid to the worth of the departed. Few words were spoken by others—hearts were too full. In the deep grief that settled upon all, the common words of courtesy seemed a very mockery, and in silence the Grand Lodge adjourned.

Dead! His manly heart was stilled, its throbbings had ceased forever. His form shall be seen no more in our Hall—no more shall his voice be heard in our midst. I was intimately acquainted with P. G. M. Silcox, and I disparage no other one when I say, a more devoted Odd Fellow did not live in the State. He was ever ready to do all in his power to advance the interests of Odd-Fellowship. Impelled by this earnest love, during his term of office he visited the Lodges in this jurisdiction, and sought to correct any and all irregularities he found in the workings of the various Lodges. He sought not favor nor honor by this labor—he sought alone the "good of the Order." He made no speeches for them—he sought no attentions but those which would place him in possession of the working and business of the Lodge. Like a heroic worker, he examined them, and if errors were found, he sought, in the spirit of love,

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to correct them. The results of that official visitation will be felt in years to come, and be a monument more lasting than brass, and more worthy than marble, to perpetuate among the fraternity the memory of his love and toil for the Order.

To him the teachings of the Order were not a dry ritual, but an ever-present spirit, pervading all his actions and controlling all his conduct. More than a quarter of a century has passed away since he first knelt at the shrine of Friendship, Love and Truth. During that time he had learned to love the Order with an attachment that no misfortune could abate, and to labor for it with an ardor that no contumely or persecution could dampen. He had no fondness for mere show or parade, but to his discriminating mind each piece of regalia, each rite and ceremony, each lecture and each sign was full of instruction. There was, to him, nothing unmeaning in Odd-Fellowship; and how often has he told me his regrets that so many of the initiated failed to comprehend the spirit of the Order's lessons!

Devoted to Odd-Fellowship, he had watched with deepest anxiety the progress of the Order throughout the Union, and especially throughout his own State. With the fondness of paternal pride he had looked upon the Order, from the time that a few met in upper rooms and dingy garrets until its temples had dotted our whole territory, and its few had become thousands.

I quote the following beautiful extract from his final address as Grand Master to the Grand Lodge of Indiana, July, 1853. It is but an index to his head and heart:

"I refer with pride to the position of the Order in this State and throughout the Union. For years its success and usefulness have been objects of my earnest solicitude. Almost one quarter of a century ago, when the Order was feeble and despised, I was charmed with its teachings and its mode of action. I cast in my lot with it, and became an Odd Fellow. An affiliation of years may have lessened my fondness for display, but has not, in the least, I trust, abated the ardor of my first love. I have watched with eager anxiety the progress of our Order, and have seen it increase and spread until the angel of its presence, like the Cherubim of the ancient Mercy-Seat, overshadows our whole land. I have seen it go forth a gentle, unarmed child, to wage war against the ills and vices of this life, and have always seen it return loaded with the trophies of its bloodless triumphs. The Angel of Peace has "stilled the storm and soothed the spirit of passion." The emanation of Friendship, it has breathed upon the discordant strings of the human heart, and made them sound in sweetest unison. The embodiment of Love, it has won, by its gentle influences, antagonistic natures to its embrace, and bound them by its triple cord. The oracle of Truth, it has, like its ancient prototype,

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withstood the advances of error, and manfully struggled for the right and the true, until the dawning of a brighter day betokens the ultimate success of its teachings and its labors."

But suddenly, by one of those sad casualties which shroud in deepest gloom whole communities, he has been summoned from our midst. Deeply as we may grieve at our loss, I fancy his own spirit could have chosen no more fitting time to depart than now. Never was our Order more honorable and useful as now. The freshness and vigor of robust manhood swells the full chest and rounded limbs of the angel of Odd-Fellowship. No wrinkles are on his brow; no gray hairs mingle in the dark locks that cluster about his temples; there is no stoop in his shoulders, nor feebleness in his footsteps—but, in the fullness and strength of his prime, his presence scatters blessings wherever he goes, and his newly dedicated temple, with its halls and columns, fretted arch and gilded dome, tell that he has a permanent home in the hearts of the thousands of Indiana, who weekly kneel at his altars and repledge themselves afresh to the dissemination of the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. At this fitting time, when our temple is completed, and prosperity crowns all our efforts to do good—when peace dwells in every Lodge room and rests beneath every tent—he is called from the field of labor to his reward on high. At this fitting time, when the rough stages of the journey, and the wilderness and the desert have been passed—when the storm has spent its fury, and the cheerful music of his companions, as they sat in their own tent, greeted his ear—"the camp was assailed," and, ere an arm could be raised to ward off the spear, or an arrow could speed to tell him of his danger, the assailant Death claimed him, and, with his eye undimmed and his natural force unabated, he ceased at once to work and live.

I leave to abler pens than mine the duty of writing a proper eulogium on the life and character of P. G. M. Silcox, in all his relations. I record this simple "*in memoriam*" as a tribute of affection from one who loved him while living, and who will continue to cherish his memory until the sundered ties of friendship shall be re-united on high, where the tent of the faithful patriarch shall be erected, and the dread alarm of death shall never again assail the camp of the blest.

La Grange Co., Ind., June, 1856.

There is but one way of securing universal equality to man; and that is, to regard every honest employment as honorable, and then for every man to learn, in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content, and to fulfill, with strict fidelity, the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honor.

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Jugglers of India.

The conversation of a friend, recently arrived from India, enables us to notice one or two of the surprising performances of the jugglers of that country, which, though familiar to persons acquainted with eastern matters, may be new to many of the readers of these pages.

A party of jugglers came forward on one occasion to perform publicly in the yard of the barracks at Madras. Many hundreds of people of all kinds, ages, and denominations, including the soldiery of the establishment, assembled to witness the exhibition, and some little temporary arrangements were made, that all might see and hear conveniently. The leader of the jugglers, who were all, of course, natives of Hindostan, requested the commanding officer to place a guard of men around the scene of display—a precaution which was adopted, and proved a very wise one. The floor of the court, be it observed, was composed of sand, firm and well trodden. On this ground, then, after some preliminary tricks of an inferior kind, one man was left alone with a little girl, the latter seeming about eight or nine years old. Beside them stood a tall, narrow basket, perhaps three or four feet high, by little more than a foot in width, and open at the top. No other object, living or inanimate, appeared on the ground. After a short period spent by the man in conversing with the girl, he seemed to get angry, and began to rail loudly at her for her neglect of some wish of his. The child attempted to soothe him, but he continued to show an increased degree of irritation as he went on. By degrees he lashed himself up into such apparent fury, that the foam actually stood upon his lips, and, being naturally of an unprepossessing countenance, he looked, to the white spectators at least, as like an enraged demon as might be. Finally, his wrath at the girl rose seemingly to an uncontrollable hight, and he seized her and put her beneath the basket; or, rather, turned down the open mouth of the basket over her person. She was thus shut entirely up, the turned bottom of the basket closing her in above. Having thus disposed of the child, in spite of her screams and entreaties, the man drew his sword, which was as bright as the surface of a mirror, and he appeared as if about to wreak some further evil on the object of his ire. And after some moments, during which he talked to himself and to the inclosed girl as if justifying his anger, he did actually at length plunge the sword down into the basket, and drew it out dripping with blood, or at least blood-red drops! The child screamed piteously from her prison, but in vain: for the man plunged the weapon again and again into the scene of her confinement. As he did so, the cries of the girl became faint by degrees, and in the end died away altogether. The deed of death was consummated!

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So, at least, thought most of the horror-stricken persons who witnessed this action. And well it was for the chief performer in it, that he had requested a guard to be placed, for it required all the exertions of this guard to prevent the aroused soldiery, who believed this to be no trick, but a piece of diabolical butchery, from leaping into the arena and tearing the man to pieces. The excitable Irishmen among the number, in particular, ground their teeth against one another, and muttered language not very complimentary to the juggler. Even the officers, whose better education and experience made them less open to such feelings, grew pale with uneasiness. But observe the issue of all this.

When the man seemed to have carried his rage to the last extremity, warned, perhaps, by the looks of the soldiery that it would be as well to close the exhibition without delay, he raised his bloody sword for a moment, before the eyes of the assemblage, and then struck the basket smartly with it. The basket tumbled over to one side, and on the spot which it had covered, in place of the girl whose last groans had just been heard, there was seen—nothing! Nothing but the flat sand of the court-yard! No vestige of dress, or any other thing to indicate that the girl had ever been there! The amazement of the spectators was unbounded, and it was, if possible, rendered more intense, when, after the lapse of a few seconds, the identical little girl came bounding from the side of the court-yard—from among the spectators' feet, it seemed—and clasped the juggler around the knees, with every sign of affection, and without the slightest marks of having undergone any injury whatever. As we have said, the astonishment of the assembly was immeasurable; and it might really well be so, seeing that the feat was performed in the center of a court, every point of the circumference of which was crowded with spectators, whose eyes were never off the performers for one instant. As to the notion of a subterranean passage, the nature of the ground put that out of the question, and, besides, that nothing of that kind existed, was made plain to all who chose to satisfy themselves on the subject, by looking at the scene of the performances when they had closed. Every one was sure that the girl had been put below the basket, and that she did not get out of it in the natural way. But she did get out; and how? It is impossible to say, though there can be no doubt that it was accomplished by some skillful maneuver.

A somewhat similar feat is sometimes occasionally performed with animals. A juggler will place a lean dog below one of these baskets, and presto, pass! when he lifts it up, you will behold a litter of as fine pups as ever whipper-in could desire. But most people will probably think the *tree* trick a more wonderful one than any of these. A juggler, in performing this, chooses either a small spot of earth of the extent of two or three feet square, and in the open air; or he takes a large flower-

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pot, and fills it with mold for his purpose. Either of the ways will do. Having this small plot of earth before him, and his spectators ranged around, at the distance of two or three feet, the juggler shows to the company a *mango* stone, or the stone found in the center of the eastern fruit known by that name, which varies in size from that of an apple, upward. This stone the juggler then plants in the earth, at the depth of several inches, and covers it up. Not many minutes elapse until the spectators behold a small green shoot arise from the spot. It increases visibly in hight and size every moment, until it attains the altitude of a foot or so. It then begins to send off branches from the main stem; on these branches leaves begin to appear, bearing the natural hue of vegetation. Buds next present themselves; the whole affair, meanwhile, assuming the regular aspect, in every particular, of a miniature tree, some four feet high. The buds are followed by blossoms, and, finally, the green fruit of the mango meets the astonished eyes of the spectators. "Look, but touch not," is all this time the juggler's word, and he himself also preserves the character of a looker-on. When the fruit has arrived at something like a fair growth for such a tree, the originator of this extraordinary vegetation plucks it, and hands it to the spectators. This is the winding up of the charm. The assembled persons handle the fruit, and see nothing in it in the slightest degree different from the ordinary produce of the mango, elaborated by the slow vegetation of months. Our informant on these points ate a portion of the fruit brought forth by this jugglery, and found it to taste exactly like the raw mango. The whole process, now detailed, usually occupies about a quarter of an hour, from the planting of the stone to the production of the fruit. Though he gives away the fruit, the performer does not part with the tree. The feat, which is perfectly familiar to all who have been in India, is certainly an extraordinary one, and affords the most effectual evidence of the powers of deception to which the race of jugglers has attained.

The fact of sitting without seeming support in the air, is one of the few *first-rate* Indian tricks which have been exhibited in Europe; but even this is now held somewhat cheap, the mode of performing it being pretty clearly understood. The feat is performed in this way: In the center of a ring of spectators, stands the juggler with an assistant. When all is ready for the performance, the assistant holds an ample cloak or awning over the juggler, which covers him completely for the time. In a few minutes this covering is removed, and the juggler is discovered, seated cross-legged in the air, unsubstantial air, at the hight of a foot or so from the ground! He is in the thin dress of his country, and on one of his arms, which is extended horizontally in a bent form, and which, as well as the other, has a wide sleeve upon it, a fold of a cloak is negligently thrown, the remainder of the cloak hanging down to, and resting

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on the ground. This slight contact of the elbow with the cloak is all that connects the man with terrestrial things. Otherwise, he is totally left in air; and how he maintains himself there, is inexplicable to appearance. But the cloak alluded to seems to lie in careless contact with another cloak, or portion of attire, that rests on the ground farther off. Now, it is believed that, at the point where the cloak touches the elbow, a spring of a very powerful kind passes up the sleeve of the arm, and bends down under his body, placing him probably upon a hoop. The other end of the spring passes off, and finds its support under the second or farthest off cloak. This spring, in all likelihood, can be folded up into short divisions, so as to be easily concealed while the awning is thrown over the juggler at the close of his performance, and before he gives liberty to the spectators to examine the spot, which he usually does. This is the received explanation of the feat, but there is some difficulty in understanding the nature of the weight or support which is placed beneath the cloak. This must evidently be of considerable power to sustain his frame; and how he gets it out of the way, is not easily seen. These feats are the result of surprising art, address, or contrivance; and for such the natives of India certainly far excel the whole world.

Books.—Nations quarrel and fight; authors quarrel and fight; fortunate it is for the world that books do not fight. Folios leading on quartos to do battle with duodecimos officered by octavos, were a sad sight. Books, in the main, are civil. They sometimes say things stupid enough, disposing one to break the peace; but in such a case a wise man will recollect that he has to do merely with a book, and will shelve it, as the Admiralty shelves an obnoxious officer. We are permitted to thrash an author or a publisher—goodness knows why—but [illegible]ook never. Its sentiments may be denounced, and its author's op[illegible]ns attacked, but there its opposition ceases.

Metaphorically speaking, we may cut a book up: but materially speaking, we must be tender even of pulling its dog's ears. And when all the world is smoke and flame, and when wounds and woes make hearts heavy, the book as a recompense steps from its place, from dusty shelf or dull cupboard, it may be—to administer comfort. We verily believe that a man who has been used to books, chancing to die on desert sands, would feel gratified in his last moments by the sight even of a page of Mavor's Spelling Book. Books leap ditches and bound over barricades. They come to us in spite of pestilence; they visit us in spite of war. They find their way to us from St. Petersburgh and Moscow, though the Czar bids us defiance.—*Literary Journal.*

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The Vitality of Odd-Fellowship.

BY L. B. SMITH.

Ever since our Order had an existence, have its votaries vied with each other in lauding and extolling the principles upon which it rests. They have stoutly proclaimed to the world, that in point of virtue, brotherly love, and sound morality, it stands pre-eminently above all other societies, orders, and (I had nearly said churches) now in existence. And they say well. The beauties and purities of Friendship, Love and Truth, as exhibited by our fraternity, are themes worthy our exultation, and ought to be cherished and enshrined in the inner sanctum of every true Odd Fellow's heart.

But there are other reasons why we should cherish and venerate our beloved institution. Odd-Fellowship commends itself, not alone to the philanthropist, the moralist, and the good Samaritan; it possesses advantages which commend themselves to every man who acts any part in the business transactions of society. Every Lodge of Odd Fellows that has attained to any proficiency in the workings of the Order, conducts all its meetings according to established parliamentary rules; and the brother who takes any interest in the work of the Lodge to which he belongs or attends, soon finds himself initiated into and made acquainted, not only with the principles and leading characteristics of Odd-Fellowship, but with a true and practical knowledge of the rules and usages of all civil deliberative bodies. There are many ways by which the true Odd Fellow may be known to his brethren, and a few ways by which he may be known to the uninitiated, among which may be mentioned the ease and grace with which he conducts himself in public deliberative bodies of men, and his general knowledge of parliamentary rules and regulations. I have often thought that I could single out an Odd Fellow from a score of men in a sub-district school meeting, simply from his superior knowledge and tact in the conduct of bodies politic. This may be a rather strong presumption; but I must contend that a general familiarity with civil and political jurisprudence is a distinguishing feature among Odd Fellows; and the true Odd Fellow, though he may be no lawyer in the technical sense of the term, will, I assure you, be far from ignorant of the *corpus juris civilis*.

The question is often asked, "What practical benefit to man is Odd-Fellowship aside from its beneficiary provisions?" I have essayed to show how it adds a polish to the manners of man, and, at some future time, I propose to show to the man of "dollars and cents" how it may "put money in his purse."

LAPORTE, IND., June, 1856.

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Crossing the Ford.

I began life by running away from home. Boileau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Attle started in life with no other cause or capital than an old sword, which he was adroit enough to palm off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings, and there heard "the words which burn," which fired his soul, and determined his course in life. My running away from home arose from a a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over a brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded with a little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, "our eldest girl" at school. We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such length of time, that it is with a feeling of bewilderment that I look back on the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But time came, as it must, when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the "green eyed" perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald, and myself were returning with our parents from a visit to a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford, where the water ran somewhat higher than ancle deep, we prepared to carry Helen across, as we were accustomed to do, with hands interwoven "chair fashion;" thus we took our pretty passenger through the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough at the time to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipt my heart. Why it was I knew not, for we had carried Helen fifty time across the brook ere now, without emotion; but I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her pretty arms around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flames can burn as quickly or with as little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank I was wishing Donald at the "bottom of the sea." Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with:

"You need na hand sa gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fa. I can aye carry ye lighter than Donald wad half of ye!"

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and she had no idea of sparing my powers. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was qualified to compete with himself in any feats of carriage. On such topics boys are naturally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen again across the ford in our arms.

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Helen was to determine who had carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who obtained the preference would really be the person who stood the highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to resolve to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to the ford. I lifted Helen with the utmost ease, and carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had also inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine. All went on swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute. But then—alas! in the very deepest part of the ford—I trod on a treacherous bit of wood, which rested, I suppose, on the smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise until fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the more accusing silence of Helen. Both believed I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival illustrated his superior ability by bearing her in his arms for a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling drier and better humored, attempted to conciliate me. But I preserved a moody silence—I was mortified beyond redress.

That night, I packed up a few things, and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the vexation it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led me to better results than usually attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburg, where I found a maternal uncle, a kind hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his home, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed upon him. I became his partner—went abroad—resided for years on the Continent, and finally returned to Scotland, rich, educated—in short, everything, but not married.

One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a young lady of quite unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and high-toned expression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something; but there was something in her face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of mixed pleasure and pain.

But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country; had been well educated; her parents had lost their property, and she was now governess in a family in this city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner, that she was capable of moving

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with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I am naturally neither talkative nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar, indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned on the causes which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl in a ford.

I had scarcely spoken the words ere the blood mounted to her face, and was succeeded by quite as remarkable paleness. I attributed this to the heat of the room—laughed, and, at her request, proceeded to give the details of my ford adventure with Helen Graham, which I did, painting, in glowing colors, the beauty and amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became almost irrepressible. At its conclusion, she remarked:

"Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me!"

I gazed an instant—remembered—and was dumb-founded. The lady with whom I had become so intimate was Helen Graham herself.

I hasten and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married, and made our bridal tour to the "old place." As we approached it in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in the field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some trifling particular relating to the neighborhood. He answered promptly enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried in the old style:

"Hey, Donald, mon, donno ye ken ye'r auld frens?"

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was hightened by its style, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage, and answer our numerous queries as to old friends.

Different men "start in life" in different ways. I believe that mine is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

Are you not surprised to find how independent of money, peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

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Eagle Lodge Cane Presentation.

We promised our readers last month to publish the remarks of Past Grand Representative Benj. C. True, and the reply of the recipient, upon the occasion of the cane presentation by Eagle Lodge, No. 100, of this city, to Bro, Jos. P. Mayer, for his masterly management as Marshal-in-Chief at the National Anniversary Celebration in this city, April 24, 1856. Bro. B. C. True, on behalf of the Lodge, arose and addressed Bro. Mayer as follows:

By command of Eagle Lodge, No. 100, I appear here to present to you, in their name, a token of their respect and esteem, and to mark their appreciation of the services you have lately performed in the cause of our beloved Order. Among an educated and free people, no institution can exist and flourish without the public's approval. Our Order forms no exception to this law. Hence public manifestations by the Order, to bring before the public the principles, the purposes, the men of the Order, in such a manner as to attract public attention, to elicit public scrutiny, and challenge public confidence and respect, is at times desirable.

Eagle Lodge having recently participated in such a demonstration, with the gratification that flows from a well ordered and successful effort, now desires to testify to you their assurance that to your energy and ability they believe they are indebted for much of the pleasure they had in its performance.

That thousands of men can come together from all parts of the country, representing every political sentiment, every religious creed, every variety of business and profession, and throng a great city without excitement, turmoil, or rowdyism, does not astonish us, who know the influences that bring them hither and control their conduct as a body. But that such numbers could arrange and carry out a demonstration of that kind without confusion, mistake, or accident, to mar the splendor of the pageant, or disturb the pleasurable emotions of either the participant or the spectator, is indeed a marvel to each. It marks in the public mind an unmistakable impression in favor of an institution that shows such capacity to perform, and such earnestness in its purpose; nor will they fail to believe that a cause which elicits such expense of time and treasure to decorate its symbols, and illustrate its love of the work in which its members are engaged, is worthy of the respect which we thus publicly challenge for it.

Eagle Lodge having been honored by the selection of one of its members as Grand Marshal for the occasion, feels a pride in thus tendering to you, and through you to your assistants, her acknowledgements for the completeness of the arrangements, the care with which they were

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carried out, and the fraternal courtesy exhibited by all charged with the management of the celebration.

The Lodge has selected as the befitting token by which to mark their appreciation of the service you have rendered as Grand-Marshal-in-Chief, this beautiful walking cane. Accept it, then, as a testimonial of the fraternal regard and esteem of the brethren of Eagle Lodge.

With this assurance of your fellow-members, added to your own consciousness of an ability to further our good work, you will not fail, I trust, to go forward in that pleasant duty which tenders relief to the distressed brother, which offers sympathy and kindness to the afflicted, and transforms the tears of grief of the widow and orphan to pearls of affection—jewels more beautiful in the coronet of the true Odd Fellow than diamonds in crowns of gold. And when your work is finished, and the brothers come to you with that other taken of their affection—the *evergreen*—may they be enabled to remember of you only the virtues of a good old man.

To which Bro. Mayer responded as follows:

Bro. True, Noble Grand, and Brothers:

I have always looked upon occasions similar to this as peculiarly calculated to excite feelings of an unusual character in him who is the subject of the remarks; but I did think that I should be able to say something, or, at least, express my sense of gratitude for this additional mark of your confidence and esteem, but, sir, I find that I am unable to express my feelings.

You have been pleased, however, to refer, in very flattering terms, to the manner in which the Grand-Marshal-in-Chief and his Aids, at our late celebration, planned and conducted the various duties assigned them, to the entire satisfaction of the Order and the public generally. Being assured, sir, that such is the case, it should be recompense enough for those who have had the high and honorable position. It is and has been very generally admitted that the Celebration was one of unusual magnificence and grandeur; and the scenes emblematically displayed on that day clearly indicated that Odd-Fellowship knows no geographical boundaries, that its sphere is co-extensive with the wide extended universe, that it seeks to level all the ficticious distinctions which human pride and selfishness have erected, and to bring all men together on the broad platform of brotherly love.

The widow and the fatherless, the sick and distressed, the oppressed and down-trodden, the sojourner in far distant lands away from home—all feel and daily experience the tender and sacred influences of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Arbitrary religious intolerance and despotism is laid low; sectional

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prejudices are forgotten; and those sentiments so dear to every Odd Fellow—grateful to our Creator, faithful to our Country, and fraternal to our fellow-man—does and will prevail long after you and I and the brothers present have moldered away and joined our kindred dust.

There is also a delightful beauty discerned in our Order, when viewed in its relation to and connection with the moral government of the world. Without well designed and aptly constructed machinery, the operations, neither of the material, political, nor moral world, would attract the admiration of man, nor disclose the wisdom of the Deity; and as part of the vast machinery by which the moral world is controlled, we should commend to ourselves and to mankind the Order to which we belong. If Benevolence is to be inculcated or Friendship encouraged, or the tender sympathies of the heart excited in behalf of the widow and the orphan, it is in an institution like ours.

Believing, sir, that whatever tends to elevate the character of man, to enlighten his mind, to enlarge the sphere of his affection, or make him happier in his social relation, can not and should not be regarded with indifference by us; entertaining these views in reference to Odd-Fellowship, and believing that occasional public demonstrations, if properly conducted, are beneficial to our Order, I could not do otherwise than contribute my mite, and exert my utmost abilities and influence, however humble and limited they may be, in assisting to render the Celebration, what it truly was, a Grand Jubilee of Odd Fellows.

The Order is more particularly indebted to Brothers Farrin, Glenn, Tait, Crane, Eckert, Wheeler, Kistner, and many others, for the faithful and prompt manner in which they discharged their several duties. And the Grand-Marshal-in-Chief must ever remember that if he had been deprived of their valuable aid and counsel, the celebration might not have passed so pleasantly.

I am duly impressed with the honor done me in receiving this beautiful cane, decorated as it is with some of the emblems of our Order; and let me assure you that I shall ever remember and cherish this moment with sentiments of the liveliest gratitude.

May my motives ever be as pure as the virgin gold from which these decorations have been made; and permit me to hope that an All-Wise Providence may so govern and guide my actions, that I may never betray the confidence reposed in me, and that my future life and conduct may afford no reproach to my brethren of Eagle Lodge.

Our life, it is true, has its bright and its dark hours, yet none are wholly obscured; for when the sun of happiness is set, the reflected moonlight of hope and memory is still around us.

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The Little Sisters.

"You were not here yesterday," said the gentle teacher of the little village school, as she placed her hand kindly on the curly head of one of her pupils. It was recess time, but the little girl addressed had not gone to frolic away the ten minutes, nor even left her seat, but sat absorbed in what seemed a fruitless attempt to make herself master of a long division.

Her face and neck crimsoned at the remark of her teacher, but looking up, she seemed somewhat re-assured by the kind glance that met her, and answered, "No, ma'am, I was not, but sister Nelly was."

"I remember there was a little girl, who called herself Nelly Gray, came in yesterday, but I did not know she was your sister. But why did you not come? You seem to love study very much."

"It was not because I didn't want to," was the earnest answer, and then paused, and the deep flush again tinged that fair brow; "but," she continued, after a moment of painful embarrassment, "mother cannot spare both of us conveniently, and so we are going to take turns. I'm going to school one day and sister the next, and to-night I'm to teach Nelly all I have learned to-day, and to-morrow night she will teach me all that she learns while here. It's the only way we can think of getting along, and we want to study very much, so as to some time keep school ourselves, and take care of mother, because she has to work very hard to take care of us."

With genuine delicacy, Miss M—— forbore to question the child further, but sat down beside her, and in a moment explained the rule over which she was puzzling her young brain, so that the difficult sum was easily finished.

"You had better go out and take the air a moment—you have studied very hard to-day," said the teacher, as the little girl put aside her slate.

"I had rather not; I might tear my dress. I will stand by the window and watch the rest."

There was such a peculiar tone in the voice of her pupil as she said, "I might tear my dress," that Miss M—— was led instinctively to notice it. It was nothing but a ninepenny print of a deep hue, but it was neatly made, and had never yet been washed. And while looking at it, she remembered that during the whole previous fortnight that Mary Gray had attended school regularly, she had never seen her wear but that one dress. "She is a thoughtful little girl," said she to herself, "and does not want to make her mother any trouble. I wish I had more such scholars."

The next morning Mary was absent, but her sister occupied her seat.

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There was something so interesting in the two little sisters, the one eleven and the other eighteen months younger, agreeing to attend school by turns, that Miss M—— could not forbear observing them very closely. They were pretty-faced children, of delicate forms and fairy-like hands and feet—the elder with lustrous eyes and chestnut curls, the younger with orbs like the sky of June, her white neck vailed by a wealth of golden ringlets. She observed in both the same close attention to their studies; and as Mary had tarried within during play-time, so did Nelly, and upon speaking to her as she had to her sister, she received, too, the same answer, "I might tear my dress."

The reply caused Miss M—— to notice the garb of the sister. She saw at once it was the same piece as Mary's, and, upon scrutinizing it very closely, she became certain it was the same dress. It did not fit quite so pretty on Nelly, and was too long for her, too, and she was evidently ill at ease when she noticed her teacher looking at the bright pink flowers that were so thickly set on the white ground.

The discovery was one that could not but interest a heart so truly benevolent as that which pulsated in the bosom of the village school-teacher, She ascertained the residence of their mother, and, though sorely shortened herself of a narrow purse, that same night, having found at the only store in the place a few yards of the same material, purchased a dress for little Nelly, and sent it to her in such a way that the donor could not be detected.

* * * * * * * *

Very bright and happy looked Mary Gray on Friday morning, as she entered the school at an early hour. She waited only to place her books in neat order in her desk, ere she approached Miss M—— and whispered in a voice that laughed in spite of her efforts to make it deferential—"After this week sister Nelly is coming to school every day, and O, I am so glad!"

"That is very good news," replied the teacher, kindly. "Nelly is fond of her books, I see, and I am happy to know that she can have an opportunity to study her books every day." Then she continued, a little good-natured mischief encircling her eyes and dimpling her sweet lips—"But can your mother spare you both conveniently?"

"O yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, she can now. Something happened she didn't expect, and she is glad to have us come, as we are to do so." She hesitated a moment, but her young heart was filled to the brim with joy, and when a child is happy it is as natural to tell the cause as it is for a bird to warble when the sun shines. So out of the fullness of her heart she spoke, and told her teacher this little story:

She and her sister were the only children of a very poor widow, whose health was so delicate that it was almost impossible to support herself

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and daughters. She was obliged to keep them out of school all winter, because they had no clothes to wear, but told them that if they could earn enough by doing odd chores for the neighbors to buy each of them a new dress, they might go in the spring. Very earnestly had the little girls improved their stray chances, and very carefully hoarded the copper coins which had usually repaid them. They had a calico dress, when Nelly was taken sick, and, as the mother had no money beforehand, her own treasure had to be expended in the purchase of medicine.

"O, I did feel so bad when school opened, and Nelly could not go because she had no dress," said Mary. "I told mother I wouldn't go either, but she said I had better, for I could teach sister some, and it would be better than no schooling. I stood it for a fortnight, but Nelly's little face seemed all the time looking at me on the way to school, and I couldn't be happy a bit, so I finally thought of a way by which we could both go; I told mother I would come one day, and the next I would lend Nelly my dress, and she might come, and that's the way we have done this week. But last night somebody sent sister a dress just like mine, and now she can come too. O, if I only knew who it was, I would get down on my knees and thank them, and so would Nelly. But we don't know, and so we've done all we could for them—we've prayed for them—and O, Miss M——, we are so glad now. Ain't you too?"

"Indeed I am," was the emphatic answer. And when, on the following Monday, little Nelly, in the new pink dress, entered the schoolroom, her face radiant as a rose in sunshine, and, approaching the teacher's table, exclaimed in tones as musical as those of a freed fountain, "I am coming to school every day, and O, I am so glad!" Miss M—— felt as she never felt before, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. No millionaire, when he saw his name in public prints, lauded for his thousand-dollar charities, was ever so happy as the poor schoolteacher, who wore her gloves half a summer longer than she ought, and thereby saved enough to buy that poor little girl a calico dress.

"By what charms canst thou control thy husband thus?" was asked of the spouse of Scipio, if we remember rightly. "I rule by obeying!" replied Cornelia. And it was this noble Roman matron, who, impatient of being only known as the "wife of Scipio," exclaimed to her sons—"when shall I be called the mother of the Gracchii?" Posterity answered that question, and posterity shows, likewise, the name of a Mary, the mother of Washington. Say not, then, that woman hath not her reward. Let her be true to her sphere, exalting by her influence the sons and husbands, and fathers of the nation and to the last epoch of time, "her children will rise up and call her blessed."

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The Veiled Image.

To Sais once a youthful wanderer [illegible] by thirst for knowledge brought to learn the secret wisdom of the Egyptian priests. Though quick he passed through many high degrees with ready spirit, curiosity, still sateless, urged him on the more. In vain essayed his teacher to calm the impatient aspirant.

"What have I, if I have not all!" he cried. "Is there here a more or less? Is thy truth like the sense's pleasure, then? A sum of which we may a more or less possess, yet always can possess? Is it not a whole—one and indivisible! Lose but a note from an harmony; blot one color from the bow; what we have left is worthless—wanting the beauteous harmony to color and to sound!"

And once discoursing thus, they chanced to be within a lonely temple, when, lo! the youth beheld before him an image, veiled, of giant size. He turns in wonder to the Heirophant.

"What is this concealed beneath the veil?"

"The truth!" replied the sage.

"Ah! after truth alone I have striven ever; and is it this, indeed, so long from me withheld!"

"The Deity must that resolve," returned the priest; for thus she speaks: 'This veil no mortal thing can raise, till it myself remove.' Whoso with unhallowed and guilty hand shall touch the holy the inhabited, he, saith the goddess—he——"

"What? Proceed?"

"He the truth shall see!"

"Strange oracle! And hast thou never raised the veil?"

"I! Nay, indeed; nor ever the temptation felt."

"If this thin veil alone debars me from the truth——"

"And a law!" interrupts the sage. "This slight gause, my son, is weightier far than thou supposest it. Light to thy hand, but to thy conscience an enormous load!"

To his home the youth, full of deepest thoughts, retired. The fiery lust of knowledge robbed him of his sleep, and on his couch, fevered, he tossed. At midnight he rushed forth. Unconsciously, his timorous steps conduct him to the temple. He scales the easy walls. One bold leap brings him within the sacred circle. He is alone, and around him a horrid, lifeless stillness, broken only by the hollow echo of his footfall upon the secret vaults, while from the open cupola, the moon casts her pale silver light, and fearfully, like to a present deity, through the gloomy arch, the veiled image shone. He approaches with uncertain steps. He reaches forth his sacreligious hand to touch the holy vision, and a shock as of fire and ice ran shivering through his frame, and his unseen arm

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repels him. Unhappy youth! Within his inmost soul whispers a kindly voice—

"Wouldst thou, then, dare to tempt the All Holy One! By the mouth of the oracle 'tis said, 'No mortal thing this veil shall raise, till it myself remove!'"

"But the same mouth hath said, 'Whoso the veil shall raise, shall see the truth!' Be what there may behind, I will see it!" with a loud voice he cried.

"SEE IT!" yelled back in scorn the echo.

He spoke, and raised the veil!

"What saw he?" thou demandest. I know not. Senseless and pale, the priests found him on the morrow, outstretched before the feet of Isis' statue. What he saw or heard, his tongue hath never told. Cheer from his life had fled forever, and melancholy bore him to an early grave!

"Woe to him!"—such was his warning word to each importunate question. "Woe to him that cometh at the truth through guilt! Truth will gladden him no more forever!"

Thoughts which are Thoughts.

BY JOHN T. BANGS.

Sir Humphrey Davy says—"I envy no quality of the mind or of the intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful, I would prefer *religion* to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes, throws over the destruction of existence the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life even in death, and, from corruption and decay, calls up beauty and divinity."

An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition without ever betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the Bishop if he could communicate his secret of being always easy.

"Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach my secret with great facility. It consists of nothing more than making a right use of my eyes."

His friend begged him to explain himself.

"Most willingly," returned the Bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business is to get there; I then look down on the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred. I then look abroad on the world, and observe what multitudes there are in all respects more

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unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

The poet Gray was notoriously fearful of fire, and kept a ladder of ropes in his bed-room. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge, knowing this, roused him from below, in the middle of a dark night, with the cry of fire! The stair-case they said, was in flames. Up went his window, and down he came by his rope-ladder, as fast as he could, into a tub of water which they had placed to receive him.

An eminent carcass butcher, as meager in his person as he was in his understanding, being one day in a bookseller's shop, took up a volume of Churchill's poems, and, by way of showing his taste, repeated the following line:

"Who rules o'er freemen, should himself be free."

Then turning to Dr. Johnson, he said: "What think you of that, sir?"

Rank nonsense," replied the other. "It is an assertion without a proof; and you might with as much propriety say:

"Who slays fat oxen, should himself be fat."

A learned writer says of books: "They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you."

A man can never be respectable in the eyes of the world, nor in his own, except so far as he stands by himself, and is truly independent. He may have friends, he may have domestic connections, but he must not in these connections lose his individuality. Nothing truly great was ever planned or achieved, but what was planned or executed in solitary seclusion.

Life belongs to the living; and he that lives must be prepared for vicissitudes.

Riches, said Solomon, are in the distribution, all the rest is conceit.

Talleyrand has defined language as being the faculty given to man for concealing his thoughts.

I look up to the starry sky, and an everlasting chain stretches thither, and over and below; and all is life and warmth and light; and all is Godlike, or God.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

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When, in your last hour, all faculty in the broken spirit shall fade away and die into inanity—imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment—then at last will the night-flower of Belief alone continue blooming, and refresh with its perfumes in the last darkness.—*Richter.*

Young Tom Sheridan once said to his father, "If I ever get into Parliament, I mean to set up a sign on my head, inscribed, 'To Let.'" "Ay," said R. B. S., "and add, 'Unfurnished.'"

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.—*Irving.*

Dr. Halley, the astronomer, being in company with the great Sir Isaac Newton, in the course of conversation, threw out some contemptuous reflections on Christianity. At length Sir Isaac Newton said, "Dr. Halley, I always like to hear you talk on philosophy; you have studied those subjects, you understand them well; but you have not studied the subject of Divine Revelation. I *have*, very closely, and I know that you know nothing of the matter."

Nothing is said to be so contagious as enthusiasm. It is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus; it moves stones; it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victory without it.—*Bulwer.*

So prone is the mind of man to suspicion, so intimately are we convinced in our hearts of the fallibility of our nature at every point, that accusation, often repeated, will ever leave a doubt in the most candid mind. "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny," said Shakspeare; and he might have said to the whole race of man, "Armor thyself in the whole panoply of virtue; cover thee from head to foot in the triple steel of honor, honesty, and a pure heart, still the poisonous dart of malice shall pierce through and wound thee, if not to destroy.—*James.*

Constancy, in its trne sense, may be called the root of all excellence.

The voice of Pleasnre should call in vain when Duty waits.

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Seventy-Six.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh-awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold,
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed from Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

How to Know a Fool.—A fool, says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things: anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from his foes.

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VARIETIES.

TIME'S PROGRESS.—Alas! it is not till time with reckless hand has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the early pages of that book was written a story of happy influence which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began.—*Longfellow.*

VENERATION FOR OLD TREES.—Grattan loved old trees, and used to say: "Never cut down a tree for fashion's sake. The tree has its roots in the earth, which fashion has not." A favorite old tree stood near his house. A friend, thinking it obstructed the view, recommended him to cut it down. "Why so?" said Grattan. "Because it stands in the way of the house." "You mistake," said Grattan, "it is the house that stands in the way of it, and if either comes down let it be the house."

READERS.—Readers may be divided into four classes. The first may be compared to an hour glass—their reading being as the sand, which runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind; the second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes every thing, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier; a third class is like a jelly bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs; the fourth class may be compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting away all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gem.—*Coleridge.*

AN Arkansas candidate for Congress sets forth his qualifications for office in the following language:

"Gentlemen—If I am elected to this office, I will represent my constituents as the sea represents the earth, or night contrasts with the day. I will unrivet all unhuman society, clean all its parts, and screw it together again. I will correct all abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the enemies of our party like a rat through a new cheese."

"MR. SNOWBALL, I want to ask you one question dis ebenin." "Well, succeed den." "Spose you go to a tabern to get dinner, and don't hab noffin on de table but a big beet, what would you say?" "I gib dat up afore you ax it. What would you say?" "Why under de circumstances ob de case, I should say, dat beets all!"

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In old times, the bills of lading commenced as follows: "Shipped, by the grace of God, in good condition," etc. Dr. Frankin used to print and sell bills of lading, and some pious persons objecting to the usual heading, he advertised that he sold bills of lading "with or without the grace of God."

The force of beauty is universal and the homage as general, but it is not always that one hears in the street as pretty a compliment as we did, the other day. Walking along one of the streets up town, an ordinary looking man arrested the progress of a very beautiful young matron, with an infant in her arms, by the exclamation: "A word with you, madam, if you please?" She stopped and turning opposite to him, said: "What do you wish, sir?" "Nothing, madam, only to see if the babe is as beautiful as the mother."

We thought for a moment that she seemed a little vexed, but her countenance softened quickly, and, smiling, she kissed the infant nestling in her arms, and passed on.

Kossuth, on his visit to Charlestown, pointing to Bunker Hill Monument, exclaimed, "Silent like the grave, and yet melodious like the song of immortality upon the lips of cherubim—senseless, cold granite, and yet warm with inspiration like a patriot's heart, immovable like the past, and yet stirring like the future, which never stops—it looks like a prophet and speaks like an oracle."

How to be a Man.—When Carlyle was asked by a young friend to point out what course of reading he thought best to make him a man, he replied in his usual characteristic manner: "It is not by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do whatsoever thing in your actual situation, then and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid down in your charge—that is, stand to your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it—all situations have many—and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that is your duty."

Sublime.—It was a lovely evening, nature was hushed in repose—naught was heared to disturb the stillness of the night—the gentle zephyrs fanned the earth from sunny south to the bleak regions of the north—when my dear Irena, in her beauty and loveliness came bounding like a fawn in front of her father's mansion. She stopped, her head bent as if in the act of listening—soft notes of music held my enraptured spirit in an ecstacy of bliss. Her brain reeled—her senses were dumb, it seemed as if she had been wandering in imagination to some fair land of love and fancy, when, with one wild spring, she screamed aloud "Get out you nasty old sow! Rootin' up all our 'taters!"

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A son of Erin, lately arrived at Baltimore, was employed to drive a cart. Not being an adept in the art and mystery of hauling dirt, he was wofully perplexed when he wished to empty the cart, and after as much maneuvering to get it into proper position as would have sufficed to move a seventy four, he marched up to the horse's head, seized the bridle with a powerful grasp, and sang out with a hearty good will, *"rare up! rare up!"* calculating the horse would elevate himself far enough to empty the cart.

"Patrick," said a gentleman to his Irish waiter, "I am going out to-morrow—call me at four in the morning."

"Yes," replied Pat, "but won't you have the goodness to ring the bell, that I may wake in time?"

Removal.—I have such a horror of moving, that I would not take a benefice of the king, if I were not indulged with non-residence. What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in that word—moving! Such a heap of little nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart; old dredging-boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it were to save your life; they'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap—go about in dirty gaiters. Were I Diogenes, I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead, though the first had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret.—*Lamb.*

Capacity for Happiness.—Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not a capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher; they may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. A small drinking-glass and a large one may be equally full, but the larger one holds more than the small one.—*Johnson.*

A bevy of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got grammar, geography, arithmetic, etc. The next got reading, spelling, and definitions.

"And what do you get, my little soldier?" said the parent to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that moment slily driving a ten-penny nail into a door pannel.

"Me? Oh, I gets readin', spellin', and *spankin'!*"

Wealth is like a serpent, which a wise enchanter may grasp by the tail without being bitten; but which turns and mortally wounds him who hath not acquired the art of charming it.

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It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness of affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may these patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom muttered and so soon forgotten!—*Dickens.*

If all strong drink were pure, it would, nevertheless, be injurious to the health. It was said by an eminent physiologist, that the frame of each human being can endure a certain number of pulsations, and the quicker these take place, the sooner their number is exhausted, and the sooner the frame is worn out. To use strong drink habitually, is like constantly whipping one's horse; at first it makes him step out quicker, but he soon flags under the constant impulse; he disregards the lash in proportion as he becomes accustomed to it, until at last to make him stir requires constant beating. How different from the horse, who, fed with wholesome food, is allowed to go at his own steady pace, and who, not driven beyond his nature, performs his journey well and freshly!

Realities are seldom the pleasantest parts of life. Hope, memory, and even enjoyments, are more than half imaginative. Everything is mellowed by distance, and when we come too near, the hairy softness is lost, and the hard lines of truth are offered harshly to the eye. Half our sorrows are the breaking of different illusions. It never answers to look behind the scenes.

A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front before the north.

"Now, what is before you, John?"

"The north, sir."

"And what is behind you, Tommy?"

"My coat tail," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse of it.

Upright Men.—We love upright men. Pull them this way and the other, and they only bend but never break. Trip them down, and in a trice they are on their feet again. Bury them in the mud, and in an hour they would be out and bright. You cannot keep them down—you cannot destroy them. Who build our cities, whiten the ocean with their sails, and blacken the heavens with the smoke of their cars? Look at them, young men, and catch a spark of their energy, and be wise.

To the generous mind, the heaviest debt is that of gratitude, when it is not in our power to repay it.

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FRATERNAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HAVANA, ILLINOIS, May 23, 1856.

EDITOR OF THE CASKET:—I take the liberty of giving you a brief account of a festival and public procession of Mason Lodge, No. 143, I. O. O. F., of this place, on the 8th instant, with visiting brethren from Lewistown, Bath, and Petersburg, which you can, if you choose, use as an item of news of the Order.

The morning of May 8th was as bright and pleasant as spring mornings can be, immediately after a storm, and gave promise (which was realized) of such a day as would in no respect mar the anticipated festivities of the occasion.

About one o'clock P. M., the members of the Order met at Odd Fellows' Hall. The procession was formed and taken charge of by Major R. H. Walker, Marshal of the day, assisted by James H. Hole and R. S. Moore, Esq., and moved down Orange street to the residence of Bro. M. Dearborn, where the Daughters of Rebekah were added to it, with such other ladies and gentlemen, not of the Order, as chose to join in the procession. The estimated number in the procession was about three hundred. The procession again moved up Orange street to Main, up Main to Plum street, up Plum to Jefferson street, down Jefferson to Orange street, up Orange to the Park, where the address was to be delivered. P. G. M. Rounseville was the orator of the day. The exercises at the Park embraced music by the band, singing an ode, prayer, and the address. The address was all that had been anticipated from the high reputation of its author. The audience was estimated at five hundred.

At the conclusion of the exercises at the Park, the procession was reformed and again passed through the principal streets, to the "Mammoth Warehouse" of Messrs. Moore, Pratt & Cheek, where Bro. J. H. West, mine host of the Mason House, had prepared a sumptuous dinner for the crowd. It was, no doubt, a gratification to all to partake of such a dinner, and your humble correspondent pleads guilty to having had his enjoyment (almost full) *increased* by seeing others eat.

After the Marshal thought dinner ought to be over, and I thought so too, the procession was again formed, and moved up Washington street to the residence of Bro. M. Dearborn, where the ladies again left the procession, and the brethren proceeded to the Hall, where the exercises were closed with the Closing Ode.

Thus passed a day of unalloyed pleasure, so far as I know. Our visiting brethren seemed to feel that the effort on the part of Mason Lodge

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was a creditable one. It is but a little over two years since the Lodge was instituted, and it now numbers between fifty and sixty members; and, in addition, an Encampment has been instituted here but recently, with a prospect of fifty members in the first year.

Long may the pure principles of Odd-Fellowship be the living principles of its members! Heaven will smile upon their efforts, if they have that purity of heart which can alone prepare them for its approbation here, and a blissful immortality hereafter.

Fraternally yours, R.

Moore's Hill, Ind., May 8, 1856.

Bros. Turner & Gray:—Moore's Hill Lodge, No. 127, I. O. O. F., is in what might be considered a prosperous condition. This is, however, nothing new, for it has fortunately been our lot from our organization; peace and harmony have marked our proceedings from the beginning. As a Lodge, we have realized "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The above being true, you will not be astonished that "our march has been onward." We have reported a good number of initiations each term, and a large portion of our membership have represented the eloquent brother of Moses. A goodly number are married, and their wives have entered our temple by the door, and have proved themselves worthy to bear the honored name of Rebekah. Not one has left us.

Death has twice visited us, and each time left us in charge of a widow; one of them has since been laid beside her husband and our brother. One of our departed brethren was an officer from the beginning, and his voice and impressive manner, in conducting and instructing the initiate, will long be remembered. We have five P. G.'s.

Our Lodge room, for eighteen months, was small and inconvenient, and we felt the inconvenience week after week. Like the sons of Israel's prophets (in union) we exclaimed, "The place is too strait for us"—let us build. The offer was made us of a hall in the third story of the College building that was being erected in this place. The consideration, procuring us a deed with a perpetual right of way, has been met, and we are now rejoicing in the possession of one of the most appropriate retreats for Odd Fellows that any Lodge can be blest with. The Hall is so far finished that we have it in present use, and some time the coming summer we expect to have it dedicated.

On the evening of the 17th April the Daughters of Rebekah prepared a supper, the proceeds of which were to be appropriated to procuring a carpet, etc., for the new Hall. The supper was first-class, and the proceeds very respectable.

Yours in F., L. and T., T. G. B.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

A PAINTER, writhing under the scorching criticisms and ridicule of his rivals, hung up his best picture in a public place, and desired all who found fault with any part of it, to mark the place with a piece of chalk. Going next day to see how his picture had fared with its critics, to his mortification he found nothing but a blank of white chalk dust. His critics had rubbed it all out. A friend, learning his chagrin, consoled him, and told him to hang it up again, with the request that spectators should, on the next day, chalk all the parts which they might find to admire. This the poor painter did, and, on going soon after to see what might have happened to his work, was astonished to find it all chalked out again. This gave him great relief, and he went home encouraged to go on in his profession.

Though we have never extended the same liberty to our friends, we have been served much in the same way. Two years and a half ago, our little adventure was launched on the sea of literature, and being kindly received, sailed safely through the waters of adversity into the deep sea of prosperity. But once launched on the broad billows, we discovered that henceforth all was toil, trouble, and vexation. Some of our cotemporary voyagers looked upon the colors at our mast-head, and reading there "Excelsior," resolved to sink the ship. The first broadside came from Illinois, and loud was the echo which resounded throughout that jurisdiction. All had curiosity to see the craft that could thus audaciously challenge competition. Specimen numbers were sent for, perused, approved, and—five hundred now patrons took stock in the adventure. Then from Ohio came a re-echoing blast; and with the cry of "Persecution," from the lips of "age and experience," the bark seemed destined for an untimely end. But no; from all sections came the same response that had followed the Illinois *Memento*-ous onslaught. Our list grew larger and larger, and outstripped all competition. True, some did not like the work, and stood ready to chalk out all its contents; but its friends outnumbered its enemies—as the votaries of Odd-Fellowship outnumber their opponents; and we, the pilot, being thus encouraged, feel impelled to remind our readers that we commence our sixth semi-annual voyage with the present month, and have still a few berths untaken; and, as may be perceived, our bill of fare will be found such as any literary epicure could relish. And though we sometimes complain of having our fine pictures all chalked out, we must not be oblivious that our fine touches are occasionally retraced by a master hand, as in

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the following cheering letter from one of the most talented members of the G. L. U. S.:

Permit me, unsolicited, to say a word or two in regard to your much esteemed and valuable magazine. I say esteemed– for it is welcomed for its varied and interesting contents, affording pleasing and instructive reading, not only to the Odd-Fellow, but also to his family circle. I say valuable—for its high character as a literary production, its very valuable information in regard to the work and workings of Odd-Fellowship, and for the immense good it is calculated to exert in elevating the character and extending the usefulness of our beloved Order. I have, as you are aware, on former occasions, expressed my thoughts in reference to the influence of the press as an auxiliary in moving onward the philanthropic enterprise of Odd-Fellowship. I will not say that your monthly is *the* best one published, but this I do say, that *no* periodical is more welcome in my family circle, and in my humble opinion, is better calculated to build up the cause that it espouses. Would that it had a general circulation in the New England States, particularly in Massachusetts.

The *Casket* is well worthy of emanating from the "fountain head" of Odd-Fellowship, for such I esteem the jurisdiction of Ohio. No State in the Union presents the Order in so flourishing a condition, in point of growth, character, and usefulness, as does the "Giant of the West." I say not these things in mere flattery; I mean what I say, and earnestly wish that your successful efforts to furnish a first-rate Odd Fellows' journal, will be appreciated, and yourselves reap a *golden harvest*, commensurate with your enterprising zeal.

THE NEW ALBANY CELEBRATION.—A brother has kindly sent us an account of the celebration of the Order, held at the fountain-head of Odd-Fellowship in Indiana, on the 30th of May.

The procession was formed at ten o'clock, under the direction of Bro. Jared C. Jocelyn, Grand Marshal. Some five hundred brothers participated in the parade. After marching through the principal streets, the procession halted at Wesley Chapel, where over one hundred Daughters of Rebekah were waiting to participate with them in the ovation exercises. After the opening exercises of music and prayer, an eloquent and powerful oration was delivered by Rev. H. Gillmore, of Brookville. He commenced, however, by claiming great antiquity for the Order, reciting the account (now generally admitted in America to be fabulous) of its origin in the camp of Titus, during the reign of Nero, in A. D. 55. This account, although gravely transmitted to us by the Manchester Unity, rests on no authentic basis, and we regret to see our worthy friend and brother still hugging this absurdity, which, after carefully examining the authorities in 1842, the American delegation to the Manchester Unity (Bros. Ridgely and Williamson) pronounced unfounded. With this exception, the address was excellent, and well calculated to advance the interests of the Order, and promote a respect and admiration for the principles of the institution. The oration, though too lengthy for such

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an occasion, was listened to with the deepest attention, and elicited flattering comments from all who heard it.

After the exercises at the church were concluded, the procession was re-formed and marched to the Montgomery buildings, where a bountiful collation was spread, to which all were freely invited.

In the evening the Daughters of Rebekah held a festival at the American Hall. It was well attended, and everything passed off in the most agreeable manner.

We have conversed with several who were present on this pleasant occasion, and all unite in pronouncing it perfect in all its parts. The hospitality of the citizens, and the desire upon the part of the brethren and Daughters of Rebekah, to render the visit pleasant and agreeable to all, will long be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to participate with the "brethren of our friendly Order" in New Albany.

The following note from Grand Master Pope, of Iowa, gives gratifying intelligence of the prosperity of Odd-Fellowship in that jurisdiction:

Bellevue, Iowa, June 13, 1856.

Bros. Turner & Gray:—It is my intention to visit quite a number of the Lodges in Iowa, officially, during the summer, and I would like to induce the members of the Order in this jurisdiction to read more on the subject of Odd-Fellowship, and become better posted in what is transpiring around them; and, in order to do this, I intend to carry with me specimen numbers of such periodicals devoted to the cause, as the various publishers may choose to send me prior to my leaving home, which will be about the 10th of July. As far as I am able to judge, from the reports of the D. D. G. M.'s, the Order is in a prosperous condition generally in this State, and my greatest desire is, that it may continue to flourish till every town of the State may boast of a Lodge of good and true Odd Fellows; and it is for the purpose of encouraging the weak and desponding, that induces me to make the tour.

Truly and fraternally yours,

John Pope, G. M.

The Publishers take pleasure in announcing to their readers that they have made arrangements with Mr. T. Hamilton Vananda, one of the most popular writers of the West, for a story illustrative of the practical and beneficial workings of Odd-Fellowship. The story will run through the entire volume. They have also secured the services of several new contributors, and hope to render their work worthy of its extended circulation and almost universal popularity.

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California.—Our advices from this jurisdiction have failed to reach us. We learn, however, from the Sacramento *Union*, that the Grand Lodge met on the 13th of May, at Marysville, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

H. M. Heuston, Marysville, G. M.; Warren Heaton, Forest City, D. G. M.; M. K. Shearer, El Dorado, G. W.; G. R. Johnson, San Francisco, G. Sec'y; G. I. N. Monell, Sacramento, G. Treas.; S. H. Parker, of San Francisco, and M. Hineman, of El Dorado, Representatives to the G. L. United States.

The Grand Encampment elected the following officers:

P. Robinson, Sacramento, G. P.; P. Decker, Marysville, G. H. P.; Dr. Kendall, Sonora, G. S. W.; P. T. Rogers Johnson, San Francisco, G. Scribe; P. White, San Francisco, G. Treasurer; M. K. Shearer, El Dorado, G. J. W.

The Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States were not given.

Querists' Department.—Bro. Jocelyn will continue in the Casket this department of his Magazine, in which he proposes to answer, according to law, any question that may arise in Odd-Fellow Jurisprudence. As there is scarcely a question that has not already been decided, he will be enabled to answer correctly, from official authority, on almost every dubious subject, arising either in the construction of our laws, or the points left open for future adjudication.

All letters relating to this subject should be addressed to him, at Sturgis, Mich.

We had expected to commence this new department in the present number, but Bro. Jocelyn's manuscript reached us too late to render that possible.

The subscribers to the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine will receive the sixth volume of the Casket, for the unexpired term of their subscription. Those few who paid for one year, commencing with January, 1856, have had the back numbers mailed to them, and will thus receive the full complement that was guaranteed them by Bro. Jocelyn, when the subscriptions were taken. Should any subscribers have been overlooked in the transfer of names to our books, the mistake will be promptly corrected upon notification. We have given all those subscribers who were also patrons of our work, credit for six months in advance. We will supply back volumes in lieu of this, if preferred. We have complete sets of the Casket from its commencement, which we will supply, either bound or unbound.

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FRATERNAL ITEMS.—On the 11th ult. we enjoyed the pleasure of attending a pic-nic excursion to Glendale, with the members of Queen City Lodge, No. 229, and their families. Four large cars were filled to overflowing with the happy participants. Arrived at the grove, the company engaged in sports and amusements best suited to their fancy; some dancing to the lively strains of music, some engaging in social *tete-a-tete*, and some taking possession of the swings—while a game of cricket was arranged by the gentlemen, many of whom gave evidence that the sports of their boyhood were remembered with pleasurable emotions. A few thoughtful and sedate ones wandered away to a secluded glen, and indulged in the perusal of a favorite author. All present enjoyed themselves in their peculiar manner, and returned home with blooming cheeks and elastic steps, that spoke plainly of the beneficial effects of country air and social recreation. May we be a participant in all future parties of Queen City Lodge.

The members of Metropolitan Lodge, No. 142, of Cincinnati, presented a beautiful and costly gold pen and pencil case to each of their Committee of Arrangements for the late grand National Celebration—Bros. John Tait and J. Griswold—for their efficient services in furtherance of that event. These testimonials to worthy brothers were well deserved; both rendered important aid on that eventful occasion, and assisted materially in giving to the National Jubilee that perfectness of arrangement that so crowned with honor the Order in this city.

The brethren of Whitewater Lodge, No. 41, Richmond, Ind., design having a celebration and parade on the 4th inst. Rev. I. D. Williamson, of this city, will be the orator.

We are under acknowledgments to the Grand Secretary of Ohio, for copies of the Journal of Proceedings of the last session of the Grand Lodge, and other courtesies. Our brother will pardon our negligence in overlooking this in our last number.

Grand Secretary Veitch, of Missouri; Garrett, of Iowa; Corneau, of Illinois, and others, have also placed us under similar obligations.

Most men live in a world of their own, and in that limited circle alone are they ambitious of distinction and applause. Thus, cases of injustice, and oppression, and tyranny, and the most extravagant bigotry, are in constant occurrence among us every day. It is the custom to trumpet forth much wonder and astonishment at the chief actors therein, setting at defiance so completely the opinion of the world; but there is no greater fallacy; it is precisely because they do consult the opinion of their own little world, that such things take place at all, and strike the great world dumb with amazement.

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Literary Notices.

WAYSIDE SONGS. By EDWARD C. GOODWIN, author of "Hampton Heights." New York: Mason Brothers. 1856.

Goodwin's poems have a freshness about them, and a sweet and cheerful tenderness, that must endear them to every sincere lover of "wayside songs" about every-day things and every-day life. He tells us in his introductory ode:

From thoughts like these the soul draws inspiration;
I sing of cottages, and way-side flowers,
Of humble life, and every day's relation;
Hopeful to cheer some weary brother's labors,
Who seeks no friendship with his powerful neighbor,
Who asks no meed beyond his honest due,
Whose hands are hard from years of patient labor,
Whose love is constant, and whose soul is true.

This little volume coming to us in the midst of spring, when the heart is most susceptible to pleasing emotions, most open to the perception of the beautiful, is the most welcome visitor that has been laid on our table for many a day. It is beautifully printed in a style conforming to the choiceness of its contents, and is for sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION; designed for Letter-Writers, Authors, Printers and Correctors of the Press, and for the use of Schools and Academies. By JOHN WILSON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard, 39 Fourth street.

We have here, in a neat duodecimo volume of 334 pages, a complete, thorough, and systematic treatise on one of the most important, but most neglected, subjects connected with the art of printing, and the beauty of composition. Our profession has led us to observe that few, even of authors by profession, have any conception of the principles of punctuation. The art which serves to elucidate the meaning of a writer, to bring out his ideas with more facility, and to render his expressions a genuine transcript of the feelings and sentiments which he would convey to the hearts and minds of others, is entitled to no small degree of attention. The author of this treatise has laid down systematic rules for punctuation, which render the art readily acquirable by all; and we cordially recommend this book to our readers as a complete and reliable work upon the subject of which it treats.

Mr. Blanchard has recently opened a new book store at 39 West Fourth street, comprising an extensive assortment of theological and miscellaneous works.

THE PIONEERS OF THE WEST; or Life in the Woods. By W. P. STRICKLAND. New York: Carlton & Phillips.

The Pioneer history of the Great West teems with narratives of personal adventure, and thrilling incidents of border life, far surpassing the most elaborately wrought fictions of the present day. The materials from which to cull these incidents are fast fading away, as one by one the sturdy pioneers of a half century since—now become revered patriarchs in a land which they have seen diverge from a wilderness peopled with hostile savages, and become the abode of millions of civilized and enlightened people—depart to a higher sphere. In the "Pioneer Heroes" we have some few sketches of pioneer life, but so few that the appetite remains unsatiated: and the scenes of other days, over which the mind loves to linger, only cause regret that the author stopped with one volume.

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Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TURNER.

VOL. VI. AUGUST, 1856. NO. 2.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

BY J. MACFARLANE.

Meeting of Henry VIII and Francis I, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Henry VIII, in 1519, was the third prince of the age in power and dignity; and Francis I, of France, and Charles V, of Spain, each attempted to secure his friendship. Francis was well acquainted with the characters of both Henry and his Minister, Wolsey. He knew that the King was actuated almost solely by vanity; that the Minister was equally rapacious and profuse, ostentatious, greedy of adulation, and stimulated by boundless ambition. He had already successfully flattered Wolsey with marks of confidence and a pension; and he now solicited a

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personal interview with Henry near Calais, hoping to be able, by familiar conversation, to attach him to his friendship and interest, while he gratified the Cardinal's vanity, by affording him an opportunity of displaying his magnificence in the presence of the two courts, and in discovering to the two nations his influence over their Monarchs.

The meeting was fixed for the following summer. Upon learning this appointment, Charles was greatly alarmed, and his ambassadors in England did all they could to break it. But Henry, who longed to display his magnificence, was firm to his purpose; and, as the time approached (toward the end of May), he removed with his Queen and court from Greenwich to Canterbury. He had scarcely collected his finery for embarkation at Dover, when he received news that Charles was in the Channel. Henry, charmed with this display of confidence, hastened to meet him. He stayed but a little while, yet he managed to give Henry a favorable impression of his character and intentions, and to detach Wolsey from the interests of Francis, by promising him his support on the occasion of a vacancy in the papacy.

On the same day that Charles returned, Henry, with the Cardinal, the Queen, and the whole court, sailed for Calais, to keep that appointment. The place fixed upon, after deliberations of an interminable length, was within the English pale, between Guisnes and Ardres. The manner of meeting, and the whole regulation of the ceremonial and pageant, were left by both Monarchs to Wolsey, who had a decided genius for such matters. Francis thought to flatter the vanity of the Cardinal by this arrangement; but his making Wolsey master of ceremonies could not have an equivalent effect with Charles's promise to make him Pope.

On the 4th of June, 1520, the King, with all the lords, and the Queen, with her train of ladies, removed from Calais to the lordship royal of Guisnes, where a temporary palace of wood had been built and decorated by eleven hundred workmen, most of them cunning artificers from Flanders or from Holland. "This palace was set on stages by great cunning and sumptuous work. At the entering into the palace, before the gate, on the plain green, was built a fountain of embossed work, gilt with fine gold, at which was seen the old god of wine, called Bacchus, carousing at the wine, which, by conduits in the earth, ran to all people plenteously, with red, white, and claret wines, over whose head was written, in letters of Roman, in gold, 'FAICTE BONNE CHERE QUY VOUDRA.' On the other side of the gate was set up an elaborate column, supported by four lions, well gilt, enwreathed with golden foliage, and surmounted by an image of the blind god Cupid, with his bow and arrows of love, ready, by his seeming, to strike the young people to love." The building, within which were square courts and other fountains, was in the

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form of a quadrangle, each side being one hundred and twenty-eight feet long, and having in front the figure of a wild man with bows and arrows, and underneath a motto, which Henry had chosen as appropriate, "CUI ADHÆREO PRÆST" (he whom I support prevails). Around the great tower, and in the window, and on the battlements, were placed images resembling men of war, ready to cast great stones; as also images of ancient princes, such as Hercules, Alexander, and the like. The outside was covered with sail cloth, which was so painted as to look like squared stone. The inside was hung with the richest arras. The furniture and decorations of the temporary chapel and apartments of state were gorgeous in the extreme. The walls glittered with embroidery and jewels; the altar and the tables groaned under the weight of massive plate.

Francis, that he might not be outdone, had prepared an immense pavilion, which was chiefly sustained by a mighty mast, with ropes and tackle strained to steady it. The exterior, in the form of a dome, was covered all over with cloth of gold; and in the interior the cavity of the sphere was lined with blue velvet, set with stars in gold foil, "and the orbs of the heavens, by the craft of colors in the roof, were curiously wrought in manner like the sky or firmament." At each side there was a smaller tent or pavilion of the same costly materials, the very tent ropes being made of blue silk, twisted with gold of Cyprus. But there arose a most impetuous and tempestuous wind, which broke asunder the ropes, and laid all this bravery in the dirt; and Francis was obliged to take up his lodging in an old castle, near the town of Ardres.

As soon as the two Kings were settled in their respective residences, "the Reverend Father Lord Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal and Legate a Latore, as the King's high ambassador, rode with noble repair of lords, gentlemen, and prelates, to the French court at Ardres, where the same Lord Cardinal was highly entertained by the French King." The Frenchmen were so struck with Wolsey's pomp and splendor that they afterward "*made books*, showing the triumphant doings of the Cardinal's *royalty;* as of the number of his gentlemen, knights, and lords, all in crimson velvet, with marvelous number of chains of gold, the multitudes of horses, mules, coursers, and carriages that went before him, with sumpters and coffers; his great silver crosses and pillars, his embroidered cushions, and his host of servants, as yeoman and grooms, all clad in scarlet." At the same moment that Wolsey visited Francis, a deputation of French nobles waited upon Henry. The Cardinal, who had "full power and authority to affirm and confirm, bind and unbind whatsoever should be in question," even as if the King his master were there present, spent two whole days in arranging the additional treaty with the French sovereign.

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Francis, whose heart was beyond the Alps, readily agreed to pay a high price for the neutrality of England, in the war which he saw was inevitable. He renewed the recent marriage treaty, and in addition to the money there promised, bound himself and his successors to pay to Henry and his successors the yearly sum of one hundred thousand crowns, in the event of the said marriage between their children being solemnized, and the issue of that marriage settled on the English throne. To do away with the jealousy which had long existed between France and England, on the subject of Scotland, he consented that the affairs of that country should be referred to the friendly arbitration of Cardinal Wolsey and his own mother, Louisa of Savoy. Henry, it appears, wished to have the Scots at his mercy: but Francis was not prepared to abandon, even upon paper, those old allies, who had lost their King and the flower of their nobility in making a generous diversion when France was invaded by the English and the Swiss.

HENRY VIII.

When the business was over, Henry, apparreled in a garment of silver of damask, ribbed with cloth of gold, and riding on a courser caparisoned in a "marvelous vesture, the trapper being of fine gold in bullion, curiously wrought," and with all his nobles gaudily dressed and mounted, went forth to meet his brother of France. They met at last, on the 7th

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of June, in the valley of Ardres, where a gorgeous tent had been pitched for the occasion. On their first approach, Henry's retinue were somewhat disquieted by seeing that they were outnumbered by the suite of Francis, and there was a whisper that treachery might be in the wind. But these apprehensions were put to flight by the free and frank bearing of the French monarch.

FRANCIS I.

As had been previously arranged in order to get over a delicate point of precedency, the two Kings saluted and embraced on horseback. Francis spoke first, saying, "My dear brother and cousin, thus far to my pain have I traveled to see you personally. I think verily that you esteem me as I am, and that I am not unworthy to be your aid. The realms and seignories in my possession demonstrate the extent of my power." To this, Henry graciously replied, "Neither your realms nor the other places of your power are a matter of my regard; but the steadfastness and loyal keeping of promises comprised in the charters between you and me. I never saw prince with my eyes that might of my heart be more beloved; and for your love have I passed the seas into the farthest frontier of my kingdoms to see you." The two monarchs dismounted together, and walked arm-in-arm into the tent, where they partook of a costly banquet. After they had ended, and spice and wine had been served up in the tent, "ipocras was chief drink, of plenty to all that would drink outside." The Kings then came out of the tent,

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when Henry's favored historian obtained a near view of the person and the clothes (which seemed to him of more importance) of the French monarch. "The said Francis," he says, "is a goodly prince, stately of countenance, and merry of cheer; brown colored, great eyes, high nosed, big lipped, fair breasted and shouldered, with small legs, and long feet."

Several months before this meeting, it had been proclaimed by sound of brazen trumpet, in all the principal cities of Europe, that the Kings of France and England, as brothers in arms, would hold solemn jousts and tournays, and defend the field against all knights. An inclosure called the camp had been prepared at great cost for these chivalrous conflicts. It was nine hundred feet long and three hundred and twenty feet broad, defended with strong moats and partially surrounded with scaffolds and galleries for the accommodation of the two Queens and the ladies of their courts. In the midst of the arena was an artificial mound, and on the mound were raised two artificial trees—a hawthorn for England, and a raspberry, symbolical of France—with their stems and branches lovingly interlaced. At the entrance to the camp were two tents, richly adorned, for the two Kings, wherein they armed themselves, and took their ease after their martial exercises; and close at hand were two great cellars, brim-full of wine, which was as free to all men as the water of the fountain. On the 11th of June the jousts were opened—the Queens having taken their places.

Catherine was very brilliantly equipped, her very foot-cloth being powdered with pearls. The Kings rode together to the mound, Henry having for his aids, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Dorset, Sir William Kingston, Sir Richard Jerningham, Sir Giles Capel, Mr. Nicholas Carew, and Mr. Anthony Knevitt; and Francis having for his aids, the Lords of St. Pol, Montmorency, Biron, and other noble gentlemen. The shield of Henry, bearing the arms of England within the garter, was hung upon one tree; and the shield of Francis, bearing the arms of France within a collar of his Order of St. Michael, was suspended on the other.

Many illustrious knights from different countries entered the lists as challengers, and then the trumpets brayed, and the mock combats began. Such was the success of the two monarchs, or such the practical flattery of their opponents, that they fought five battles each day, and invariably came off victorious. Six days were spent in tilting with lances, two in tourneys with the broad-sword on horseback, and the two last in fighting on foot at the barriers. The feats of the two combatants were registered in a book, wherein the heralds were not likely to permit the exploits of Kings to lose by their modesty of expression. The English being much given to wrestling, some of the meaner sort amused them-

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selves in that manner; and Henry, who had cultivated all kinds of sports and exercises, one day challenged his brother of France to try a fall with him, and caught hold of his collar. Francis, who was very agile, threw his grace. Henry rose and demanded his revenge, but the by-standers discreetly interfered.

No pageantry or outward show of friendship could reconcile the ancient jealousies of the two nations, or even remove their mutual suspicions. The English, as Comines has told us, had usually been very careless and confiding in matters of conference and interviews; but the court of Henry was certainly not so on the present occasion. Francis, on the contrary, who, with all his faults, had a certain generosity and nobleness of disposition, grew weary of these suspicions and cautions, and made a remarkable effort to put an end to them, and break through the barriers of etiquette.

Early one morning, without saying a word to his courtiers, he rode to the English quarters attended only by a page and two gentlemen. He presented himself to Henry, who was still in bed, telling him, in a playful manner, that he was now his prisoner. Henry, touched by this mark of confidence, leaped out of bed, thanked him, and threw a splendid collar over his neck. Francis, in return, presented Henry with a rich bracelet. The French King, still further to testify his friendly humor, insisted upon helping his grace of England to put on his clothes, and he warmed his shirt, spread out his hose, and trussed his points. This done, he mounted his horse. As he drew near Ardres, he met some of his court and his brave and faithful friend Fleuranges, who did not hesitate to reprove him. "Sir," said he, "I am right glad to see you back again; but let me tell you, my master, that you were a fool to do the thing you have done, and ill luck betide those who advised you to it." "And that was nobody—the thought was all my own, and could have come from no other head," replied the light-hearted King.

Henry could scarcely do less than return this visit in the like confiding and unceremonious manner; and after this, the intercourse between the two courts was more familiar. There were banquets and balls, masking and mumming, in which the ladies and the two Kings played their parts—Henry being especially fond of masquerades and fantastic disguisings of his person. "But," says an old historian, who moralizes his theme, "pleasures must have their intermission; and Kings, if not by their greatness, are, by their affairs, severed."

After carousing a fortnight, Henry returned to Calais, and Francis went toward Paris. The most lasting effect produced by the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," as the interview and the place where it was held were afterward called, was the ruin of many of the nobility, both English and French, who, in their insane rivalry, contracted enormous debts.

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Of the French it was said that many of them carried their entire estates on their backs.

The first thing Henry did when the gaudy play was over, was to go to Gravelines, and pay a visit to the more sober-minded Emperor, who had prevented his noble subjects from attending the meeting, and ruining themselves in shows and tournaments. Charles accompanied him back to Calais, to pay, as was given out, his respects to his dear aunt, Catherine, but in reality to concert measures with those who had so recently pledged themselves to his rival, Francis.

The French were most anxious to discover what passed, and employed spies, who got access to the royal palace in the disguise of maskers; but it does not appear that their ingenuity was rewarded with any important discovery. La Roche, the avowed ambassador of Francis, went to work in a more open manner, and obtained an audience of the King and Emperor together; but Henry put him off with general expressions, and Charles eluded his demands with less ceremony.

After spending three days at Calais, the Emperor rode back to his Flemish dominions, "mounted on a brave horse, covered with a cloth of gold, richly beset with stones, which the King had given him. And he would often speak of his Aunt Catherine's happiness, that was matched with so magnificent a prince." Before he departed, he flattered the vanity of his dear uncle, by appointing him umpire to settle every difference that might arise between himself and Francis—a cheap appointment, for Charles could never submit to the judgment of such an inferior mind, except in so far as his awards might be wholly favorable to himself. After spending a few more days at Calais, Henry and his court embarked for Dover, and then returned, "all safe in body, but empty in purse," to London.

We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, maintains good order: who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society; whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural rule and all natural claim, as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, the wealthy and purse-proud are too apt to manifest to those down in the humbler walks of life, with whom, in comparison of wealth of intellect and principles of virtue (far more priceless than mere worldly riches), they frequently sink into the utmost insignificance.

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"God said Let there be Light."

BY LICINIUS.

When universal darkness reigned
Throughout the vast, expansive void,
Creation's Lord in goodness deigned
To speak the new-creating word!

So God from his eternal throne
Sent forth his mandate, clothed with power,
And quick as thought the work was done,
While seraphs listen and adore!

His fiat through all nature ran
And chaos felt the power divine;
And to complete Creation's plan
The *light* burst forth through every clime.

The world then in organic form
Rose up before angelic gaze
As light wide-ope'd a glorious morn
To herald forth Jehovah's ways!

Yon golden sun that rules the day,
And silver moon that rules the night,
Do now their Maker's power display
And shed abroad the now-made light!

The sky is clothed in brilliant hues;
The earth illumed with joyous beams;
While rolling planets spread the news,
And comets blaze, and lightning gleams!

The rain-drops catch the sparkling rays,
Prismatic colors span the sky,
And earth and heaven proclaim the grace
Of Him who dwells in Light on high!

May one bright beam of Heavenly light
From that all-glorious central SUN,
Illume and guide our hearts aright,
Until our work below is done!

And when from earth we pass away,
And death has sealed our final doom,
May we behold the light of day
Beyond the darkness of the tomb!

BROOKVILLE, June, 1856.

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The Regalia:

A STORY OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

CHAPTER III.

A CHANGE.

When first I met thee, thou didst seem
All that was fond and gay,
Thy gentle voice, thy winning mein,
Could chase e'en care away.—*Truesdell.*

"What can he mean to do, mother?" asked Lulu, as she looked inquiringly into her mother's tearful eyes.

"I can not tell, my child. Perhaps Providence has sent him as a friend, in the hour of our severest trial." And the pious mother lifted her eyes to heaven, while her lips moved in simple thanksgiving to the Ruler of all destinies.

Mrs. Leslie had seen care, trial, adversity—but she was still handsome. All these (though by their combined efforts, they had sprinkled a few grey hairs among the raven tresses on her brow, and deepened the lines on her face), yet they had failed to rob her dark eyes of their meek, holy luster—her countenance of the meek patience and matronly sweetness which wins us to those in middle life. There was still much of the old refinement in her actions, and none could have mistaken the position she inherited, though found in a wretched hovel in a suburban district.

The tears were dried in her eyes, and Lulu had buried her face in her bosom, with her arms around her neck; and she now sat gazing upon a bright spot on the floor, as though it were the gate of the Past, the vista of the Future. In her mind, she was traversing that Past. From far back in the hours of childhood, when a sweet mother pressed her to her bosom, even as she now pressed Lulu, on down until another claimed that right as her husband and guardian. She thought of the home-parting, when, with trembling steps, she crossed the threshold forever. Then she thought of Henry.—Where could he be? What had been his destiny? Was his life happy? Was he, too, destined to drink the bitter cup of adversity and wo? She glided peacefully over the years of her married life, filled only with happiness and peace, until poverty came to canker the heart, and Death completed the anguish by an arrow from his quiver—the charnel-house. This stranger, too!—Who was he? What can be his motives? My future?

"Be'nt you ready, ma'am?"

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Mrs. Leslie started, and looked up. A stout, robust man, with swarthy features, stood in the half-opened door, holding a whip in his hand.

"What mean you, sir?" said Mrs. Leslie, in surprise.

"Beg pardon, ma'am,"—with a rude bow,—"but you see as how—Where's that letter? Lost for a guinea! No—here it is. Well, the boss sent me down with the carriage, and told me to bring you and your bantem up to the house, ma'am, and give you this letter."

"Bring me and my *what?*" asked Mrs. Leslie, in a perplexed tone.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am,"—another rude bow, and a simple smile,—"I mean that little angel there by you, looking at me so sweetly."

Lulu blushed.

"Will you please to read the letter, ma'am?"

Mrs. Leslie broke the seal, and read:

"*My dear Madam:*

"My conduct may seem strange and unaccountable to you; but time will serve to explain all things. You will oblige me by arranging your remaining property in a movable condition, and with your beautiful child, accompany the bearer of this to my residence, where you will ever find a welcome home. I shall accept no refusal, but expect you immediately. Until then, I am yours, H. S. STANLEY."

"Strange!" murmured Mrs. Leslie, as she finished reading the letter.

"O mother, is he not a truly good man!" cried Lulu, joyfully. "I know I shall love him dearly."

Mrs. Leslie could not tell by what influence she was moved, but there seemed no other alternative, and she proceeded mechanically to arrange her little remaining property, and a few moments after, she was in the coach with Lulu, being driven, she knew not whither. She soon, however, discovered that she was leaving behind her the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, and looking from the carriage window, she beheld dwellings as rich and gorgeous as that in which her childhood had been passed.

Presently the carriage stopped. It was in front of a grand mansion on Sixth street, and the door was opened by Mr. Stanley himself.

"I am glad to see you, madam: step out."

"But, Mr. Stanley, this can not—"

"No apology, madam; explanations will be better in the house." And he proceeded to lift her from the carriage.

Lulu clasped her mother's arm, and together he led them up the marble steps, into the hall, where two smiling faces bid them welcome.

"My wife and daughter, Mrs. Leslie," said Mr. Stanley, as he turned to leave.

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Mrs. Leslie was abashed, and turned to look after his retreating form; but she felt a gentle arm around her waist, and a warm kiss on her lips.

"Your position is embarrassing, Mrs. Leslie; but be assured you are among friends. We understand your history, and acknowledge you as our equal. You are now in your home. Be happy."

It was Mrs. Stanley who uttered the kind words, as she embraced her, and the child of poverty felt that she was in a sister's arms.

"Oh, this is too much!" she exclaimed, in a tone of ineffable joy, and sinking on a sofa, she burst into a flood of tears.

Lulu found her head resting on a gentle bosom, while a soft hand caressed her brow with all a sister's tenderness. She looked up, and beheld a face of angelic loveliness beaming on her from above, like a genial sky over the summer earth. There was love in the mild blue eyes, tenderness in the soft auburn hair, piety in the calm, tranquil brow, and sympathy in the lips that were now pressed to her's. It was an older face than her's, but it had all of a child's innocent beaming in its smile.

"Will you love me, Lulu?" whispered a sweet voice.

"O, so much! How could I help it after so much kindness!"

"Hush!"—a gentle hand was laid on Lulu's mouth. "You must not speak of kindness, and your love would be worthless, if only given in gratitude. See if you can not love me for something else."

"Yes; for a great many things," said Lulu, earnestly.

"I fear you have not known me long enough for so many. Tell me one."

"Because you are so beautif—" The hand was on Lulu's mouth again, and a gentle kiss on her brow.

"The ladies' rooms are ready, ma'am," said a servant, who entered at that moment.

Mrs. Stanley and her daughter conducted them up the wide stair-way, and into the hall above, where they pointed out two rooms, whose open doors revealed downy beds, and costly and convenient furniture.

"Is this anything like your childhood's home, Mrs. Leslie?"

"It is; it is!" groaned the bereaved widow. "But I can not accept such bounty from strangers!" Tears again coursed down her cheeks, and she leaned her brow against the door-way.

"My dear Mrs. Leslie, if you would not mar our happiness, and incur our displeasure, no more of this, I pray you. We have sufficient means to live in luxury, and you, as one of the unfortunate, have as much right to it as we, for it all belongs to God. Accept it, then, as a gift from Providence, and not from us. We will live happily together; and while I may serve to relieve your sorrows, I shall be richly repaid by the pleasure of your society and friendship."

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Mrs. Stanley led her into the room, and in a few moments, Mrs. Leslie and Lulu were alone.

Kneeling upon the richly carpeted floor, they joined their hands and united their voices in thanksgiving to the great Ruler of the Universe, for His strange but merciful dispensation, and then, with hearts overflowing with thankfulness and joy, they lay down to seek some repose.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORLD.

The world is old, ay, very old,—
The wild winds weep and rave:
The world is old, and gray, and cold,—
Let it drop into its grave.—*Alex. Smith.*

The world! Wide scope of thought to clasp its dread confines! The world is old, says the poet,—aged and decrepit in the universe of God, it goes tottering toward the tomb of Oblivion. But, like many old men, we seriously question whether it is any better for its experience. We fear that it will go down to its grave with an awful account to settle, for having lived so long, and done so little.

Sitting all alone in our arm-chair, with the door of our study closed, the world does not appear very large to us; but thought runs vagrant over the buried past, and calls from the dead ages the mysteries of their glory. We look back upon our own experience with the out-door world—the jars, the clashing strifes, and exhausting struggles we have had with its rude elements—and we ask ourself the question, Is the world any better now than it was a thousand years ago?

"Blasphemy!" cries the minister of the New Dispensation, as he reads the question. Hold, brother. We will acknowledge there have been many churches built, that many nations have been converted from heathenism to Christianity, that songs of praise to God rise up from every hill-top, until the dome of the Universe echoes back His glory, and the floor of Heaven is a hallelujah to his name—all the result of your labors, and that of your noble compeers. Even where the Church has failed, the Philanthropist has taken up the mantle of charity, and through the instrument of the benevolent Order, has fed the poor and clothed the naked. There *appears* to have been a grand revolution going on in the last thousand years, and we give all honor to those who have been found among the army of Reformers. The Minister is worthy of his crown, the Philanthropist of his scepter, the Chiliast of his repose. The works of the good shall follow them.

But glancing back over these thousand years, and then over the

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tablets of the present, some strange thoughts present themselves. Is vice, sin, and crime any rarer now than when Jesus rebuked them in the Synagogue? Is murder less prolific than when Christ was crucified? assassination less frequent than when Brutus stained the capitol with Cæsar's blood? suicide less horrible than when Judas slew himself? or wars less revolting than when Cæsar led his armies? Is man more charitable than the widow who gave her only mite? Christians more humble than the Magdalene? Apostles more faithful that Paul? Is Infidelity more tractable than Nichodemus? are thieves more honest than the crucified? rulers more merciful than Nero? poverty less frequent than at the gates of Jerusalem? We fear the Pharisees have not yet entirely died out, and crime is as prolific as of yore.

We do not write these thoughts to discourage the workers in the moral vineyard; but rather to inspire them with fresh energy, and stimulate them to more powerful exertions. But there has come a period in the world's history which deserves the consideration of every philanthropist—an age of the demoralization of the *human soul!* When God is worshiped by form, charity bestowed for public praise, and the brotherhood of man is founded and exists only upon the slender platform of a commercial *dollar!* Friendship has become but another name for treachery, and God is honored by the glittering pomp of lucre. The wail of poverty assails the ear of humanity, like the moan of the sea the craggy rocks of the shore, and receives for its echo the same dread silence, for its answer the same bitter coldness. The cry of lost souls still shrieks frem the whirlpool of WANT, and a murmuring whisper of "Bread" is often heard at the church door!

But we are wandering too long in the maze of thought; yet we trust our readers have followed our footsteps. It is only by looking at the darkened mass that we can appreciate the truly good and beautiful, who shine like a few stars in a moonless sky, studding with gems the wide expanse of Night. "The world is old, and gray, and cold!"—but we would not have it "drop into its grave." There is yet too much to do toward the consummation of the final brotherhood. Let each one do his work, and—hope!

"My dear Mrs. Stanley, I think you have been very foolish."

"And why, my dear Mrs. Hall?" asked Mrs. Stanley of her neighbor, who had called in during the afternoon of the day on which the first incidents of our story were enacted.

"What! to take up, and domesticate with a family which you find living in so wretched a hovel in the suburbs of the city!"

"I have done so," said Mrs. Stanley, coolly.

"And I suppose Aldine will make a companion of the girl?" said Mrs. Hall, with a look of the most intense disgust.

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"With a pleasure such as I have never felt before," said Aldine Stanley, with enthusiasm.

"And without knowing aught about their character!" continued Mrs. Hall in a tone of surprise.

"Had I not been satisfied upon that point, I should not have taken the step," said Mrs. Stanley, calmly.

"Mrs. Stanley, you are a strange woman."

"And why?"—in a careless tone.

"You go to theaters?"

"I do."

"And parties and balls?"

"Certainly."

"You are not, I believe, a member of a church?"

"No."

"And yet you have the reputation of being the most charitable woman in the city,"—with a slight touch of sarcasm.

"As for the latter, I can not say; but I assure you that I desire no higher honor," said Mrs. Stanley, unmoved.

"Well, it is to be hoped you will get your reward," said Mrs. Hall, ironically, as she arose to go.

"Will you not wait awhile, Mrs. Hall? I expect them down soon, and should like you to see them."

"No, thank you; I will call another time. Come to see me soon. Good day!" And Mrs. Hall hurried from the room, followed by a burst of laughter from those she had left.

"Poor Mrs. Hall!" said Aldine, laughing; "she thinks we are fast becoming degraded."

"I wonder if she will invite us to her party to-morrow night," said Mrs. Stanley, with a smile.

"It is doubtful. But here come our friends." And Aldine sprang forward, and clasped Lulu in her arms, as, with her mother, she entered the parlor.

"Good evening, Mrs. Leslie; I am glad to see you looking so refreshed," said Mrs. Stanley, as she took the widow's hand, and kindly kissed her. "Be seated, and make yourself at home. Aldine will give you some music; or—pardon me!—do you play?"

"I did once," said Mrs. Stanley, sadly.

"Never mind that *once*. My dear sister—as I shall hereafter call you—forget that *once*. You shall never hear it more. Will you play?"

"Not just now, thank you."

"Does Lulu play?"

"Not much, ma'am; but I will do for you the best I can, if you wish me," said Lulu for herself.

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"That's a good girl; let me hear you."

"Come on pet!"—and Aldine led her to the piano.

Lulu touched the keys lightly—timidly, at first; but then, as her mother came and stood behind her chair, she seemed to gain new confidence, notwithstanding Aldine and her mother were on either side. She played a simple, child-like glee—"Sweet wildwood flowers"—and touching the keys with a simplicity equal to the song, she mingled her clear, thrilling voice in the melody until all were entranced with its beauty.

"Well done, my little sister! There is your pay," and Aldine clasped her around the neck, and imprinted a kiss on her lips.

"Tea is ready, ma'am," said the servant, entering the room.

And to tea they went.

The evening was passed pleasantly in the parlor, the whole family being present, save Mr. Stanley's son, who was away at college, and of whom Mrs. Leslie now heard for the first time.

"O! he will like you, Lulu," cried Aldine, while they were conversing of him; "for he is a dear lover of black hair and eyes, and has often refused to kiss me because mine were not so."

"Aldine, how simple you are," said her father, with a grave smile.

"Oh, you must pardon me, father; for I am a child again since Lulu came."

Aldine Stanley was just sixteen, and very little larger than Lulu; yet if any one else had told her that she was a child, she would have pouted. Not that she was vain and ill-natured; she was quite the contrary: but then her affections would have been wounded, for it may well be imagined that a young girl of Aldine's beauty, simpliciiy, and innocence would not linger long in a populous city without gaining a lover—ay, without feeling the tender passion herself. And such was the case. But of this anon.

The next morning, the fast had scarcely been broken before a note was received from Mrs. Hall. Mrs. Stanley and Aldine were alone in the drawing-room when it was received. The note was an invitation to "Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, with daughter," to attend the "last *soiree* of the season," given by the accomplished Mrs. Hall.

"Our neighbor seems to forget that we have guests," said Mrs. Stanley, smiling.

"She is a haughty, proud woman," said Aldine, pettishly.

"Do not betray your temper about it, my dear. Mrs. Hall is a *woman of the world*—thoughtless, heartless—finding her only pleasure in the giddy rounds of fashion. She will get her reward. As for husband and myself, we shall not, of course, attend this party; you can go if you wish, and as Charles will doubtless be there, it were perhaps best."

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"Mother, what do you mean?" said Aldine, reproachfully. "Do you think I have inherited no more of your proud spirit, and learned no more just conception of right from your teachings than thus to lend myself the willing instrument to this woman's vanity, at the expense of my—of *their* right to equality? Mother, I love Charles Saunders, but were there twenty Charleses there, and each one worth a kingdom, Aldine Stanley would be found at home to-night." The color hightened on the beauty's cheek as she spoke, and her position was that of imposing dignity.

"Well spoken, my dear girl, and I thank God that you have a spirit to rise above such insults," said Mrs. Stanley, kissing her daughter's brow. "Use your own pleasure, and consult your own happiness, but I confess I heartily approve your conduct."

"I hope you generally do, mother," said Aldine, innocently, as she nestled in her mother's bosom.

"You know you are the pride of my heart, my child—but hush, they are coming."

Mrs. Leslie and her daughter entered at the moment and put a stop to the conversation. The next morning the Stanleys received an early visit from Mrs. Hall.

"I shall never forgive you," she said, as she entered the room where Aldine and her mother were.

"For what offense?" asked Mrs. Stanley, quietly.

"Why did you not come to the party last night?"

"I was otherwise engaged," — evasively.

"O, pshaw! And you, Aldine,—if you but knew how miserable Charles was! I could scarcely keep him from coming after you,—and then he left before supper."

"I suppose he did, for he was here at nine," said Aldine, maliciously.

"Well, why did you not come anyhow?" persisted the aggrieved lady.

"My dear Mrs. Hall," said Mrs. Stanley, looking her full in the face, "You were kind enough to tell me, yesterday, a great deal about my qualities and characteristics."

"Well, I am sure I meant no harm by that," said Mrs. Hall, innocently.

"I suppose not; but there is one quality, I believe, with which you forgot to accredit me."

"And what is that?"

"Candor."

"Well, I believe that such *is* a characteristic of yours," with a *sang froid* air.

"I will give you a specimen of it," said Mrs. Stanley, hightening.

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"On the occasion of your visit here, two days ago, you were informed of my having guests here—a poor widow and her daughter—whom I considered as equals with my own family. The motives of this act are not open to public scrutiny, but we have done it upon our own responsibility, and can bear the consequences. One of those consequences is already apparent,—we were insulted, yesterday, by an invitation to your party, while our friends were entirely overlooked."

Mrs. Hall quailed before the fixed gaze of the speaker, for a moment, but her ingenious and hypocritical mind soon brought her relief.

"Why, I did not suppose they were prepared to attend a fashionable party, as they only came under your care two days ago."

"You might, at least, have saved us the pain of the insult."

Mrs. Hall plead innocence of her intention to exclude Mrs. Stanley's friends from fashionable society, and expressed the most heart-felt regrets that her motives had been misconstrued. She hoped it would cause no ill-feelings between them as neighbors; that she could, with the greatest propriety, admit any acquaintance of Mrs. Stanley's to her parties, and she would take the earliest opportunity of redeeming herself. Her asseverations of innocent intent met with a cool acceptance from Mrs. Stanley and her daughter, and Mrs. Hall soon left to seek compassion elsewhere.

CHAPTER V.

IN SOCIETY AGAIN.

A week passed away very pleasantly, to all but Mrs. Leslie, who felt herself a burden to her friends, when she discovered by accident that there was to be a grand party given at the house of her benefactor.

Mrs. Leslie thought nothing of it at the moment, supposing it to be but in the regular order of things; but suddenly it became apparent that it had been arranged for her express benefit. The conviction of this truth brought pain to her mind. What claims, thought she, have I to these people's generosity, and what may not be the consequences? Mrs. Leslie had learned to know the force of obligation, and she wished to escape its fetters. She felt that she was strong enough to battle with the world, and had a hope of victory. Then she began to weigh the difficulties in her road, and the probable burdens she would have to bear. At the best, she could but make a pittance with her needle—scarcely enough to live; and life would be but a bitter cup to her.

But this was not all. Her daughter—that fair young idol of her heart—how dreary would be her life, and how barren of enjoyment! She looked at her as she glided though that gorgeous mansion by the

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side of Aldine, her heart overflowing with happiness, and she could not bear the idea of banishing the smile from her cheek, crushing the joy-light in her eyes. She knew, alas! too well that mystic law of refraction by which the heart, garnering its store of hopes, is calcined, by the heat of worldly strife, into a ruin of blasted dreams, made holy by the dust of memory. And then the temptation to which she would be exposed—so beautiful and so young! This thought crushed the aspirations of the poor woman, and she felt the necessity of her present dependence. She determined, however, to gain the consent of her friends to allow her to teach some pupils in music, and thereby relieve them, to some extent of their burden.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Stanley, reproachfully, as she made the proposition. She seated herself on the sofa, and put her arm around her waist. "Mrs. Leslie, if our kindness is a burden to you, and you wish to leave us, I shall throw no obstacles in your way; but let me assure you that your departure would be the most bitter moment of experience to every member of this family. We all love you—love Lulu—and we want you to stay. But if you stay, you must be like one of us; this house is yours as much as mine; your presence is like sunshine to it and to our hearts, and if you would repay what debt you imagine yourself incurring, do it by giving us your society, and say nothing more about it. To-night, we have a party here, in which you must participate. I hope to see you yourself again. Now, take Lulu, and go up to your room; you will find something there for you."

There is a power in kindness, which none but the sorrowing can know. Kind words fall unheeded upon happy hearts, and it is only when the spirit is bowed with care that gentle whispers of goodness can melt to tears. Mrs. Leslie looked into the kind, generous face of her friend, and felt the sincerity of her remarks. She could not thank her—she could only bow her head upon her shoulder, and weep. They were tears of gratitude, welling from a full heart of happiness.

She took Lulu's hand, and went up to her room. A moment after, an exclamation of surprise was heard. Mrs. Stanley looked at Aldine, and smiled.

"I must go to them, and explain," she said, and she left the room.

On entering the private apartment of Mrs. Leslie, she found her on her knees, shedding tears over a dark silk dress, richly trimmed with brown relief. On the table lay a large array of costly and fashionable clothing, while the bed was covered with a similar assortment, evidently intended for Lulu.

"My dear Mrs. Stanley, will you explain? These are certainly not intended for us!" said the widow earnestly.

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"They are certainly not intended for any one else," said Mrs. Stanley, with a smile, as she entered the room.

"But I can not accept them!" exclaimed the poor woman, in a tone of anguish.

"O, yes you can, and must. And now, Mrs. Leslie, let us have no more of this. Believe me, it is no self-righteous motive that awakens this interest in us, but a sincere regard for your welfare. Beside, the end will explain all, and I feel you will never regret the acceptance of our kindness."

"But why did you not let me know before you purchased such costly dresses?" said Mrs. Leslie, reproachfully.

"Because that did not suit my plan. It would have robbed you of the joy of a surprise; and beside, they are no richer than you have been accustomed to wear in the past."

"But how know you they will fit?"

"O, never fear. You and Lulu were not so poor as to possess only one dress each, and one morning you forgot to lock your trunk," said Mrs. Stanley, with an arch smile.

That smile gladdened the heart of the widow for many hours after, and she resolved to follow the course of destiny, let it lead to what it might.

"Well, Jane, I suppose you are going to Mrs. Stanley's *soiree?*" said Mrs. Hall to her daughter, on the same afternoon.

"Certainly I am, ma; what a foolish remark. Are you not going?"

"O, yes; I shall have to go, to repair the damages done the other day by not inviting those beggars. A pretty figure they will cut! Pray, Jane, do not make any freer with them than politeness will compel you."

"Never fear for me. I go," said Jane, with a coquettish air, "because Bernard Carlton will be there; and I guess he will give me little time to pay my addresses to others."

The vain mother smiled at her daughter's coquetting *sang froid*, and no more was said upon the topic.

The evening found a rich array of fashion in the drawing-room of Mr. Stanley's aristocratic mansion. Every profession and honorable, intelligent calling was there represented, and rich merchants with their wives and daughters, mingled their wit, beauty and conversation with those of the various professions. Middle-aged bachelors were there, jesting with young beaux about the meshes of Love and the arrows of Cupid, while some venerable grey-haired sire, who had experienced the happiness of domestic life, would, in his turn, berate the jovial bachelor;

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for his ascetic notions. Seldom has there been a brighter assemblage of beauty and elegance. Look around the room, and though it displays a world of fashion, it is fashion mingled with intellect. There are few fops there; few ladies whose affected manners libel the name of heart and mind. There are some, but they are few. Every face is indicative of a high order of intelligence, and a peculiar benevolent expression.

The company had not been long assembled, when Mr. Stanley entered the drawing-room, leading upon one arm his beautiful wife, and upon the other the no less beautiful Mrs. Leslie. They were followed by Aldine and Lulu, who came into the room like a burst of moonlight, attracting the immediate attention of all present.

Mrs. Stanley whispered a few words of cheer to her friend, but they were not needed. Mrs. Leslie was herself again. As she entered that brilliant hall of fashion and beauty, she seemed to forget her dependence and her sorrow, and felt once more the proud thrill of youthful power swell her veins. Grace returned to the bowed form, fire to the sad eye, and color to the wasted cheek. She smiled again, and as she smiled there seemed a halo of beauty to illumine her face. She was happy.

Mrs. Stanley joyfully observed the change, and proceeded to introduce her to her friends, and among the rest, to Mrs. Hall.

The latter lady was astonished. Could this "beggar," as she mentally termed her, have seen better days, and moved in respectable society? Was she really going to create a sensation? She certainly *was* beautiful, and her high, commanding brow betokened a superior intellect. Mrs. Hall concluded that the best thing she could do to retrieve herself would be to show her excessive honor, for she had given full currency to the report, that "the Stanleys had picked up some beggars in a hovel at the verge of town, and were going to outrage society by introducing them at their *soirees*." Mrs. Hall, therefore, made herself very agreeable to Mrs. Leslie, asking no questions about her past history, but presuming that she was an old and valued friend of Mrs. Stanley's.

"Is that your daughter?" she ran on, after the first compliments of the occasion.

"It is, madam," said Mrs. Leslie, as though she felt grateful for her asking.

"How beautiful!" murmured Mrs. Hall, in a tone of studied abstraction.

"You flatter me," said the widow, meekly.

"No, my dear madam; I am above that, I hope. She is certainly the most beautiful person in the room. Look how the young gentlemen are crowding around her! How old is she?"

"Only twelve."

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"Indeed! Why, she is as large as Aldine. And what a form!"

Mrs. Leslie had been kept ignorant of Mrs. Hall's conduct, but she was not long deceived in her character. There was too much spirit, too much effort to force the truth of her remarks in the manner of that lady, to win its way into the affections of the care-tutored widow. She soon became tired of her prattle, and sought other company.

"What lovely, dignified woman is that?" said Mr. Walton, a middle-aged gentleman, who had long been observing the beautiful widow.

"Ah, ah! Walton, what did I tell you just now? Look out, boy!" exclaimed a grey-haired merchant at his side, as he gave him a quiet nudge with his elbow. "Look out, boy; or you will not die a bachelor yet. Upon my word, you won't. Ah, ha! that is good! Why, how the fellow stares!"

"But who is she?" gasped Walton, unable to take his gaze from her.

"Gone, as I'm a sinner!" exclaimed the elderly gentleman, with a merry chuckle; "shot right through the heart! Mrs. Stanley,"—addressing that lady, who sat a few chairs off.

She was at his side in a moment.

"How do you do, Mr. Dunkirk? I am glad to see you."

"Thank you; I am reasonably well; hope you are the same. You look charming to-night." The shaking of Mrs. Stanley's finger interrupted him, and the old gentleman again laughed heartily. "But that isn't what I wanted to say. Here; introduce my legal friend, Mr. Walton, to that charming lady in the black dress. He's actually dying. Oho! ho! a batchelor in love! Make haste, Mrs. Stanley; the symptoms are dangerous!"

Mrs. Stanley joined in the laugh, but she soon detected, by the serious countenance of Walton, that it was not all a jest.

"Who is she, Mrs. Stanley?" asked the bachelor lawyer, earnestly.

"She is a widow lady—my friend—and her name is Leslie. That is her daughter,"—pointing down the room to Lulu.

"What! that beautiful child!"

"Child, or woman, as you please; for she is really as much one as the other."

"Do you think an acquaintance would be agreeable?" said Walton, turning his gaze again upon Mrs. Leslie.

"I will venture that," said Mrs. Stanley. "Come on."

They walked across the room, and Mr. Walton, after an introduction, took his seat by the beautiful widow, where he remained almost the entire evening. He was handsome, manly, and intelligent, and, *malgre* a certain morbid indifference to the female sex, or rather, a disposition to depreciate their worth, was a most agreeable companion. The least appearance of this peculiarity, however, met a quick rebuff from

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Mrs. Leslie, expressed in a tone of confident assurance and sincerity, that soon had their effect upon the already enamored Walton.

And where was Lulu? Scarcely had she entered the room with Aldine, when a young man stepped forward to the latter and offered his arm. It was Charles Saunders. Aldine introduced him. He was a young man of slender form, respectably, but not costly dressed, with pale features, high, prominent forehead, and chesnut hair, thrown negligently back from his bold brow. His eye was a dark, liquid hazel, searching in its glance, and quick in its motion. Lulu thought he was very handsome, and read in his countenance the generous soul that beamed from his eloquent eyes. Lulu had heard something of his history. He was a young artist of great promise, but limited means, and lived almost entirely from the patronage of Odd Fellows, of which Order he was a member. He had been paying his addresses to Aldine for several months, and she knew that Aldine loved him sincerely. This was enough to prepossess him in the favor of Lulu, without the fervent glances which he bestowed upon her beautiful face, and the fond attention he immediately began paying her. Lulu was flattered by this, and put on her sweetest smiles. The embryo woman had looked in the glass too often to be unconscious of her beauty, and had seen too much of life to doubt the goodness of her own heart. She did not mean to fascinate the young painter; she had no disposition to coquette, for she felt herself nothing but a girl. But, then, she felt so grateful for his consideration and kindness that she forgot Aldine.

The artist soon drew her into conversation, and, although he had learned the story of her life, he was greatly surprised at her intelligence. He felt a sudden dream pass through his mind. That sweet face, with its angelic smile, haunted him like a memory. He could not take his gaze from those deep, dark eyes, nor resist the temptation of dallying with those raven ringlets. It seemed as though a bright spot of moonlight, that had sprinkled the shadow of his woods of thought, had suddenly glided away, and given place to a burst from the noon-day sun. The artist is seldom a philosopher. Charles Saunders was none. He did not analyze these sudden emotions; he was only conscious of having sat down between Lulu and Aldine; and turning his back on the latter, sat gazing absently into the youthful face before him, and listening to the simple, child-like words—each word, though simple, implying a fund of wisdom. "What a glorious woman she will be!" he thought. And then, she was so innocent and confiding, he felt as though he could snatch her in his arms, and bear her away to some solitary grot, to feed forever upon the luxury of her loveliness. What wild, impulsive dreams sometimes enter the mind of genius! And what great mind has there ever been which was not haunted by some such dream?

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Presently the sweet chords of the piano were heard, and all looked up. It was Miss Hall, who had been led to the instrument by a young man in dainty white kid, bearing the name of Bernard Carlton. He was Miss Jane's acknowledged suitor, not on account of her beauty, for she was far from possessing that attribute, her skin being rough and dark, her brow narrow, eyes of a dull grey, and an indistinctness of outline about the brow and lids, with a mouth of no very bewitching shape. Jane Hall would not have been called ugly, but she was far from fascinating in her person. She knew this, and had endeavored to retrieve the deficiency by striving to perfect herself in fashionable accomplishments. She had succeeded to a reasonable extent, and was now proud of it. Added to this, her family was reputed to be one of the wealthiest of the city; her mansion was the resort of the *beau monde;* she was espoused to the rich and handsome Bernard Carlton, and—she was satisfied.

Jane played very well on the piano, and sang in fashionable style, though her voice was none of the best. She was succeeded by Aldine, who, having become engaged in conversation with some other gentleman, had been forced to play. Aldine was truly accomplished, in every sense of the word, and her musical acquirements were of no mean order. But Aldine's mind, like her beauty was well-balanced, genial, and winning, but not brilliant. She sang and played sweetly, just as she talked or did anything else. Every one was pleased with her, but she possessed no power to hold them in subjection.

As she was about to close, Mrs. Stanley approached Mrs. Leslie, and whispered a word in her ear. The widow started, shrunk back, and bit her lips for a moment. Then, as if she had nerved herself for a trial, she rose to her feet.

"Will Mr. Walton accompany Mrs. Leslie to the piano?" said Mrs. Stanley, bowing, with an arch smile.

"With the greatest of pleasure," said the polite bachelor, rising and offering his arm. They were followed by all eyes; especially Lulu's, who watched her mother anxiously. There was perfect silence in the room. Mr. Walton took a position at the end of the piano, but the widow politely motioned him behind her. Light fingers played a low, gentle prelude, and then a voice, low, musical, and plaintive, suddenly filled the silent room. Then it grew louder—thrilling and overwhelming all around, with a deluge of wild melody. Significant glances passed round the audience, but not a whisper was heard. Still louder, wilder grew the strain, and the spirit-voice that lingered in its melody, speaking of power, experience, wisdom. It was a tale of the heart, woven into verse, telling of clouds and sunshine, sorrow and joy—not in the mechanism of notes and bars, but in the living music of the soul. Presently the voice and the music died slowly out—subsided like a waning

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hush of a far-off stream. There was silence for a moment—a deadly silence; and then came a simultaneous burst of applause, as though the audience had been listening to some glorious *prima donna*, and had forgotten, in their entracement, to acknowledge her merit.

"Mrs. Leslie!" It was a bold, manly, but touching voice that pronounced her name. She looked up. Mr. Stanley was standing over her, his face beaming with gratification. He took her hand, and, as he led her to her seat, he whispered his thanks in her ear, until she could scarce restrain her tears. Congratulations were now poured in upon her from every quarter, and when she turned to look for Mr. Walton, to offer a word of apology—he was gone!

The piano was now vacant.

"Lulu will you play for *me?*"

Charles Saunders could not have told for his life why he accented *me*.

"I would rather not, in the presence of so much company; another time," she said, modestly.

"Nay, why not now; I know you can; will you not do it for *me?*" His voice was low and tremulous, and he took her hand in his.

Her glance drooped for a moment, and then rising, she crossed the room to her mother, and whispered a few words in her ear. Mrs. Leslie replied, and Lulu returned, and, glancing toward the piano, extended her hand to the artist. Charles gladly arose, and led her to the instrument.

He did not see a white face cowering behind the curtain of the casement behind him, tears quivering in meek blue eyes, and white teeth almost forcing their way through a dainty lip.

Lulu knew the course to pursue. The company expected no grand, overpowering demonstration from her. Her mother had whisperad advice in her ear, and she determined to follow it. She chose a simple air, and played and sang it in a simple manner; but through all this affected simplicity, there would ever and anon burst forth the living power within, and startle and electrify the audience—the unmastered spirit of youthful genius. Charles saw it, and the applause which followed gave evidence that he was not the only one.

A short time after, the party dispersed, and all went happy to their couch of rest. Did we say all? No, there was one who vainly strove to shut her senses up in sleep, and suppress the tears that would leap from her blue eyes, and course their way down her pale cheek. It was—Aldine.

If we took as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we would appear to much better advantage.

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We Differ, but are Brethren.

BY P.G. GEO. B. JOCELYN.

How beautifully is the above sentiment illustrated in the practical workings of Odd-Fellowship! Men of all parties and sects, of all stations and grades, of all occupations and professions, of all classes and countries, meet at the altars of our Order, and acknowledge its power. It is one of the elements of our greatness. Mankind are clannish, and that clannishness leads them to associate with those who most nearly agree with them in sentiment and practice. But while this is the inevitable destiny of our nature, we are too apt, in our selfishness and egotism, to conclude that all who disagree with us are not entitled to that sympathy and regard which is due from one fallible being to another. Hence arise heart-burnings and strife between those who should have been as children of a common parent. Bitter civil and religious (pardon the terms, for want of better ones,) wars have frequently been waged for mere differences of opinion.

While our Order would not destroy that principle which prompts men to band together for the accomplishment of a legitimate and praiseworthy object, it would so extend the platform of association as to embrace all men who acknowledge God, and the binding force of His moral law, in one family, to elevate and bless with human benefactions the most diverse in opinion. We aim to view man as he is: each one differing from his fellow in mental power, and, consequently, having different views in regard to many doctrines of the Bible. We cannot all think alike; it is a mental impossibility. God has given the same variety to our thoughts and perceptions as he has to our forms and features; there is a family resemblance in all, but each one has his own identity distinctly and plainly marked. Let a small company ascend one of our Western hills and gaze upon the same landscape. How different will be their thoughts and emotions! To one, the rich alluvial valley and heavy-timbered mountain slope are but places where the hand of toil may plant its seed and reap its rich, luxuriant harvest; another views them as the home of the deer and bear and squirrel, and other forest game; another looks back into the past, and repeoples these woods and glens with a departed race, whose council fires have all gone out, and whose memory is nearly forgotten, Yon stream that like a thread of silver meanders through emerald banks and shady groves, over rocky falls and pebbly bottom, another would dam, erect his mill, and change into useful lumber all the vast forest by which he is surrounded: to another, it seems an earthly paradise, too sacred for utilitarian purposes. The hills stretch far away, until the bending sky seems to rest lovingly

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upon their tops; the vale, with its woods, through whose branches the unseen spirits of the wind awake melodies they learned in heaven,—the stream whose tinkling music-laugh whispers of angels' songs, is a home where Poesy may drink inspiration, plume his pinions, and soar in ecstacy almost divine. And shall each fall out with his fellow, and with fierce and bitter strife make the mountain-top on which they stand a pandemonium? They gaze into the volume of inspiration. One learns Calvinism, another Arminianism, another Universalism, another Judaism; but all acknowledge the justice and binding force of that Golden Rule which says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." But shall they forget this rule, and with malignant hate, bite and devour each other, because all cannot see and think alike! As well might we quarrel about the complection of our neighbor, the color of his eyes, or the cut of his coat.

As an individual, an Odd Fellow gives up none of these specific differences. He remains in doctrine what he was before, but yields obedience to the practical lessons the Order imparts. He feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, visits the sick, relieves the distressed, buries the dead, protects the widow, educates the orphan, and strives to win the whole world to the performance of duties like them. He stops not to inquire in what church his fellow worships, to what party he belongs, or what may be his peculiar views upon any mooted question. Upon these he knows men honestly differ, but they are none the less his brethren.

Toleration for opinion's sake is a sacred principle, and one most beautifully inculcated in our ritual. Middle walls of partition already too widely separate the family of man. *Orthodoxy*, which is *my-doxy*, and *heterodoxy*, which is *your-doxy*, create too much strife and conflict. Men are repelled from each other by their doctrines and education. They are separated so widely that they cannot recognize the family resemblance they bear to each other. Each party must rule. Each esteems the other wrong, though all are aiming at the same result,—the amelioration and elevation of the condition of mankind. Why, then, for the sake of party pride and personal aggrandizement, thicken and highten the walls by which they are separated? Rather tear them down, or at least make passages through them, wide enough for each to see that the other is an accountable *human* being, not a wild beast, to be hunted to the death. Let him learn to love one another for the good they do, and not hate for the faults and failings they exhibit.

Our Order aims to get men thus close together, and have them meet upon a common platform to perform a common duty. Bigots and Pharisees may sneer at it, but its mission is slowly yet surely being consummated. Men are being taught that, in those most diametrically opposed to them upon many political and religious questions, are many

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noble qualities of head and heart, which should endear them to all who love our race, and are desirous of its elevation. We will not, therefore, fall out by the way, but bear with each other's differences, correct, as far as possible, each other's faults, and live together as one family.

Some years ago, a party of ladies and gentlemen stood upon Table Rock, gazing upon that wonder of the world—Niagara. Among them was a beautiful female, who seemed absorbed in the grandeur of the scene. The vast body of water pouring into the abyss below; the continual thunder of the fall; the enveloping mist and ever-spanning rainbow overpowered her. Her bosom heaved, and the huge tear gathered in her dark, lustrous orbs, as the silent admiration of her full soul went up to that God who thus gives a faint illustration of that anthem, which, as the "sound of many waters," ever swells in supreme harmony around His eternal Throne. By her side stood a little man, gazing upon the same scene. He heard no melody in the thunder of the Cataract; he saw no beauty in the iris-tints upon the spray; but as the mist floated to him, and wet his locks, he clapped his hands, and exclaimed, in ecstatic delight: "*My Lord, what a place to spunge cloth!*"

Let us learn the moral this is designed to convey; and whether we see beauty or utility, or both, in the scenes of nature, and can not agree in politics or religion, let us wisely practice the Golden Rule, and say, "We differ, but yet are brethren."

STURGIS, MICH., July, 1856.

Give Me a Faithful Heart.

I do not crave bright gems of earth,
Or gold of dazzling hue,
But ask for something of more worth—
A heart that 's pure and true.

Though earth may yield her costly gems,
That look so fair to view;
I ask not for such diadems,
But for a heart that 's true.

A heart that glows with noble deeds,
For this I e'er will sue;
A guileless heart, from envy freed—
A heart that 's pure and true.

A heart like this is real worth—
It, nothing can outshine;
'Tis all I ask for here on earth—
A heart that 's pure and kind.

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American Naval Service.

BY REV. CHAS. ROCKWELL.

As the condition and character of our navy, and the reputation and conduct of its officers and men abroad, are matters of national interest and concern, it may not be amiss, briefly to allude to these and other kindred topics. To enter fully upon them, and give at length the result of years of free daily intercourse with seafaring men of all classes, as suggested by a close and constant observation of their peculiar habits and modes of thought and feeling, and a sincere and heartfelt sympathy with them and their friends, under the severe and varied trials of their lot—fully to present these points, would indeed require a volume.

With a view to aid us in forming a correct estimate of our navy, as also to furnish with important facts, those illustrious orators who are wont to speak of our ships of war as fully able to sweep the vessels of all other nations from the face of the ocean, it may be well to give the following statement of the naval forces of the United States, Great Britain, and France, as they were some few years since, and which have not since relatively materially changed. Including those in commission, as also those building and afloat, there were belonging to the Navy of the United States, 68 vessels of war; to that of France, 486; to Great Britain, 702.

In speaking of those who man our ships of war, I shall begin with such as are rated as boys. Of these, we had nearly thirty on board our ship, many of whom were taken from the House of Refuge, in New York, or were the sweepings of the streets of our large cities. Some were children of poor parents, who had been placed under the care of some sailor of their acquaintance, to take their first lesson in shipcraft, and, I may add, in devilcraft too, on board a man-of-war; for surely a boy must be a dull scholar, who, in such a place, would not learn far more evil than good. These boys were from ten to sixteen or seventeen years of age, and some of them, from having been familiar, from their earliest years, with vice and crime, in almost every form, were among the most hardened, hopeless vagabonds in the world; and yet, they had so much shrewedness and intelligence, and such perfect self-possession in all circumstances, that one could not but feel a peculiar interest in them.

In turning from the boys to the men on board our ships of war, let us first notice the marines. These are soldiers who dress in uniform, are placed as sentries in different parts of the ship, and are not required to go aloft on sailor's duty, but aid in pulling the ropes on deck. They have their own officers, distinct from those of the ship; and as they

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know but little of sea-life and are placed on board as a restraint upon the sailors, the latter do not like them, are fond of playing tricks upon them, and especially of palming off upon them all sorts of improbable stories as true. Hence the common proverb, "Tell that to the marines," which is used when one listens to a doubtful or incredible story.

We had on board our ship fifty-two marines, of whom twenty-two were foreigners; thirteen of this number being Swiss. They had an efficient commander, and were under excellent discipline. On one occasion, when off the coast of Africa, some oranges and bananas, which hung where sentries had charge of them, were stolen, and hence some one of the six marines who had been on duty there during the night, must have connived at the theft. But as all denied being guilty, they were all whipped, that thus the right one might be punished, and all collusion as to screening each other in future might be prevented. This was indeed summary justice; and yet, among men in whose word you cannot confide, you must either lump matters in this way, or crime will thrive and pass unpunished. As it was, no more fruit was stolen.

Among the marines there are often men of education and intelligence, who, as merchants that have failed in business, or profligate sons of respectable parents, or professional men, who have become dissipated, have seen better days; but having fallen from their former condition, have fled to a man-of-war as a place of refuge from trouble or disgrace. Not to dwell on other cases, we had with us a young man, who had come from a foreign country to obtain an education. While a senior at Yale College, he became involved in a fracas, for which he was dismissed from the institution; and thinking that he was not kindly treated by his guardian in this country, he enlisted as a marine. Such men like to dwell upon their brighter days; and where they find one who will listen to and sympathize with them, they take a kind of melancholy pleasure in minutely describing the scenes of trial and disgrace through which they have passed. There are many such, as well among the seamen as the marines, on board a ship of war; and often has my heart been deeply pained, when listening to the story of their woes. When in port, marines are stationed at every accessible entrance to the ship, to prevent men from deserting, and ardent spirits from being smuggled on board. Next to the officers of the ship, the marines are the main reliance for quelling a mutiny, and sustaining rightful authority on board our men-of-war.

In a crew of from five hundred to a thousand men, as collected together on board our larger ships, one meets with seamen of every class and condition, and of almost every nation under heaven. Most common sailors are of no nation, but change from the employ of one to that of another, just as convienence, or caprice, or higher wages may induce them

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to do so. We have many Engl[illegible]men on board our ships of war; and it is said, that there are so[illegible]and American sailors in the English navy. That by desertion, [illegible]rwise, men are constantly passing from one service to the other, is well known.

As those who ship seamen often receive so much a head for all they furnish, no very close inquiries are made as to whether a seaman's protection, as it is called, that is, the legal paper which certifies to what nation he belongs, tells the truth about him or not; for, aside from false swearing, at which few common sailors would hesitate, there are other ways in which seamen obtain new papers, and a new name. For example we had on board our ship a foreigner by the name of John Cole, a Swede, or a Dane, if I mistake not. He spoke English in a very broken manner, and this led me to ask him, one day, how he came to have such a regular built Yankee name.

"I bought it of a landlord in Portland," was his reply.

"What did you give for it?"

"Fifty cents," he said; "but I've got most sick of it, and shall change it for another before long." And thus it is often true that sailor-landlords sell the papers of seamen who have died in their houses, or have gone to sea leaving them behind. Many of the seamen in our navy, ship by a new name almost every cruise.

But few officers and men of the old school now remain in our navy. By this I mean those who were trained amid scenes of war and carnage, and were more distinguished for their rough and reckless manners and habits, and their noisy, dare-devil bravery than for improvement of mind, or a desire so to shape their course as to please those around them. The fact that many of the officers of our navy were formerly taken from the merchant service, with more regard to their energy of character and good seamanship than to their education and refinement of manners, together with the exciting influence of war, and the demoniac power of ardent spirits, gave a far ruder and more turbulent cast to our navy in former days than now belongs to it. By raising the standard of education among our naval officers, by limiting their power of inflicting punishment, and by promoting temperance among the men, a tranquilizing, elevating influence has been exerted on board our ships of war; so that now they deserve, far less than formely, the appellation of "floating hells." Still much remains to be done, as will be seen when I come to speak of the prevailing vices of seamen. An old man-of-war's man is a very different being from a merchant-sailor. From mingling with so large a mass, he has been able to select such associates as pleased him, and thus to retain and strengthen his own peculiar tastes, feelings, and habits. He has also been led to look well to his own rights, and to guard with jealous care against the encroachments of others.

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From the rigid discipline to which seamen in our navy are subjected, as also from the fact that they are closely pressed upon by the mass around them, they become peculiarly sensitive and selfish as to what they regard as their right, and are greatly given to grumbling when they fancy themselves misused. As to seamanship, too, from being confined to a narrow round of duties, such as handling the ropes and sails in a given part of the ship, as, for example, on the forecastle, or in one of the tops, they become very skillful in performing these duties, but know little of anything else. Hence, a good merchant-sailor, who knows a little of everything, and not much of anything, about a ship, may not succeed well on board a man-of-war; while, on the other hand, a good navy sailor may know but little of many things required to be done on board a merchant vessel. Merchant-sailors, too, have to labor much harder, and bear more exposure to the weather, than seamen in our navy; and they are apt, withal, to be much more filthy in their habits, and slovenly in their dress, than they would be permitted to be on board a man-of-war. These remarks show, in one point of view, the importance of training men expressly for our naval service.

There are several distinct classes of seamen to be met with on board our men-of-war. Of these, the first and most numerous are sailors by profession, who, from the poverty of their parents, or some other cause, have early entered on a seafaring life, without such an education as would fit them to rise above the grade of common seamen, and in this condition they remain for life. A few of these have families, and are frugal, honest, and trustworthy. By far the greater number, however, are reckless, profligate, intemperate, and profane. Cut off at an early age from all correct moral and religious influence, and exposed to temptation, to vice in almost every form, they become the mere creatures of impulse, slaves to the will of despotic masters at sea, and the dupes of rapacious landlords and greedy harpies on shore. With no high and commanding motives to effort, in the hope of improving their condition, they yield themselves up to the pleasures of the moment, without regard to the future; and though, from the dangers of the sea, and exposure to corroding vices, and in sickly climes, they are in daily peril of their lives, yet, drowning reflection with reckless gayety, with sensual pleasure, or the drunkard's cup of wo, they rush madly on in the way to death. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," seems to be their motto. We had on board our ship an old sailor, who ran away from his parents in Boston when nine years of age, and had been at sea, almost without cessation, forty-five years. In the year 1800, he was on board the English frigate Austria, on the coast of Egypt, where he had the plague, of which two hundred out of two hundred and fifty on board died. He had been shipwrecked seven times. The year before he joined our ship, he

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was cast away on Scylla rocks, and was in the water two hours and a half. He lost his wife and two children by the cholera in New York; and, though himself one of thirteen children, he has now no near relative living. He was broken down with rheumatism, and his lot was sad and cheerless indeed. Such is too often the condition of the few weather-beaten sailors, who are spared, almost by a miracle, to reach the period of old age. With no friends to care for them, and no means of support, they float like a weed torn from its native rock, where wind and wave may bear them. Perhaps they find a refuge in some naval hospital, or, cast forth on the cold charities ot the world, they beg an humble pittance from door to door.

Another class of seamen are those who are ruined in character or property, or both, by a course of vice, or by some single act of folly or of crime, but who have seen better days. Of many a commander of a man-of-war, as of King David when he gathered his bandit forces at the cave of Adullam, may it be truly said, "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them." Among these are merchants and others, who have failed in business, broken down play-actors, and sometimes professional men, the wayward and profligate sons of wealthy and respectable parents, convicts from State prisons, who have been guilty of forgery, counterfeiting, house-breaking, or other gentlemanly crimes, with now and then a pirate, and one who has been engaged in the slave trade, to say nothing of old sailors who were pressed into the English service during the last war, and are as familiar with Dartmoor prison and its usages as with the district school in which they spent their boyhood. We had one who had lived among the natives of one of the South Sea islands, and conformed for many months, to their savage modes of life; another who had been with Major Ashley to the Rocky Mountains, and had many amusing stories of the Flathead and other tribes of Indians; and another still who had been in the service of the fur-traders in the region of Hudson's Bay, traveling hundreds of miles over the snow, with a heavy burden on his back.

Seamen are perfectly accessible; and, from the free, social intercourse in which they indulge, will rarely refuse to answer a question of the most personal nature, if your manner is such as to gain confidence. Indeed, they take peculiar pleasure in dwelling even on the darker portions of their past history, when they meet with one who will kindly listen to and sympathize with them. Many an hour have I spent, during the night watches, in listening to their singular narration; and often have I thought, in reviewing the sketches of these stories in my journal, that, were one to collect an account of the most striking characters on board a

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man-of-war, as given by themselves, it would make a book of peculiar variety and effect.

There was one man on board our ship who had fled from domestic troubles, but whose mind was oppressed with a sadness which nothing could remove. He was the son of an elder of one of the first churches in the city of New York, and having married a beautiful woman whom he tenderly loved, and by whom he had several children, he removed to Illinois, where he purchased a farm of several hundred acres. For some time he had suspected the fidelity of his wife; when, returning from hunting one night, sooner than he was expected, he found her with her guilty paramour, a man of wealth, in the vicinity. Highly excited, he aimed his rifle at them, intending to shoot them both, when he was seized by his hired man, who thus prevented a fatal deed. Having obtained a divorce from his wife, she married again, and he, feeling wretched where he was and fearing that, if he should meet the ruthless destroyer of his happiness alone he should, in a moment of excited wrath and anguish, be led to murder him, he leased his farm to one in whose care he left his children, and sought a refuge from his troubles on board a man-of-war.

The most hopeless class of seamen, so far as moral reformation is concerned, are those who, like the squatters and others on the outskirts of civilization on land, have broken away from virtuous society, because they have forfeited the protection of the laws by their crimes, or could not brook the restraints of religion, morality and law, or were unable, elsewhere than on board a man-of-war, to gratify their love of strong drink, or were conscious of being such helpless slaves of vice as to be wholly unfit to take care of themselves, and have, therefore, placed themselves in "durance vile," just as some men wish to be imprisoned for the same reason.

There is another small class of seamen sons of respectable parents, who have become so from a love of adventure, an attachment to a seafaring life, a strong desire to see foreign lands, or with a view to improve their health, or a wish, on the part of their friends, to check, by means of the rigid discipline of a ship, an unsubdued and refractory spirit.

In treating of the peculiar characteristics of seamen, and the vices to which they are most addicted, I shall notice first their superstition. The old idea that Sunday is a lucky and Friday is an unlucky day, because on one Christ was crucified, and on the other he rose from the dead, has a strong hold on the minds of most seamen. There are commanders, even in our navy, who would not sail from port on Friday if they could avoid it, and who would make peculiar efforts to do so on the Sabbath. There are still many vessels, on the mast of which a horse shoe is nailed, as a protection against the devil; and ship owners will rarely purchase a vessel which, by meeting with repeated accidents, has proved to be unlucky.

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Sailors have a peculiar superstition with regard to cats, especially black ones. Some years since, two men fell from the mast-head on board one of the ships in our navy, in a single day, of whom one was killed and the other had his arm broken. Finding that one of the crew had killed a cat the night before, his shipmates regarded that as the cause of these accidents, and could not be appeased until the man was severely whipped: and then, as no one would mess with him, it was necessary to send him on shore. Clergymen have, in times past, been regarded as bringing ill luck to a ship on board which they sail, on the ground that the devil owes them a spite, and, as prince of the power of the air, strives, by means of tempests, to destroy them. This superstition may, however, have owed its origin to the story of Jonah, and the troubles which he brought upon his shipmates.

There are those who regard the playing of a death-march as a sure sign that some one on board is soon to die; and I have known a highly intelligent officer who would punish a man for such an act as soon as for a gross crime, on the ground, as he said, that he never knew it to fail of being soon followed by death. When lying in the bay of Gibraltar, during a violent storm, two of our massive anchors were broken, and we were driven rapidly out to sea. There was, at the time, on board, the body of one of the crew, lying in a coffin, with a view to his being buried on shore. Being compelled, however, to inclose him in his hammock, and bury him at sea, the carpenter was compelled to cut the coffin up into small pieces, and throw it overboard, because the men were superstitious and fearful as to its remaining on board.

The credulity of seamen as to ghosts and apparitions, good and bad signs, lucky or unlucky days, and the like, are owing, in part, to the peculiarly dangerous and exciting mode of life which they lead, to the many marvelous stories that are told in order to astonish the young and inexperienced, or to beguile the tedium of the night watches; but, more than all, to their being, from an early age, cut off from their religious instruction. There are seamen who most religiously believe that when a man has been hung from the fore-yard-arm two voices always reply when the man who is stationed there by night is hailed, one being that of him who has been hung: nor would the wealth of the world induce them to keep watch there.

That seamen have commonly much wit and humor, all know who have had intercourse with them. They have a great number of pithy expressions at ready command, and are very quick at repartee. This is owing to the fact that their mode of life is so peculiarly varied and exciting, that their minds act much more rapidly than those of most other men, as also to their being in such close and constant contact and collision with those around them, to which we may add attention and applause secured

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by such as, by their ready wit, can aid in cheering the spirits of those around them, and thus relieve the monotony of a long and tedious voyage at sea. The craving for social excitement, on the part of seamen, leads them also to be very attentive on the Sabbath, and few congregations on shore will follow a plain but condensed and rapid, logical argument with so full an understanding as will a body of seamen on board our men-of-war. The wit and the songs of seamen are, for the most part, however, of a low, vulgar, and licentious cast.

Jesus Wept.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE MOTHER OF M. L. CHITWOOD.

BY MISS J. M. MEAD.

Yes, *Jesus wept.* Sweet words! how fraught with love—
With human love—both human and divine:
Jesus, on whom the spirit like a dove
Descended, wept such tears as thine!

Yes, *Jesus wept.* While sunk in depths of wo—
In wo the broken-hearted know too well—
Remember in His griefs, while here below,
Tears from the gentle eyes of Jesus fell.

O what a heart was His! a brother's heart,
A husband's, father's, son's,—yea, all in one;
In every pang we feel He bore a part—
Your load has all been laid on God's dear Son.

Come to his arms, heart-broken mourner, come!
Come, for his loving arms are open wide:
Where is thy vict'ry, O relentless Tomb?—
Where is thy sting, O Death, since Jesus died?

Thanks be to God, he did not die in vain!
He robbed the fearful grave of all its dread;
He died for *you*—for *you* He lives again;
Your child but sleeps in Him,—she is not dead.

If "Jesus wept," then none your tears may chide,
But as they fall let hope triumphant rise.
Here sow in tears, that you may reap at last
A harvest rich in bliss beyond the skies.

MEDINA, O., February, 1856.

NOTE.—When asked if she was afraid to die, Miss Chitwood answered: "I am not afraid to die, but I don't want to leave my dear mother; she will be alone then."

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The Rattlesnake.

A writer in the Philosophical Journal presented, a few years ago, the following anecdotes of this remarkable creature:

Rattlesnakes have the power of laying down their fangs along their jaw-bones when at rest, and of raising them at will, as sharks also do, and some other fishes. It is only when inflicting a defensive wound that their fangs are used. At this time, the snake, either coiled or in any other position, has the power of darting about two-thirds of its body towards its object, and with its mouth open to its utmost stretch, all its fangs being erect, it strikes so violent a blow whilst it bites, that I have been assured by some Osage chiefs, that on such occasions they felt as if about to be thrown off their center of gravity. The fangs make their way into flesh, or, indeed, into tough leather, with perfect ease, and instantaneously. The wound is generally mortal, if proper remedies be not at once resorted to. Among the native Americans, cutting out the wounded part, and searing, or, as it is termed in the country, scaring it with fire, is considered the most effectual; but even this requires great promptitude to afford a chance of safety. The quantity of venom infused is more or less, as the animal may have been more or less irritated. If made to bite themselves, their own flesh affords no antidote, for they die in excruciating torments. The venom of a rattlesnake, while the animal is striking an object, will be sometimes ejected to a considerable distance. I have seen one, confined in a wire cage, when much enraged, strike against the bars so furiously, that the poison was sent several feet toward me.

To give you an idea of the long time this poison retains its property, I shall relate a curious, but well-authenticated series of facts, which took place in a central district of the State of Pennsylvania, about thirty years ago. A farmer was so slightly bit through the boot by a rattlesnake, as he was walking to view his ripening corn-fields, that the pain felt was thought by him to be from the scratch of a thorn, not having seen or heard the reptile. Upon his return home, he felt on a sudden violently sick at the stomach, vomited with great pain, and died in a few hours. Twelve months after this, the eldest son, who had taken his father's boots, put them on, and went to church at some distance. On his going to bed that night, whilst drawing off his boots, he felt slightly scratched on the leg, but merely mentioned it to his wife, and rubbed the place with his hand. In a few hours, however, he was awakened by violent pains, complained of general giddiness, fainted frequently, and expired before any succor could be applied with success; the cause of his illness also being quite a mystery. In the course of time, his effects were sold,

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and a second brother, through filial affection, purchased the boots, and, if I remember rightly, put them on about two years after. As he drew them off, he felt a scratch, and complained of it, when the widowed sister being present, recollected that the same pain had been felt by her husband on the like occasion. The youth went to bed, and suffered and died in the same way that his father and brother had done before him. These repeated and singular deaths being rumored in the country, a medical gentleman called upon the friends of the deceased to inquire into the particulars, and at once pronounced their deaths to have been occasioned by venom. The boots that had been the cause of complaint were brought to him, when he cut one of them open with care, and discovered the extreme point of the fang of a rattlesnake issuing from the leather, and assured the people that this had done all the mischief. To prove this satisfactorily, he scratched with it the nose of a dog, and the dog died in a few hours from the poisonous effect it was still able to convey. In confirmation of these facts, I have been told by native Americans that arrows dipt in rattlesnake venom would carry death for ages after.

Perhaps one of the most wonderful faculties possessed by this and many other species of snakes, is that of being able to live for years without any food whatever; and it is quite as remarkable, that during the lapse of this astonishing fast, their appearance and condition scarcely exhibit their being in any want. Their movements, their power of rattling, and that of inflicting mortal wounds are perfectly kept up. One which I confined in a cage for three years, had frequently rats, young rabbits, and birds of various kinds put in, sometimes alive and at other times dead, without their ever being touched, not even a movement would be made by the snake to approach them; while, on the contrary, the live quadrupeds and birds showed great symptoms of fear, threw themselves violently in all directions about the cage to effect their escape from an enemy well known to them. The operation of throwing off its skin annually was, however, abandoned after the first spring of confinement; and as the animal was small, and I did not consider it had arrived at its middle age, I measured its length with accuracy, and discovered that during the whole time of its imprisonment, it did not grow in the least. To what extent this power of abstinence is ever used when the animal is at liberty, I am unable to tell; but I have thought that the animal's possessing it so eminently went a great way toward proving that it had not that of fascination, as it would be very unnatural for an animal so gifted to lie and suffer, while the single glance of a magnetic eye could bring down a bird at once from the top of any tree into its mouth.

The latter observation is evidently liable to a fallacy, as the animal may have the power of taking prey, without using that power. On the subject of its fascination, there is a curious paper in a late work by a

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respectable American writer, entitled "Peter Pilgrim." It is there treated as an unquestionable property of the rattlesnake, however unlike any other property possessed by animals. The paper contains the following almost incredible statement as to the reality of this power, by a Mr. Willard, and which we learn is extracted from a work by Dr. Samuel Williams, of Vermont:

"When I was a boy, about thirteen years old, my father sent me into a field to mow some briars. I had not been long employed when I discovered a large rattlesnake, and looked round for something to kill him; but not readily discovering a weapon, my curiosity led me to view him. He lay coiled up, with his tail erect, and making the usual singing noise with his rattles. I had viewed him but a short time, when the most vivid and lively colors that imagination can paint, and far beyond the powers of the pencil to imitate, among which yellow was the most predominant, and the whole drawn into a bewitching variety of gay and pleasing forms, were presented to my eyes; at the same time my ear was enchanted with the most rapturous strains of music, wild, lively, complicated, and harmonious—melodious, captivating, and enchanting, far beyond anything I ever heard before or since, and, indeed, far exceeding what my imagination, in any other situation, could have conceived. I felt myself irresistibly drawn toward the hated reptile; and as I had been often used to seeing and killing rattlesnakes, and my senses were so absorbed by the gay vision and rapturous music, I was not for some time apprehensive of any danger; but suddenly recollecting what I had heard the Indians relate (but what I had never before believed) of the fascinating power of these serpents, I turned with horror from the dangerous scene; but it was not without the most violent efforts that I was able to extricate myself. All the exertions I could make with my whole strength were hardly sufficient to carry me from the scene of horrid yet pleasing enchantment; and while I forcibly dragged off my body, my head seemed to be irresistibly drawn to the enchanter by an invisible power. And I fully believe that in a few moments longer it would have been wholly out of my power to make an exertion sufficient to get away."

Censure, says an ingenious author, is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age of the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defense against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—*Addison.*

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The Holy Bible.

BY REV. H. GILLMORE.

The word *Bible*, which is now applied to the Old and New Testaments, signifies written volume, or the Book.

The first five books, called the *Pentateuch*, were written by Moses, the Jewish lawgiver, except the close of Deuteronomy, which was doubtless added by Ezra, Moses having died upon Mount Nebo; and to Ezra we are indebted for a correct copy of the Sacred writings after the Babylonish captivity. He divided them into the Law, the Prophets, and the Hagiographa, or Holy writings. In consequence of the Jews speaking the Chaldean language in his day, he published the Scriptures in that language, and not in the Hebrew, which was preserved only by the Samaritans.

The Old Testament was divided into chapters by Hugo de Sancto Caro, commonly called Hugo Cardinalis, in the year 1240. The chapters were divided into verses by a Jewish Rabbi, named Mordicai Nathan. The first Hebrew Bible was printed in the fifteenth century. Vanderhoot's edition of the Hebrew, published in 1705, is thought by some to be the best extant.

The *Septuagint*, or Greek version of the Old Testament, was translated by seventy bishops at Alexandria, by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The occasion of the publication of this version was the fact, that the Hebrew had ceased to be a living language, and the Jews at Alexandria understood only Greek.

The *Vulgate* translation of the Old Testament is the Latin version. This is from the Septuagint, but the author is unknown. It is the standard among the Catholics.

The first English translation was made by John Wickliffe, in 1360, but was never printed. The first English Bible printed was a translation by Wm. Tindal. It was published, by English authority, in 1526, and ordered to be read in all the churches.

King James' translation, by forty-seven bishops, the one now used by all the Protestant world, is no doubt the best ever published, and no one will ever be substituted in place of it by any considerable numbers.

There are nearly eleven hundred manuscripts of the Hebrew Bible now extant. Some of them are not entire or perfect; and though inaccuracies may be found in some copies, they can be corrected by others. Among them all are found no contradictions, though there are several thousand various readings. There is even a general agreement between the Hebrew and Samaritan copies of the Pentateuch now extant.

What strong evidence of a close, Providential watch-care over the

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Sacred volume does this safe and uncorrupted transmission through centuries afford!

At an early period, the Jews and the Samaritans were vigilant in watching each other; so that no change whatever could be introduced into the Sacred text without detection. And at a later period, after the New Testament was written, Jews, Samaritans, Infidels, and Christians minutely scanned each other's conduct, and could easily have exposed at once any interpolations or alterations in regard to the Holy Scriptures.

And who can place a proper estimate upon the Bible? How deeply are we all indebted to this inspired volume for doctrine, precept, example, and motives! It forms the basis of all correct civil legislation, in regard to rulers and subjects; it is the only true and safe instructor in regard to family government; the only compass by which individual "man may navigate the sea of life, and gain the port of bliss securely." It is the only reliable text book on the subject of morality; and there alone is taught that pure benevolence found in all voluntary relief societies.

No true religion can exist without the Bible; and were Masonry or Odd-Fellowship to abandon it, their own annihilation would be the result. To believe in the Bible is not enough. There must be practice and experience according to its divine instructions.

Laws and Decisions Pertaining to Benefits.

BY W. E. PARMENTER, P. G. M.

We present in this article, all the important decisions of the Grand Lodge of the United States, pertaining to the payment of benefits. The references to the pages of the Journal of Proceedings, Grand Lodge of the U. S., has not been made, but the propositions are sufficiently distinct to be at once verified, by consulting the Digested Index of the Journal.

The payment of benefits is not required by any original law of the G. L. U. S., but is nevertheless incidental to our institution wherever it exists. The usage has been legislated upon, as it has been from time to time brought to the notice of the G. L. U. S. by special cases. We here give the principles which have been therefrom deduced and declared.

I. Benefits are regulated by the local laws of the various States. The State Grand Lodges may establish uniform rates for the deposit of cards within their jurisdictions, and uniform times when benefits may be payable after such deposit. Should a member take his card of clearance from one Lodge, and deposit in another, in which exists a regulation that benefits are not payable until after a certain period of membership, and

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should die before the limitation expires, the law of the Lodge in which the card is deposited must govern, and no benefits are due,

II. The law which almost every day produces in its operation disappointment and regret, and yet rightly claims for itself the character of a just and useful law, is that which provides that a member who, by his neglect has suffered his dues to remain unpaid until he has forfeited his right to benefits, cannot, when taken sick, pay his dues and resume his right; but must be denied his benefits as long as that sickness continues.

1. But this law is not retroactive, as the following case shows: On the 1st of August, 1847, J. M. S., a member of a Lodge, was suspended for non-payment of dues. He was taken sick September 12th, 1847. On the 20th of January, 1848, *while sick*, he was re-instated in membership. On the 12th of July, 1849, after he had been paid $70 as sick benefits, the Lodge by resolution declared that this amount had been paid unconstitutionally, and in ignorance of the law of the G. L. U. S., passed September, 1848, and that the brother was not entitled to it. This view was sustained by the local Grand Lodge; but upon appeal to the G. L. U. S., it was decided that as the brother had been re-instated eight months before the law was made, he was not illegally re-instated, and was entitled to benefits.

2. The following case shows the extreme application of the law:

A member of a Lodge at the commencement of a term was indebted.....	$0 90
He was reported sick on the seventh night; then due.....	87½
	$1 77½
On the eighth night, he paid into the Lodge,.....	1 00
Leaving him still indebted,.....	0 77½
Dues for four nights, up to the time of his death,.....	0 50
Total,.....	$1 27½

The Lodge refused to pay benefits, but the local Grand Lodge ordered payment. The Grand Lodge of the United States, however, sustained the subordinate, on the ground that a member sick and in arrears cannot be permitted while he remains sick to pay his dues so as to entitle him to benefits.

III. Benefits not received may be passed to the credit of a member, as an offset to his dues to the same amount. The following cases establish this principle. The local laws seem to be fully recognised and are allowed to prevail:

1. J. J. G. was suspended on the 2d day of January, 1850, for non-payment of dues for fifteen months, which, with fines, amounted to eight dollars. In March, 1848, he had been reported sick, being then clear of the books. The Visiting Committee with the N. G. (under a rule of the Lodge) offered him two weeks benefits, amounting to six dollars. He

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refused to accept this, considering himself entitled to more. Thus the matter rested when he was suspended. His appeal to the local Grand Lodge was sustained. The Lodge appealed to the Grand Lodge of the United States, which decided that the brother had a "claim audited and sanctioned by the Lodge in the manner prescribed by its own by-laws," which in justice and fairness should be set off to his arrears. The ballance of two dollars would not, under the laws of his Lodge, warrant his suspension.

2. A. H. by accident lost his leg. His Lodge on the 23d of September, 1850, voted him an advance of twenty-five weeks' benefits to enable him to purchase an artificial leg; but on the conditions that he would execute a release of his claim for benefits for that time, and that such advance did not conflict with the laws of the local Grand Lodge. The money was paid, but not until after the 30th of the same month. On the 30th Dec., 1850, the Lodge considered him in arrears. He died Feb. 10th, 1851. Funeral benefits were claimed by the nearest relative, and denied by the Lodge. Upon appeal to the local Grand Lodge the decision of the Lodge was reversed. Upon appeal to the Grand Lodge of the United States it was determined that, inasmuch as by the laws of the local Grand Lodge, a member cannot be in arrears for dues while the Lodge owes him for benefits; and inasmuch as the advance, though voted on the 23d, was not paid until after the 30th September, allowing a week to intervene, during which a week's benefit accrued, which had never been paid; he therefore was not in arrears on the 30th of December, to an amount disqualifying him, and the funeral benefits must be paid.

3. W. C. was taken sick August 16, 1851, and remained sick until December 1, 1851. Taken sick again the latter part of January, 1853, and continued sick until June 25, following. His benefits for the first sickness were unpaid. The Lodge refused to pay the benefits for the last sickness because he was in arrears when he was last taken sick The local Grand Lodge ordered payment on the ground of offset, and the Grand Lodge of the United States confirmed the decision.

IV. The regulation of Life Insurance Companies, that suicide is forfeiture of claim under a policy, does not prevail in the Order. The family of a brother committing suicide may claim the funeral benefit.

V. Another peculiarity, differing in this from Insurance societies, is, that Lodges are not allowed to decline accepting the dues, and to refuse to pay the benefits of a member who changes his residence to California, or other place, where there may be increased risk to health.

VI. A member can at any time terminate his right to benefits by accepting his withdrawal card; and the vote of his Lodge granting the card upon his application is a sufficient acceptance for this purpose. The card need not actually be taken. The payment of dues in advance

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for the year during which the withdrawal card continues will not preserve the right to benefits.

VII. There is no general law of the Order authorizing a Lodge which advances benefits to a traveling brother, to claim their repayment from the Lodge of which he is a member. All relief to traveling brethren is left to the courtesies of the brotherhood and the benevolent usage of the Order. If a traveling brother, however, applies for, and obtains relief from a Lodge of which he is not a member, the amount granted to him must be indorsed on his card, and his Lodge notified of the amount. The repayment is as certain, thus left to the sense of justice of the Lodge, as if an imperative law existed; while, at the same time, opportunity is afforded for a generous interchange of good offices between Lodges.

VIII. The restoration of a member to his benefits, even when his arrears have induced his suspension, if this be indefinite, seems to be within his own control. In the words of the decision of the Grand Lodge of the United States, "he suffers no longer than he allows the *cause* of suspension to exist." The act of payment of his arrears restores him to membership at once, if the suspension be indefinite. If definite, the payment of dues at the expiration of the time so restores him. The following anomalous case deserves attention: G. C. was indebted to his Lodge $5.75 for dues, January 1, 1851. On the first meeting night in January, the brother sent, by another brother, money to pay his indebtedness. The brother sent inquired of the Secretary the amount due, who stated it to be $5.75, which was paid. The dues April 1, 1851, were promptly paid. By the local laws of the State, a brother who is in arrears for twenty-six nights is not entitled to benefits; and upon paying his arrears, he is still disqualified for three months thereafter. C. G. died April 20, 1851. Benefits were denied on the ground that the payment of $5.75 in January was only partial; that he still owed for the first week of that month. The local Grand Lodge reversed this decision, and the Grand Lodge of the United States sustained the local Grand Lodge. It was the fault of the Secretary of the Lodge in not adding the week's dues to the arrears; furthermore, the dues for the week had not accrued until the close of the meeting at which the arrears were paid.

IX. Expulsion for non-payment of dues, though perhaps a matter of local regulation, is not in accordance with the principles of the Order, as it confounds misfortune with crime; and it will be forbidden by the local authority. The Grand Lodge of the United States expressly condemns such a penalty.—*Emblem.*

Plato has asserted as a maxim, that the people generally model their manners and sentimen.s by those of the great.

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The Pearl Divers of Ceylon.

The process of diving is nearly the same as that pursued in the Persian Gulf. The fishing boats anchor on the banks in various depths of water, from five to fifteen fathoms. The crew are told off into two parties—one for the more arduous and skillful work of diving, the other to manipulate the dredge, baskets, and cordage, and to receive the oys'ers as they are sent up. The diver, being nearly nude, places his foot on a stone, somewhat conical in shape, which is attached to a line fastened in the boat. This stone acts as a weight to facilitate and guide his descent into the water. He is provided with a basket, into which he puts the oysters as he gathers them. These baskets occasionally bring fifty or sixty each time. When the diver wishes to return, he checks the line which connects the basket, as a signal to the men aboard to haul him up.

In the Manaar fisheries, the divers generally use a piece of horn to close the nostrils, that they may breathe longer and also exclude the water. It is a simple instrument, being of the size of a bottle-cork, slit at one end, and fitted so that it shall compress either nostril tight on the septum. They remain under water from forty seconds to two minutes; the necessity of rising being indicated by a sound in the ears, and a sensation in the throat and bronchia approaching to a disposition to hiccough. Kaffirs have been known to remain under water seven minutes. South Sea Islanders are distinguished in this way. Of the Sicilian diver, Nicholas, surnamed the Fish, the most prodigious feats are related.

On emerging, the divers sometimes discharge water, and sometimes blood, from the nose and ears. Diving is considered injurious to the general health—an opinion which is confirmed by appearances. Inflammation of the eyes and shrivelled and reduced limbs intervene. The greatest perils, however, to which these men are exposed, arise from their "finny brethren," rather than from the direct or incidental effects of the occupation. In the Persian fisheries, they suffer fearfully from attacks of the saw-fish. These monsters have been known to cut the divers literally in two. The marauder most dreaded in the Manaar fisheries is the shark—a fitting synecdoche for all that is sly and stealthy. The encounters of the divers with these sublime Cossacks are often sanguinary, and sometimes fatal. The writer saw in an hospital, a man who was attacked by a shark at the place in question, while diving for chanks. When under water, the man saw the monster approaching him, on which he immediately made for the surface, and was in the act of laying hold of the side of his boat, when it seized him. The bite extended from the articulations of the *femur* down to the tendons of the hollow of the knee, stripping off the whole of the flesh throughout the intermediate space.

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The gods only, as usual, could protect them; and it was certainly an amiable compliance, on the part of the Government, to purchase the "safe conduct" of these confiding adventurers, by a certain sum paid for the support of a "snake-charmer." Many marvelous tales are told of his exploits; and not a few of his discomfiture. The professional name of these gentlemen is "shark-binder." The process of "binding," is not unimposing, whatever might be said of its efficacy. The charmer himself stands devoutly on the shore, delivering, in a smothered chant, a series of *muntrums*, from the time of the departure of the boats until they return; abstaining from food and sleep during the whole period. Some of the charmers accompany the divers in their boats, an arrangement which augments the fortitude, if it does not increase the spoils of the men.

It is scarcely a metaphor, however, to say that these divers become much like the very sharks which at first they so greatly dreaded; or, at least, their frauds are as barefaced, if not as sanguinary, as those of their less reputable prototype. The tricks which the divers practice are of rare dexterity and impudence. A number of them will conspire to embezzle some of the pearls after this manner: It is agreed among them that when the oysters have opened themselves sufficiently to disclose the pearls which they contain, one of them will abstract a pearl of inferior quality, and so clumsily as to be seen by the overseer of the boat, who at once takes him into custody; whilst, in the stir and excitement of this proceeding, the other men take the opportunity of cutting out of their shells larger and more valuable pearls, which they had previously eyed. It was an improvement only upon this furtive device, to swallow the pearls for the sake of concealment; and for the detecting and recovery of these, sundry emulgents are plentifully provided by the parties concerned.

Complain Not.—Whatever should be your condition inwardly or outwardly, let not a complaint fall from your lips. You may be poor, and be obliged to work hard day by day; but this world is a place of toil. Millions have toiled before you, who are now at rest in the kingdom above. Are you abused? So was the most perfect man the world ever saw. Abuse will not injure a sterling character. Harsh words rebound to the speaker's own hurt. Are you cheated? So is every honest man. If you complain at every mishap, at every slander, at every dog at your heels, you will pass a life of misery. The best way is, to suffer without complaining, and to discharge all your duties faithfully, as in the fear of God. If you complain at trifles now, before you die you will embitter every hour of life by your unhappy disposition.

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The Big Bony Hand.

BY EDWARD C. GOODWIN.

Ah! give to my hea-t a hard, horny hand,
With the fingers well knit, and the joints at command:
Too big and too heavy to ease in a glove,
That has fought for its country, its God, and its love;

If not on the field where the battle is loud,
O'er the crimson-stained turf, that the cannon has plowed,
Where the soldier crawls out from the heaps of the dying,
To be crushed 'neath the heels of the foe that is flying;

Where the riderless steed rushes mad o'er the plain,
With blood-reeking sides, and wild-flowing mane;
And the hawk, and the vulture, black birds of the fight,
Hover over the corpses, awaiting the night;

Where the jackall, and wolf, with poisonous breath,
Gnaw the cheeks not yet cold in the stiffness of death;
Where the dog wanders round, with a piteous moan,
And licks the blue lips that are frozen as stone!

But in the *great combat*, the battle of life,
With its deep clanging hammers and civilized strife,
Or on the grand hills, with their fresh-growing grain,
Where the sound of the reaper comes sweet from the plain!

Where the furrows are deep that the plowman has made,
And the engines of war are the harrow and spade;
Where the farmer sits down in the stillness of even,
And his children chant songs to their Father in heaven;

Where, warm on the hill-side, the brook sings its tune,
And the blue violets grow in the sunshine of June,
Where the soldiers of labor have homes on their lands,
And great open hearts, and big, bony hands!

Yes, madam! that babe that you cradle to rest,
Whose brown, sunny curls wander over your breast,
Whose lip drains the strength of its fountain of life,
Must fight in this combat, bear part in this strife.

And that daughter, whose eyes have drank deep of the night,
Shall unfold her sweet bloom, like a flower, to the light,
But another may claim her,—on a heart that's unknown
Shall open the rose-bud that grew in thy home.

Be careful, and fancies like these throw aside,
And be glad, when she weareth the wreath of a bride,
If he who is chosen in thy place to stand
Hath a great open heart, and a big bony hand.

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Picture of the Albatross.

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

This glorious bird, the albatross, is the most beautiful and loveable object of the animate world which the adventurer meets with in the South Pacific. Philosophers might make a lesson of it in esthetics, for when on the wing it is the very beau ideal of beauty and grace. Seamen ought to love and prize it dearly, for the drear monotony of life at sea is often relieved by its always welcome appearance, and by watching with admiration, almost envy, its glorious gyrations, and curves, and swoops in the elastic ocean of air, a free race-ground, where it has no competitor.

It sits upon the water, light and graceful as a swan; and I have often seen it dive under, like a hawk or pelican, for something discovered by its keen eye beneath the surface. When it wishes to rise on the wing, it has to tread water a long way, like a running ostrich, before it can attain its due momentum, and soar aloft; but once fairly up, and its pinions free, it cleaves the air with exceeding swiftness, and skims the water, like the smallest swallow, with inconceivable ease and grace.

An anonymous writer, who must have seen the bird in his native seas, says that it flies against as well as before the wind, and hovers around a ship at sea, never outstripped by its speed. "It enjoys the calm, and sports in the sunbeam on the glassy wave; but it revels in the storm, and darts its arrowy way before the fury of the gale. It seems to be then in its element. Mocking the surges of the mighty sea, and breasting the tempest's blast, its flight has not less sublimity, perhaps, than that of the eagle darting upward to the skies. It is a beautiful sight to behold this noble bird sailing in the air, in light and graceful movements. After the first muscular exertion which gives impulse to its flight, its wings are always expanded, like the sails of a ship, and show no motion, as if it were wafted on by some invisible power. It is from this cause that it sustains untired its long and distant flight across the sea. It feeds on small, marine animals, mucilaginous zoophytes, and the spawn of fish, and blubber."

Sailors generally, but especially right-whalemen, have many yarns to tell of this noble bird, which they call by the unclassical name of *gony*. They have a partiality, which is not to be wondered at, for this superb specimen of oceanic ornithology, although coarser ones among them are too apt to show it in a way not so pleasing to humanity, and which I have often tried to dissuade them from, that is capturing them so easily by hook and line. When so taken, knowing ones often carve little billets of wood, with inscriptions, which they tie to their necks, and then

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set them loose again. These birds, in repeated instances, have afterward been captured in different and distant latitudes by other ships, and curious information has been so communicated.

The albatross has often served poor Jack a good turn for grub, when his larder has run low, or when he has been cast upon some desolate sea-bird island; and many anonymous anecdotes are told in the forecastle respecting them. But the most remarkable I have ever heard, bordering upon the marvelous and incredible, if not itself a providential miracle, is the following, contained in substance in a letter from an officer in the eighty-third regiment of the English army, to his friends in Montreal. While the division to which the writer belonged was on its way to the Orient, being at the time a short distance east of the Cape, one of the men was severely flogged for some slight offense. Maddened at the punishment, the poor fellow was no sooner released, than, in sight of all his comrades and the ship's crew, he sprang overboard. There was a high sea running at the time, and, as the man swept on astern, all hope of saving him seemed to vanish. Relief, however, came from a quarter where no one ever dreamed of looking for it before. During the delay incident on lowering a boat, and while the crowd on board were watching the form of the soldier struggling with the boiling waves, and growing every moment less distinct, a large albatross, such as are always found in those latitudes, coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached, and made a swoop at the man, who, in the agonies of the death-struggle, seized it, and held it firmly in his grasp, and by this means kept afloat until assistance was rendered from the vessel!

Incredible as this story seems, the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, places its authenticity beyond a doubt. But for the assistance thus afforded, no power on earth could have saved the soldier, as, in consequence of the tremendous sea running, a long time elapsed before the boat could be manned and got down, all this time the man clinging to the bird, whose flutterings and struggles to escape bore him up. Who, after this, would despair? A raging sea—a drowning man—an albatross; what eye could see safety under such circumstances? or who will dare to call this chance? Is it not rather a lesson intended to stimulate faith and hope, and teach us never to despair, since, in the darkest moment, when the waves dash and the winds roar, and a gulf seems closing over our heads, there may be an albatross at hand, with a commission to save us, from Him of whom it is said, "As birds flying, so will the Lord of Hosts defend Jerusalem; defending, also, he will deliver it, and passing over he will preserve it."

There is another lesson taught me by this most majestic and beautiful of birds, for which I think I am a wiser man than before. We observe

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that when captured and set at liberty in the ship, it can never of itself rise from the even surface of the deck, though outwardly unconstrained and free; but we must toss the noble bird overboard, or lift him quite clear of the ship's rail, before he can use his glorious pinions, and mount aloft into the air. Then he will stretch those ample wings, and sail away through space in the very poetry of motion, as if the elastic element of air and the bird were one, making the gazer wonder, and fairly long to be taking the same aerial flight.

Even so it is sometimes with the Christian. He is brought by Providance into straits and perplexities, whence he can not rise and extricate himself alone—where the wings of faith and love seem to be of no avail to him, till a friendly hand lifts him up, and throws him out on the deep, where he must say, with Peter, "Lord save; I perish!" Then at once he looses despair; he surmounts the difficulty; he breaks his prison; he mounts up as on eagles' wings; now the pinions of faith and love nobly sustain him, and bear him aloft; and he wonders at the nightmare of fear and doubt that kept him from using them before. He is ashamed of the wrong thoughts of God that had begun to gather and darken in his mind. He sees that God was infinitely wise and good in appointing the discipline to which he had been subjected, and he flies all the higher and better for it in holiness now.

THE ROSE.—The Ghebers believe that when Abraham was thrown into the fire by Nimrod, the flame turned into a bed of roses. The Turks have an idea that it sprang from the perspiration of Mohammed, and they cause a rose to be sculptured on the monuments of all young women who die unmarried. The mythological writers say, that Apollo caused Rhodante, Queen of Corinth, in consequence of her extreme beauty, to be changed into a rose. The first rose is said to have been given by the God of Love to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, to engage him to conceal the unbecoming conduct of his mother, Venus, and hence it was made the symbol of silence. A rose was always placed above the heads of the guests in the banqueting hall, to banish restraint, and to denote that nothing said there should be repeated elsewhere; and hence originated the saying, *sub rosa*, when a secret is to be kept. Rhodes is thought to owe its name to the immense quantity of roses which it produces. At Salreay, in France, a curious festival is kept up, called the Festival of Roses. A young girl is selected from among three of the most distinguished for female virtues. Her name is announced from the pulpit. She is afterward conducted to the church to attend the vesper service. She was formerly accustomed to open the ball at night with the Signeur; now a present is bestowed upon her, and she is called *La Rosiere*, because she is always adorned with roses.—*Ladies' Cabinet.*

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Thoughts which are Thoughts.

SELECTED BY JOHN T. HANGS.

Literature is apt to form a dangerous and discontented occupation, even for the amateur. But for him whose rank and worldly comfort depends upon it; who does not live to write, but writes to live; its difficulties are fearfully increased. Few spectacles are more afflicting than that such a man, so gifted, so fated, should be so jostled and tossed to and fro in the rude bustle of life—the buffetings of which he is so little able to endure. Cherishing, it may be, the loftiest thoughts, and clogged by the meanest wants—of pure and holy purposes, yet even driven from the straight path by the pressure of necessity, or the impulses of passion—hovering between the empyrean of fancy, and the squalid desert of reality—cramped and foiled in his most strenuous exertions, dissatisfied with his best performances, and disgusted with his fortunes; this man of letters too often spends his days in conflict with obscure misery, harrassed, chagrined, debased, or maddened, the victim at once of tragedy and farce, the last forlorn outpost of or in the war of mind against matter. Many are the noble souls that have perished bitterly, with their tasks unfinished, under these corroding woes; some of famine, like Otway; some in dark insanity, like Cowper and Collins; some, like Chatterton, have sought out a more stern quietus, and turning their footsteps away from a world which refused them welcome, have taken refuge in that strong fortress where poverty, and cold neglect, and the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to, could not reach them any more.—*Carlyle.*

Fate clasps us, as it were, in a cleft stick, as I have seen many a boor catch a viper. There we may struggle as much as we like; but we are fixed down and can not escape.—*James.*

A certain preacher having taken for his text the following words of Matthew, chap. iv, ver. 3, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread;" began his sermon thus: "My brethren, it is customary for those who appear in this pulpit to expound to you the word of God; but as for me, I am going to explain to you the words of the devil."

Chirac, the celebrated physician, when on his death-bed, felt his own pulse, imagining that he was on a visit to one of his patients, and cried out, "I have been called too late, the patient has been bled, and he ought to have been purged; he is a dead man;" and in a few minutes after, he expired.

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There is no unmixed good in human affairs. The best principles, if pushed to excess, degenerate into fatal vices. Generosity is nearly allied to extravagance; charity itself may lead to ruin; the sternness of justice is but one step removed from the severity of oppression. It is the same in the political world. The tranquility of despotism resembles the stagnation of the Dead Sea; the fever of innovation, the tempest of the ocean. It would seem as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, a universal phrenzy seizes mankind; reason, prudence, and experience are alike blinded; and the very classes who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.—*Allison.*

Those in general who rise to eminence in every profession are the sons of the middling or lower classes—men whom poverty has inured to hardship, or necessity compelled to exertion; and who have acquired, in the early school of difficulty, habits more valuable than all the gifts which fortune has bestowed upon their superiors.—*Allison.*

At the celebration of the fourth of July, 1843, at Richmond, Va., the following sentiment was sent by a lady:

"THE UNION—the citadel of the universe to which Freedom has retreated as her last fortress. Let not her walls, cemented by the blood of our fathers, be rent by the intestine broils of her sons.

"The glittering flag that o'er us shines,
Is lit with stars of kindred light,
And blended, wave in glowing lines
Those stripes that speak a nation's might."

Whereupon Mr. Ritchie exclaimed:

"Union to the fair authoress of that toast; Union to the man worthy of her."

Enthusiasm is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts but to our advantage, and deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties, or improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since even fiction itself must be governed by it, and can only please by its resemblance. The appearance or reality is necessary to make any passion agreeably represented; and to move others, we must be moved ourselves, or at least seem to be so upon some probable ground.—*Shaftsbury.*

Our Country—an empire vast,
With rich variety of scenes, and climes,
To suit all tempers, and the wants supply
Of a wide world,—the bleak and frozen North,
The Temperate, teeming with incessant change,
And the warm South, with endless summer blest.

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The Recorder of London, at a city dinner, having been called upon for a song, regretted that it was not in his power to gratify the wishes of the company. A worthy Alderman who was present, observed that he was much surprised, as it was notorious that numbers had been transported by his *voice*.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with wonder or praise, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the effects of a single stroke of the pick-axe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet these petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are leveled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings.—*Johnson*.

Solitude induces the mind to think, and thought is the spring of all human actions; for it is truly observed that the actions of men are nothing more than their thoughts brought into substance and being. Solitude inspires the mind with exquisite taste, extends the boundaries of thought, enlarges the sphere of action, and dispenses a superior kind of pleasure, which neither time nor accident can remove.

We must choose betimes such virtuous objects as are proportioned to the means we have of pursuing them, and as belong particularly to the stations we are in, and the duties of those stations. We must determine and fix our minds in such a manner upon them, that pursuit of them may become the business, and the attainment of them the end of our whole lives.—*Bacon*.

The human mind, like time, is always advancing and never recedes.

A little knowledge makes men irreligious; but profound thought brings them back to devotion.—*Bacon*.

Consoled.—An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he was. "Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk!"

A Good One.—During a dark night, a blind man was walking in the streets with a lighted candle in his hands, and a pitcher upon his shoulders.

"Friend," said a person who met him, "of what use to you is that light? Are not day and night the same to you?"

The other laughingly replied, "It is not for myself that I carry the light, but for blockheads like you, to prevent them from running against me and breaking my pitcher."

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QUERISTS' DEPARTMENT.

BY P.G. GEO. B. JOCELYN.

Bro. Jocelyn will continue in the Casket this department of his Magazine, in which he proposes to answer, according to law, any question that may arise in Odd-Fellow Jurisprudence. As there is scarcely a question that has not already been decided, he will be enabled to answer correctly from official authority, on almost every dubious subject, arising either in the construction of our laws, or the points left open for future adjudication.

All letters relating to this subject should be addressed to him, at Sturgis, Mich.

A. S., of Indiana, quotes from a communication on page 241 of the April number of the Casket, "Neither a promissory note nor a brother's voucher should be accepted by the Lodge in lieu of cash. In either of the preceding cases, when a note is accepted by the Lodge, the member is thereby 'clear of the books,' and becomes, in case of sickness, as fully entitled to benefits as those who pay cash to sustain the treasury, and from which the indebted member draws the benefit;" and asks, "Is the above a correct interpretation of the law?"

No. I presume in the first case, if the brother vouching had a credit on the books of the Lodge, the Secretary could charge the amount to him, and credit it to the brother for whose account he became voucher.

A "note" for dues does not place a brother in good standing. Moore's Digest, page 255, says: "No member is in good standing while his note is held for dues; that being only a new form of indebtedness, without discharging it." See also pages 1775 and 1806 of the G. L. U. S. Journal.

F. P. B., of Indiana, asks, "If a brother, after belonging to a Lodge six weeks, takes two degrees by dispensation; then takes a card for six months; pays his dues up to the end of the time for which his card runs; but dies in five weeks after he takes his card; is his widow entitled to the weekly and funeral benefits?"

The law in your State is, that a brother must have been "six months in fellowship" to entitle his widow to funeral benefits, or himself to weekly benefits in case of sickness. See Secs. 4 and 9 of Chap IV of General Laws.

C. T. S. asks, "Is it in order to entertain a motion to adjourn before the regular business of the Lodge has been gone through with?"

Yes; even though a "discussion is in progress." But the motion to adjourn does not set aside the necessity to close in form. See Moore's Digest, page 124.

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R. M., of Indiana, asks, "When a brother has been suspended for a definite period, what action is necessary to restore him at the expiration of the term of his suspension?"

None. "He returns *ipso facto*, without any formality, to the full enjoyment of his former position in his Lodge." See Moore's Digest, page 374. He is liable for dues during his suspension, however. See page 373 of same.

T. V. S., of Indiana, says, "A brother is charged with conduct unbecoming an Odd Fellow. While the charge is pending, the brother dies. Is his widow entitled to funeral benefits?"

Under the present laws, we presume not. "Good standing" is defined to mean, a "contributing member to a Subordinate Lodge, against whom no charge is pending." His death, one Grand Master has decided, stays the proceedings, and, of course, he dies not in good standing. There should be, we think, a law permitting the trial to proceed as if the brother were alive; for in case he is innocent, his family are entitled to all the aid and sympathy of the Order. Should he be proven guilty, it could be no worse for them; for no one would think of expelling a dead man. We should like to have some Grand Representative to the G. L. U. S. bring the matter before that right worthy body. The charge might prove, if investigated, to be a slanderous or malicious one, or that it had been made upon wrong information. Our advice would be, in such a case, to investigate the matter as thoroughly as possible, and if the brother under charge should be proven innocent, let his family have the benefit of his good standing in the Order.

S. A. T., of Iowa, asks, "If a brother commits suicide, is his family entitled to funeral benefits?"

Of course. See page 158 of Moore's Digest.

J. N. C., of Iowa, says, "A P. G. of a Lodge in the East was suspended for non-payment of dues, some ten or twelve years ago. For the last five or six years—perhaps more—he has been residing in this city. Some months since he made application to our Lodge, to be received as an "ancient" Odd Fellow, and was accordingly received. Was this action right?"

No. On page 373 Moore's Digest, you will discover that "suspension is only a temporary punishment, and does not sever a member's connection with the Order; so that, whilst under such disability, whether it be for improper conduct or *non-payment of dues*, he is still responsible for criminal or unworthy conduct, and also liable for the payment of dues." The privileges of an ancient Odd Fellow do not apply to sus-

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pended members, and the brother you refer to will remain a suspended member until that suspension is removed by his own Lodge, or terminated by his Grand Lodge. See page 374 of same Digest. If you have not the Digest, examine the G. L. U. S. Journal, pages 1401, 1471, 1485, 1502, 1505, 1513, 1575, 1655, also 809, 810.

As it has been deemed advisable to continue this department, we want at least three score good question askers. There are many little questions arising in Lodges, upon which there are wide differences of opinion, and which go up frequently to the Grand Lodge in the form of an appeal case, when there is already plain enactment to suit it.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.

MISSOURI.

We have received the printed Journals of Proceedings of the Grand Bodies of this State at the annual sessions, in May last, from the ever attentive and obliging Grand Secretary, Isaac M. Veitch, Esq.

The Grand Lodge met at St. Louis on the 20th of May.

A Committee of five was appointed to prepare and report at the next session a scale of benefits for subordinates "proportioned to the amount of dues and fees, so as to guard against insolvency."

The Committee on Finance, to whom was referred the petitions of sundry subordinates asking permission to apply to sister Lodges for pecuniary aid, submitted a report adverse to the prayer of the petitioners, from which we make the following extract:

"Involved in these matters are considerations grave and delicate; grave, because the principle involved therein is of great importance; delicate, because, in the enunciation of the principle which we believe correct, the sensibilities of not only individuals, but of some Lodges may be excited.

"We have confidence in the conviction, that Lodges, to be useful,—to subserve the ends for which they are instituted, should, as a general if not as a universal rule, be self-supporting. The *custom* of asking pecuniary aid should not be countenanced. We are aware that, under peculiar circumstances, it may not only be allowable, but proper, to ask such aid as the occasion may demand; and we are confident that when such occasions offer they will always be, and have always been, responded to with alacrity and pleasure, and in order that the ability may be commensurate to the will, it is necessary to give or to lend only when the occasion properly demands, and that Lodges should not be encouraged in entering into speculations, especially when such enterprise involves the Lodge in debt.

"We make the above remarks because we have observed that of late circular letters, asking loans and donations, have become more common than formerly, and

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if the principle above mentioned is correct, we should not permit what is on principle improper, to become general in practice."

Charters were granted for ten new Lodges, now working under warrants issued by the Grand Master during the recess.

The following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:

C. C. Archer, St. Louis, Grand Master; J. H. Crane, St. Joseph, Deputy Grand Master; J. G. Flournoy, Linnaeus, Grand Warden; Isaac M. Veitch, St. Louis, Grand Secretary; Benj. F. Crane, St. Louis, Grand Treasurer; James Carr, Isaac M. Veitch, Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States.

Grand Encampment.—This R. W. Grand Body also met at St. Louis, in annual session, on the 26th of May, 1856. The able report of Grand Patriarch John How represents the Encampment branch in a less flourishing condition than formerly. He remarks that a general feeling of indifference prevails, which he ascribes, in part, to the uncertainty existing in regard to the continuance of the Encampments as a separate organization. He recommended the Grand Encampment to instruct its Representative in the G. L. U. S. to "vote for the merging, and most especially urge an early and definite decision of this question." This recommendation was carried out, and adopted during the session. We must, however, demur to the opinion of the Grand Patriarch in regard to the general lethargy and lack of interest apparent among the Patriarchs of Missouri. He states in his report; "In some instances, members live forty miles distant from their Encampment, and in one Encampment at least, the average distance that the members travel to their meetings is ten miles." Now, the statistics of membership in the two branches of the Order in this State show that the members have availed themselves of the privileges and honors of the Patriarchal Order to quite as considerable an extent, in proportion to membership, as in Ohio and Indiana, where the Encampment branch is undoubtedly flourishing. If the average distance that members travel to their meetings is greater in Missouri than in the more thickly settled jurisdiction of Ohio, it only shows that the Patriarchal branch in Missouri is more flourishing than in the Buckeye State. Zeal and interest may be unwavering and constant, while the lack of traveling facilities would prevent worthy Patriarchs from being present. Really, we must congratulate the Patriarchal Order in Missouri on its continued prosperity.

The proceedings generally of this session were unimportant. The following officers were elected and installed:

A. G. Braun, Grand Patriarch; S. H. Bailey, Grand High Priest; Thos. Richeson, Grand Senior Warden; John Libby, Grand Scribe; W. H. Remington, Grand Treasurer; W. Fullagar, Gr. Jr. Warden.

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KENTUCKY.

The Grand Lodge of Kentucky met at Louisville, on July 15th, 1856. The Grand Master made an able and elaborate report of the state of the Order, which is in a very flourishing condition. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer show the financial condition of the Grand Lodge to be encouraging. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: Amos Shinkle, Covington, Grand Master; G. W. Craig, Verseilles, Deputy Grand Master; John Hambric, Covington, Grand Warden; Wm. White, Louisville, Grand Secretary; John Fonda, Louisville, Grand Treasurer; Samuel L. Adams, Harrodsburg, Grand Representative to G. L. U. S.

Several amendments to the Constitution were voted down, and the time of the meeting of the Grand Lodge changed from the second Tuesday in July to the second Tuesday in November. The Grand Lodge of the United States was asked to extend the present term of officers until that time. Should they refuse to extend the term, the Grand Lodge will meet again in July as heretofore.

The Grand Encampment was also in session, but nothing of importance was transacted. The list of officers elected are as follows: Wm. H. Hydes, Louisville, M. W. Grand Patriarch; Wm. L. Hasbrook, Newport, M. W. Grand High Priest; Wm. E. Robinson, Covington, R. W. Grand Senior Warden; F. C. Cowardin, Pembroke, R. W. Grand Junior Warden; John Fonda, Louisville, R. W. Grand Treasurer; Wm. White, Louisville, R. W. Grand Secretary; J. W. Pruett, Frankfort, R. W. Grand Representative.

KANSAS.

We copy the following intelligence from the Kansas Weekly Herald, published at Leavenworth City, Kansas Territory. We are pleased to record this evidence of the existence of a spirit of fraternal friendship and brotherly love in a community where all has been strife and turmoil. All who have witnessed the power and influence of Odd-Fellowship in subduing the elements of discord, and quieting the storms engendered by partizan strife and faction, must rejoice with us at this prospect of a speedy unfurling of the banner of "Friendship, Love, and Truth." over this fair Territory.

A meeting of the Order was held in the Masonic Hall in this place on the 9th June, 1856, at which time it was agreed to petition the United States Grand Lodge to establish a Lodge at Leavenworth City, Kansas Territory, to be hailed as Kansas Lodge. The petition was signed by the following brethren: R. R. Rees, C. T. Harrison, James J. Tanner, J. H. Day, R. Jones, Jas. P. Bird, L. J. Eastin, G. W. McLane. H. H. C. Harrison, J. B. Hume, W. H. Shannon, W. D. Streeter, G. L. Morelin. So soon as a charter can be obtained, a Lodge will be duly organized in this place. We learn there are some twenty members of the Order now in the city, and perhaps more.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

SUSPENSIONS.—An article in the July number of the Emblem, from the pen of Grand Sire Ellison, takes exceptions to the construction given by P.G.M. William E. Parmenter to a decision of the Grand Lodge of the United States, re-published in another part of this magazine, under the head of "Laws and Decisions pertaining to Benefits," page 112, Section VIII. The remarks of P.G.M. Parmenter are based on the following extract from the Digest, page 374: "When the term fixed for the suspension of a member has expired, he returns ipso facto, *without any formality*, to the full enjoyment of his former position in his Lodge."

The report of the Committee on the state of the Order, in the Grand Lodge of the United States, in the case of John Cottrell, of Pennsylvania, at the session of 1849, from which the above decision is taken, is upon an article in the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, to wit: "In case the Lodge shall sentence a member to suspension as punishment for his offense, he may (after the expiration of the time for which he was suspended) apply in writing to be restored to membership, which application shall be referred to a Committee of three, whose duty it shall be to investigate his character and fitness for membership, and report their opinion in writing, at a subsequent meeting of the Lodge, whereupon a ballot shall be had, and if two-thirds of the ballots sustain the opinion of the Committee, it shall be recorded as the judgment of the Lodge, and the applicant be received or rejected accordingly." The Committee further state, "that they do not perceive any conflict between said section and the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States; but think they perceive an interference with the established usages of the Order, and the reciprocal rights between Lodges and members;" adding in their report, that "the moment the term fixed for the duration of a suspension expires, ipso facto the member returns to the full enjoyment of his position in his Lodge, *without form*."

We quote from the article of Grand Sire Ellison:

"Now, among the inherent rights of all institutions, is the prominent one of judging of the qualifications of their members. This right, in the first instance of application for membership, no one will deny, and it certainly loses none of its force, when a member, by unworthy conduct, subjects himself to the discipline of his Lodge, and thereby forfeits, for a time at least, his privilege of membership. If this were not so, Lodges would subject themselves to different kinds of imposition from the un-

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worthy; an indefinite suspension might continue for years, and a brother's character might undergo a great change for the worse, during that period; and yet, according to the construction cited above, he could walk into his Lodge room at any time, covered all over with the very leprosy of sin, pay up his arrears, and take his seat on equal terms among those who, during his suspension, have by their attendance at Lodge meetings, and their exemplary conduct, strengthened and cemented the great bond of fellowship, by which our institution is made to thrive and prosper. It may be argued that if his character is so bad, the penal laws of the Lodge can be made to reach him immediately upon his restoration to membership. But does not every one's experience teach him that there are men in our midst, whose standard of morality and honesty is at so low an ebb that we seek to avoid a contact with them in every-day life, but who contrive by duplicity to keep up a decent outward appearance, and manage at all times to keep themselves within the pale of the law! It is an old adage, that there are black sheep in every flock. So in all associations and institutions, there are members, who, by captious quibbling and a never ending spirit of fault-finding, engender and keep alive a continued element of discord, which, by a constant addition of fuel, has at last produced a conflagration, that has destroyed the fairest prospects of harmony and usefulness. . . . .

"Again, a brother, during his suspension, might have contracted a fatal disease, which perhaps would not develop itself until after his restoration to membership, but which could have been ascertained by a medical examination, and he would immediately be placed upon the sick list and draw upon the scanty finances of a Lodge, until death came to the release of both parties. Now what becomes of the inherent right of the Lodge to protect itself against imposition, and against the restoration of those whose active but baneful influence has always retarded the growth and prosperity of the Lodge? Where is the safety valve to be used for the protection of deserving members? The committee on the Cottrell case above cited, in their report, speak of the "reciprocal rights" between Lodges and members. This is proper when applied to worthy members in good standing; but a "reciprocity of rights" between Lodges and suspended members, who by unworthy conduct have subjected themselves to punishment, is a contradiction of terms. The Lodge, in this case, does not enjoy "reciprocal rights," because the offending brother says, "I will pay up my indebtedness and resume my former position in the Lodge, and the Lodge shall not have the "reciprocal right" to judge of my worthiness to be restored to a full communion." The paying up of arrears, is, indeed, removing the cause of suspension; that is the first step toward a restoration. Next comes the "reciprocal right" of the Lodge to inquire into the character and health of the applicant."

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Our limits will not admit of following the distinguished writer through all his arguments, but we trust that we have given sufficient extracts to make his reasoning clear to the understanding of our readers. In regard to the assertion of another writer, that the G. L. U. S. had overruled a decision of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts which declared that the character and health of an applicant applying for reinstation after paying up his dues must be investigated "with the same degree of caution as if proposed for initiation, and he cannot be reinstated except by vote of the Lodge," Bro. Ellison remarks as follows:

"Now I challenge and defy him, or any one, to point out any action of the Grand Lodge of the United States, from its organization to its last session, overruling this inherent right of subordinate Lodges. On the contrary, as I have shown at the commencement of this article, the Grand Lodge of the United States distinctly recognizes the right of the State jurisdiction to enact such a constitutional provision. Then, where exists the power to abridge or prevent the exercise of this inherent right? The supreme tribunal of our Order recognizes it, and it cannot be legislated away. Bro. Parmenter's construction of this law has caused some little "difference of opinion" in some of our subordinate Lodges; and old offenders who are in a state of "suspended animation," upon the list of suspensions for non-payment of dues, are inflated with the idea that they have it in their own power, and all their own way, to resume their membership whenever they please, the Constitution and By-Laws of their Lodges to the contrary notwithstanding. But let one of them try it in the Lodge to which I belong, and he will find that the "reciprocal rights" of the Lodge will be exercised for the protection of itself and its worthy members. I am confident that this construction of the law, is not so understood in the Grand Lodge of the United States. I have conversed with many of its members, and those high in authority and knowledge of the laws and usages, and they at once concede the right as applicable to the cases above contended for. I know of no man in the Order, whose opinions and knowledge of its laws, I have a greater regard for, than P. G. Master William E. Parmenter; and I feel confident that his opinions are high authority in Odd-Fellowship. But I do not think, that even his construction of this law should be permitted to take away the "reciprocal rights" of subordinate Lodges."

We confess that this view of the decision above alluded to places the question in a different, and, to us, far more acceptable light than we have heretofore understood it. It has been the custom in this jurisdiction, and, we believe, the practice is generally prevalent, of construing the law as laid down in the Digest. That the construction of Grand Sire Ellison, almost amounting to an official decision, in his present position

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in the Order, will be far more acceptable to the Fraternity, we do not doubt. We would like to see this subject brought before the Grand Lodge of the United States at the next session, and have it decided in a manner that would admit of but one construction.

"THE KINGDOM OF PEACE."—We extract the following remarks from the announcement of a new volume in the July number of the "Emblem." Their truthfulness must strike every reader at once. We would add that the pages of the Casket are also open to every brother of the Order; and we have time and again announced that *all* were not only *invited*, but *solicited*, to avail themselves of it as a medium for holding communion with their brethren upon the jurisprudence of Odd-Fellowship and principles of the Order:

"Never was a magazine devoted to our Order, and its advancement, more needed than it is at this time. The bitterness of political feeling requires, that such an institution as Odd-Fellowship should be strongly supported. The Lodge room, a sanctuary of peace, should have its doors widely opened to the brotherhood, and while within its walls, those principles should be inculcated, the practice of which, in the world, will hasten the coming of that period, when the law of universal brotherhood will govern all mankind. We do not advocate submission to unjust decisions, nor do we ask brethren to be blindly guided by the judgment of majorities. There have been occasions where a majority has exercised its power unscrupulously. 'Better,' it has been said, 'the tyranny of the Sultan for a thousand years, than the tyranny of the people for a single day.' Perhaps the choice might be hard to make, and the harder, that the one is very likely to lead to the other.

"We have been led to make these latter remarks because we are told that in some quarturs there is a mistaken method of working the machinery of Odd-Fellowship. Every brother has a right to his own views, let him then see that his views are his own. If any correspondent shall see fit to comment with courtesy and freedom upon the soundness or propriety of any action in the Order, his communication will be welcome."

THE EMBLEM.—We return our acknowledgments to the publisher of this valuable journal for a bound copy of Vol. I. We rejoice that it has met with a success commensurate with its merits, and hope the advent of the second volume will add largely to its circulation. Any of our brethren wishing to subscribe can see specimen copies at this office. We will cheerfully act as agents in receiving and forwarding money and names for all the periodicals of the Order.

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Rev. Gamaliel Taylor, M. E. Grand High Priest of the Grand Encampment of Indiana, died, after a lingering illness, on the fourth of June last, at his residence in Madison. Bro. Taylor enjoyed a wide and well-earned reputation for piety, zeal, and devotion, both to the principles of Odd-Fellowship and the creed of his church. He led a life of constant activity in the discharge both of the arduous duties necessarily attendant upon the itinerancy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in the performance of civil duties in posts of profit and responsibility, thrust upon him by a community which knew and appreciated his integrity and worth. Bro. Taylor was initiated into our Order in 1847, and rapidly advanced through the gradations of the Subordinate Lodge. In 1851, he was appointed Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge, which office he filled for two consecutive years. He was elected to the office of M. E. G. High Priest in the Encampment Branch, at the July session of that body in 1844, re-elected in the annual session at the succeeding year, and held the position at the time of his death.

We never enjoyed the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Bro. Taylor, but have long known him by reputation. Twice within a month has the jurisdiction of Indiana been called to mourn the loss of a valuable and distinguished brother. The reaper, Death, has been busy in our ranks of late. The "camp has been assailed," and many of the most valued brothers in the Order have fallen before his avenging hand. May they ascend to a brighter and happier world.

Grand Lodge and Encampment Meetings.—The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts meets at Boston on the 7th inst.

The Grand Encampment will hold its session at Odd Fellows Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, Augnst 6th.

The Grand Lodge of Maine, will meet at Portland, August 12th.

The Grand Encampment of Maine will also meet at Portland on the same day.

The Grand Lodge of Rhode Island will hold its session in Providence, on Tuesday, August 5th.

The Grand Encampment will meet at the same place on the 4th.

The Grand Lodge of New Hampshire will meet at Laconia (Meredith Bridge), August 19th.

The Grand Encampment will meet at the same place on the 18th.

The Grand Lodge of Vermont holds its annual session at Rutland, August 13th.

The press of other matter has crowded out our correspondence.

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Literary Notices.

LIFE AND DEATH ON THE OCEAN. By HENRY HOWE, author of "Historical Collections of Virginia," "Ohio," "The Great West," etc. Cincinnati: Henry Howe, publisher, 111 Main street. Pp. 624, royal 8vo. 1856.

The extraordinary adventures of "those who go down to the sea in ships," possess a romantic interest that invests the life of the sailor with peculiar charms, and renders all works illustrative of ocean life attractive and popular. The contents of the volume before us are at once varied, thrilling, and copious, illustrating life on board merchant vessels and ships of war; combined with personal narratives of experience and suffering, the most interesting form of composition, written in a style that commends itself to the most fastidious taste.

The perilous adventures of brave navigators, their remarkable vicissitudes and wonderful hairbreadth escapes; the every-day life on vessels at sea; the narratives of shipwrecked mariners, cast away on a desert coast, or among savages; accounts of mutinies, sea-fights, piracies, convict life in the British penal Colonies; the horrors of fire at sea, and kindred subjects, comprise a literary repast that may furnish some viand for every palate; and while possessing all the interest of the most highly wrought romance, it has the additional advantage of imparting a vast amount of valuable information. In no other phase of life is the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction" so forcibly exemplified as in Life on the Ocean.

The work contains thirty-two separate chapters, each complete in itself, and is illustrated with colored and tinted wood cuts. It is sold only through agents; none of Mr. Howe's publications being disposed of through bookstores.

A BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX TO THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND; consisting of an Alphabetical arrangement of all the Titles and Proper Names of Persons in Hume's History of England, with Biographical articles attached. By Rev. S. Y. McMASTERS, LL. D. Alton: printed for the Author. Pp. 672, 8vo.

The title of this volume so succinctly explains its contents that it were a work of supererogation to endeavor to elucidate the subject further. It is a book invaluable to the student of English history, and no library is complete without it. Embracing a large fund of useful information only to be acquired by years of the most laborious and constant research, it places before the student the name, exploits, and lineage of every name of note in English history up to the commencement of the reign of William and Mary. The overwhelming array of titles and proper names, the same person being called indiscriminately by his proper name and by his title, cause the utmost confusion to readers. This embarrassment is also greatly increased, as all students must have observed, by the carelessness of many writers in permitting the death of a noble father and the succession of a son to pass unremarked, and continuing to speak of the *peer* as if the same *man* were still living, thus rendering it exceedingly difficult to avoid confounding the two. The work of Dr. McMasters is designed to unravel this confusion, and make the subject clear to the understanding of all; and being arranged in the form of a biographical dictionary, every name is readily accessible. The work reflects great credit upon the patient research of Dr. McMasters, and we hope his labors will meet with an ample reward in an extensive sale of his work.

We have received the Annual Catalogue of Brookville College for 1855–6. We are pleased to observe, from the list of students, both male and female, that the institution is in a highly prosperous condition.

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Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TURNER.

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1856. NO. 3.

Sketch of a Revolutionary Chief.

BY ELIHU RICHE.

ROBESPIERRE.

Francois Joseph Maximilian Isidore ROBESPIERRE, the chief actor in the French revolution, was born at Arras in 1759. His father was of English origin, by profession an advocate, and tho' not rich, as few could be at a provincial bar, he was blessed with sufficient to pay for the education of his children. Maximilian was therefore sent to Paris, and educated for the same profession, at the college of Louis le Grand, where Camille Desmoulins was his fellow-student. At the outbreak of the revolution he was but thirty years of age, yet he had already acquired a literary and professional celebrity in his native province, and possessed so much of the puplic confidence that he was sent as a deputy to the estates-general.

Like many others in that assembly whose names, in the course of the next five years filled every mouth in Europe, Robespierre was unknown

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and unmarked as a man of any likelihood, and was destined to remain so until the popular applause had been exhausted by a Necker, a Lafayette, and a Mirabeau. Of all those assembled, however, he was the only man who went with a predetermined conviction, with a design as complete as as his own devotion to it proved to be constant, and with a nature so impassible that his heart would never prevent him from adopting whatever means might recommend themselves to his conscience as necessary. His character was that of a man formed by study, whose sentiments were fashioned as of cold, polished steel, and whose sense of justice, if it came warm from the heart in early youth, had hardened into marble, human in its proportions, incorruptible in its nature, but statue-like in its frigid insensibility.

Such was Robespierre as he played his part on the stage of public events, yet this man apparently so insensible, had a brother whom he loved, and who in return almost idolized him; a sister to whom he had given up the little independence he had inherited from his father; and all those cherished memories of a first love, to which the heart in secret clings but the more fondly, as the outward features are molded into indifference by disappointment. To state the whole truth, the friends of Robespierre and his political colleagues, exhibited the utmost devotion for his person, and the object of a later attachment, on his part, could never comprehend the maledictions heaped upon his memory, he was so pure, so virtuous, so gentle as she remembered him! These facts may be incomprehensible, but they are such as we find on record, and no public life can be understood if the private character and the circumstances created by it are insufficiently known. Robespierre's sense of justice, and his indifference to the means of accomplishing it, may account for his public influence, but they would leave the devoted friendship of a Lebas, a St. Just, and of a brother well acquainted with his private life inexplicable unless there were some chord in his heart that responded to it. The secret of that devotion must be sought in their knowledge of his character, and their admiration of the perfect command that Robespierre possessed over his sensibilities, and the subjugation of his whole nature to a stern logic, working by mathematical rule, and resolved to extract the symmetrical order of his dreams out of the elements around him, regardless of all human feeling. For a long time this disposition remained unknown, and few could have supposed that his studied manners and his sickly countenance concealed the real hero of the revolution. Such, however, was the fact. Robespierre was deeply read in the history of the Grecian and Roman republics, and next to his admiration for the examples set by the free states and heroes of antiquity, may be mentioned the *Contract Social* of Rousseau. These were the models according to which he had formed his ideal of a State, and whether a Mirabeau de-

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claimed in the tribune, or a Necker and a Roland contrived in the cabinet, he advanced stealthily, but with a deadly certainty, toward his object. During the early sittings of the estates-general, he was the close observer of those who represented public opinion in that body, but said little himself; but when the discussion of the constitution came on, he frequently occupied the tribune, and grew bolder in the expression of his republican sentiments as he found them acceptable to the people. Trial by jury, the enfranchisement of the slaves, the liberty of the press, the abolition of capital punishment, were among the special subjects advocated by him. It was on a question of very different import, however, that he was first recognized as the man of the people. We must here briefly review events. In May, 1789, the states-general had assembled at Versailles. In June, the third estate or commons had virtually rebelled against the crown, and being joined by some of the clergy and nobility, had assumed the title of a national assembly, against which the guards refused to act. In July the Bastile was destroyed, the national guard enrolled under Lafayette, and the "Rights of Man" promulgated as the basis of a constitution; the national assembly then changed its title to that of constituent assembly. In the course of the next three months the revolutionary journalism commenced, and the creation of clubs; the first of these was the *Breton's Committee*, which changed its name successively to *French Revolution Club*, *Club of the Friends of the Constitution*, and *Jacobin's Club*, so called from its meetings in the hall of a Jacobite convent; it was definitively formed on the 6th of October, 1789. Soon after it the *Cordeliers*, a still more violent body, agitated by Danton and Camille Desmoulins, was formed; and in May, 1790, the *Club of Feuillants*, which was intended to rally the constitutionalists against the Jacobins.

In one or other of these clubs all the characters who figured in the reign of terror rose to note, and most of the orators in the constituent assembly were in alliance with them. Chief of these was Mirabeau, who died suddenly in March, 1791, and with him expired the hopes of the court ever to come to an understanding with the people. Shortly after, therefore, in the month of June, the king and the royal family attempted to fly, and being arrested at Varennes, were brought back to Paris. This was Robespierre's opportunity. The people had lost their idol in Mirabeau, and were now in a state of the highest excitement and exasperation. The orator addressed the assembly in the dispassionate and well-studied periods customary with him, and demonstrated by arguments drawn from antiquity, and by quotations from the *Contrat Social*, that the king was responsible to the people as their chief magistrate, intrusted with certain executive functions, but himself forming no part of the national representation. From this moment Robespierre took the place up to which he had steadily advanced from the beginning, as

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chief of the revolutionary movement, and he now began to hint that the constitution was only a first step in the end to be achieved. Soon after, in September, 1791, that document was completed and formally accepted by the king; and, the day following, the first biennial parliament, or legislative assembly, met on business; this body was composed wholly of new members by the advice of Robespierre, who was crowned with oak leaves, and being placed in a carriage, from which the horses had been detached was drawn through the streets by the enthusiastic people, who proclaimed him the "real defender of their rights."

In the June previous Robespierre had been appointed public accuser at the criminal tribunal of Paris, and he retained this function till April, 1792, when he resigned it in order to devote himself to the popular cause in the Jacobin's Club. He studiously preserved himself free from all taint of violence or inconsistency, and yet acquired such influence in this body that he was named one of the new municipality after the insurrection of August, and in this capacity had to bewail the prison massacres; on this occasion he betrayed more sensibility than on any other in the course of his history.

The convention met in September, and Robespierre, supported by an immense popularity, became one of its members, and entered upon the last eventful stage of his political journey. The first event was an accusation commenced against him by Barberoux, who accused Robespierre of an attempt to concentrate the public authority under his own hands in the Paris municipality; this, however, ended in words. The fate of the king was then decided on by the majority of all parties. Robespierre said little but his words were, as usual, cold and decisive; there was no rational doubt that the king must die, though he said it with regret, in order that the public might live. The temper and policy of Robespierre was that of reason incarnate, and the lives of men, or thousands of men, were admitted into his balance of probabilities, as so many figures in a mathematical problem.

The fate of the king and the other members of the royal family hardly required the acceleration given to it by his hand; the real struggle for him, as he felt conscious, was with the two great parties who would resist the dictatorship at which he was determined to arrive; these were the *Girondins* and the *Montagnards*, the former including nealy all the respectability, talent, and eloquence of France; and the latter, the atheism and immorality. Robespierre's calculation of means was admirably ingenious, but it was still such as the circumstances dictated. The most scrupulous were to be sacrificed first, by aid of those less so; the effect of which would be to throw all the odium of the terror upon the last and worst class, whom the dictator would then, in the face of the admiring world, vanquish himself; thus Robespierre the Apollo, born of France

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the Latona in the midst of her terrors, was to vanquish the dreaded sea monster, and institute the new Pythian games.

This programme was exactly followed. The struggle with the Girondins was terminated by the proscriptions of the 31st May and the 2d of June, 1793; the Dantonists, who stood next on the roster, fell with their chief on the 5th of April, 1794; and there now remained the vile faction of Hebert and Chaumete. Perhaps Robespierre had not calculated on the remains of the vanquished parties forming a coalition with these scoundrels against him; such, however, was the case when he commenced the last struggle, by calling the Jacobin leaders and proconsuls to account for their atrocities. The critical hour was the 27th of July, 1794, called according to the Republican calendar, the 9th Thermidor.

A month previous Robespierre had withdrawn from the Committe of Public Safety, and completely isolated himself from the men he had doomed to destruction; in this interval the committees of death (those of Public Safety and General Surety) had grown more insatiate of blood daily. In a speech of remarkable daring, Robespierre abostrophized the the men of violence, and, as he well knew, staked his life upon the issue of it in the convention. The conspiracy against him in that body instantly betrayed itself, and he proceeded to the club of Jacobins; their enthusiasm was immense, and they urged him to arrest the two committees, and march upon the convention. This he absolutely refused to do, as an act that would brand him with the name of a tyrant, and the next day, repeating his visit to the national representatives, was arrested by that body in the midst of a tumultuous scene; the younger Robespierre, Lebas, St. Just, and Couthon, stood by him nobly, and became his fellow-prisoners. There might have been a fierce struggle, but Henriot, mad with drunkennness, who should have headed the troops of the municipality, was arrested by the officers of the convention at the very moment the prisoners were released and conveyed to the Hotel de Ville by Fleuriot, Pagan, and Coffinhal. Robespierre remained passive, and refusing to lend his sanction by word or gesture to any illegal act against the convention, was seized again by the soldiers of Barras, a small party of whom, conducted by Leonard Bourdon, forced their way into the *Salle de l'Egalite.* Here, it has been repeatedly said, Robespierre attempted to destroy himself, and was found with his jaw shot through; it is now proved, however, that it was the cowardly act of his enemies as they entered the room He spoke no word and betrayed no emotion after his arrest, though he was subjected to every conceivable indignity and insult.

The formalities at the bar of Fouquier Tinville soon gone through, Robespierre and his party were conveyed to the scaffold. His end is thus recorded: "Before the knife was loosened, the executioners pulled

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ROBESPIERRE AT THE BAR OF FOUQUIER TINVILLE.

off the bandage which enveloped his face, in order to prevent the linen from deadening the blow of the axe. The agony occasioned by this drew from the wretched sufferer a cry of anguish that was heard to the opposite side of the Place de la Revolution; then followed a silence like that of the grave, interrupted, at intervals, by a dull sullen noise; the guillotine fell, and the head of Robespierre rolled into the basket. The crowd held their breath for some seconds, then burst into a loud and unanimous cheering." It was the second day only after Robespierre had made his last desperate effort for the Republic in the National Convention, July 28th, 1794.

The Order of Odd-Fellowship in the United States has proved itself to be truly a band, existing between man and man, of Friendship, Love and Truth—one which has been and is accomplishing much good by its workings. Charities, unseen perhaps by the cold world without, but not unfelt by the ones toward whom they have been directed, are scattered broadcast over our land; the ties of Friendship and Love have bound together as one great family, thousands of our fellow men, and Truth has added that stability to the structure that renders it at once the most beautiful, the most worthy, the most perfect of any human organization in our cognizance.

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The Regalia:

A STORY OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

CHAPTER VI.

GOSSIP.

The spinster's rule, and politician's trade,
To cross a world that was in order made.—*Anon.*

Reader, we did not commence this story with the intention of arousing your passions with a wild and improbable plot of scenes and events unknown in the history of man, or to lead you through the intricate mazes of the novelist's fancy, simply to while away an hour of your leisure that would leave no impression of its passage. Our object was to portray human life simply as it is; its quiet, home-endearing scenes; the natural workings and emotions of the hearts that throb through that life, and give to it its pulsings, together with the incidents that go to make up its history. We can find pleasure enough in contemplating society as it exists, instead of adding to its evils, or detracting from its virtues; and if we pause for a moment, as the moon on the margin-flower, to add a ray of beauty upon some bright spot, or linger over a vice, as the stream to pluck it from the shore, we claim it as a part of our mission, and ask you to follow us carefully.

There was seldom a party ever given in fashionable life that was not followed by a world of gossip. Old friends who have met after a long separation, enemies who have healed the breaches of their confidence, together with the little incidents that form the evening's entertainment, all give to each tongue a capital-fund of clatter and calumny, sufficient for the expenditures of a fortnight. We say that such is usually the result of all parties or *soirees*, and the one which was the subject of the last chapter presented an unusually rich field. Our present chapter shall be a desultory one, and will give some of the gossip, as it is important to the plot of our story.

Mrs. Hall, it will be remembered, had changed her social tactics in estimating and respecting the qualities of poor Mrs. Leslie—not from any intuitive goodness of her own heart, but because it was essentially necessary. She felt the influence of the poor widow's success as sensibly as any other present, though younger belles and sweeter faces paled before that triumph. Mrs. Hall had a reputation to sustain, and she was going to do it at the hazard of every scruple or compunction. It may easily be imagined with what mortification she retired to her home after the brilliant sensation created by those whom she had pub-

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licly denominated beggars. And though to them her speech had been fair, in her heart there rankled a jealousy that was poisonous in its touch.

"It was a most charming party last night, was it not, Mrs. Hall?" drawled the exquisite Bernard Carlton the next day, as he made a morning call to inquire after Jane's tender health.

"Charming indeed!" said Mrs. Hall contemptuously. "I thought it a most consummate bore."

"Yes, in some things it was a bore," drawled Carlton, sticking his white-headed cane in his mouth, with something of chagrin.

"Why, it was utterly ridiculous — the attention paid to those strangers!"

"O yes, that widow *did* cut up a great shine!" sung Carlton.

"And only to think of that child, twelve years old, being allowed there as a lady! She'd a better been put to bed." It was Jane herself, in a very indignant tone, who uttered this last.

"Much better—much better been in bed, I assure you," echoed Carlton.

"And she seemed to carry Charles Saunders, the young artist, by storm. I hope she will take him entirely from Aldine." Another amiable ejaculation from Jane.

"Y–es! that would be a joke! Charming!" Carlton.

"I am glad, Bernard, that you showed them no attention," said Jane, with a patronizing air.

"O, how could I, Jane; you were my only attraction, you know." Here, of course, as a prudent mother should, Mrs. Hall left the room.

Another scene:

"Ah! Walton, my boy, how are you this morning? Just stepped in on my way to the counting-house, to see if you were fit for business. I'm afraid you lost your wits last night. Can't try that case for me on Saturday, I'm afraid. How is it, old boy?" And Mr. Dunkirk, with his smooth, shining face, set in a frame-work of gray hair, glowed all over with good humor and fun, as he entered, and clapped his legal friend on the shoulder, whom he found sitting abstractedly in front of a cheerless grate-fire.

"Ah, Mr. Dunkirk—sit down—glad to see you. Not so bad, I hope, as you make out. Take a seat." Walton was evidently not in his best of humors; and though disposed to bear the jokes of his best client, he chose to take it with as little grace as possible.

"What! grum as a wounded bear!" exclaimed the old merchant, as he sat down by his side, and looked into the face of the lawyer. "Now, by the mass! this is what comes of falling in love at middle life. Why

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didn't you marry when you were young, like me; and now, like me, you would have an interesting family about you, and have nothing to distract your attention from your profession."

Walton said nothing.

"What are you so grum about this morning?" exclaimed the old gentleman, nervously, his benevolent face now lighting up with indignation. "Why it's no hanging matter, man. Marry the widow, if you will, and her beautiful child, too, for aught I care; but don't sit there like Patience on a monument, smiling at—beef!"

Walton could stand no more. That last "hit" brought him down; and he burst into a loud laugh.

"Well, Dunkirk, you'll do," he said. "But, confound it! what are you teasing me about. Can't a fellow fall in love one time in his life—be it late or early—without rousing all the ridicule in the brains of his comrades?"

"To be sure they can, Mr. Philosopher; but, then, old bachelors, like politicians, should be more wary of their antecedents. Now, for fifteen or twenty years, you have made women the target of your desolate wit and bachelor spleen; and now, at middle life, turn worshiper of the petticoat! Consistency, my dear friend, is a sterling virtue." And Mr. Dunkirk laughed again—as he always would laugh—until his benevolent face grew red and his gray hair looked more venerable.

"No; but you do me injustice, my friend." said Walton in return, resuming his serious tone. "I do not now retract one word that I have ever said about womankind in general. But I do confess to you, that I feel an unusual interest in Mrs. Leslie. I can not tell what is the peculiarity of her attraction that can so influence me; but she appears to me to be the possessor of every womanly virtue, every domestic accomplishment, made stable and unwavering by experience and misfortune. These, however, have rather occurred to me since last night, and can not properly be called the elements of her attraction."

"Then let me give it to you in a word," said the merchant, with one of his peculiar smiles.

"Proceed."

"She is good."

"Well, I believe that is about as good an explanation as can be given," said Walton, musingly.

"Well, you are a business man; go about it in a business way, and marry her at once," said the merchant.

"But that can't be done. It seems you don't understand affairs, Mr. Dunkirk."

"Understand what?" said the old man, who manifested the greatest solicitude for his friend.

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"Her husband has been dead but a few weeks," said Walton, ruefully.

"The devil!" exclaimed the merchant, striking his cane emphatically on the floor. "Well; you need not be in a hurry. You can marry her a year hence as well as now. Cheer up, boy, and keep your powder dry. Meanwhile, you have an excellent place to call. Stanley is an excellent fellow."

"Rather too much excellency about him, I fear."

"Why, what's the matter now?" cried the venerable merchant, getting angry again. Mr. Dunkirk was ever wavering from an amiable, good-humored temperament, to a very choleric one; and knew as many changes above and below zero in a day, as the thermometer does in a year.

"O, nothing particularly the matter; only I have always thought that Stanley was a little too methodical in his benevolence; but that comes from his being an Odd Fellow."

"And what do *you* know about the Odd Fellows? What *could* you know about them? Walton, you're a bigot; you're a—a—boy! That's another of your foolish prejudices. You don't like Stanley—a cleverer fellow never was born; you don't like Odd Fellows—a better society never was formed. I'm an Odd Fellow! I guess you'll say next, you don't like me!" Down came the cane with a crash, and Mr. Dunkirk leaned his red face upon it, and gazed into the face of his friend.

"No, by no means, my dear friend; but you have long been aware of what my objections were to the Odd Fellows. I do not object to their principles or purposes, but to the *manner* in which they are projected. I conceive it wrong to trick out so noble an aim in the ostentation of scarlet or white apron or collar. It looks like hanging out a sign for benevolence, and operates greatly against the end proposed. At least, such is my opinion."

"Well, your opinion, like the opinion of every other man in this country, is one of your native rights, and no one will object to it; but let us see what it is worth. Is there a single purpose, of any character, accomplished or carried out without an association? And is there an association in the city that has not some sign to tell of its whereabouts, no less than its import? Has not the Asylum a sign, the Reading-room a sign, the Post-office a sign, and any other combination a sign? Have not lawyers, and doctors, and merchants, as individuals, signs? Well, Odd-Fellowship, though an association, resolves its principles into each individual member, to govern his social action. The badge that he wears upon parade, or when acting as a representative of his Order, is typical of the principles he represents, and invites, as it were, the down-trodden and oppressed to seek relief from its fountain."

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"But where is the use of societies?" persisted Walton.

"For the same purpose that you have a City Council, or a corporation of any kind. The membership is taxed, as the citizen is taxed, for a common treasury; and from that treasury, the most needy seeks its relief. We know that our membership is morally worthy of our charity and kindness, and we have no hesitancy in giving to the poor what we know they would give, if able. It is, in short, a practical application of *equality*, wherein capital is equalized with labor, and the most brotherly affection exists among all."

"Yes, but your charities are only extended to the membership; why do you not extend them to all?"

"That's a pretty question for as shrewd a lawyer as yourself!" said Dunkirk, reproachfully. "But I will answer you. First, we would be greatly imposed on, and would necessarily confer charities upon persons unworthy of them. Secondly, we conceive that, as our doors are open to all who are worthy, rich or poor, young or old, if they do not accept our well-known stipulations, knowing the benefits arising therefrom, we have done our part, and the blame rests with them. Thirdly, our organization is not sufficiently extensive to accomplish so Herculean a task. Were we to commence giving indiscriminately our charities and favors to all, our treasury would soon be exhausted; our property, as individuals, squandered; our time entirely taken up; and we would soon find ourselves as bankrupt and indigent as those we propose to help. Can you appreciate my logic, Sir Barrister?"

"Well, it is rather forcible, I must confess," said Walton, laughing.

"But, pshaw! what is the use for me to talk to you! I'll start the widow on this hint. She has convincing power. You'll be an Odd Fellow in three months, or something worse; mark my words. But I must go. That case comes up on Saturday, does it?"

"Yes; it will be attended to."

"All right!"—going out. "But, I say, Walton—"

"Well."

"Don't think too much about the widow. Ha, ha, ha!" And Mr. Dunkirk, in good humor, once more, went laughing down the street.

And while the merchant, with his merry face and genial heart, wends his way to his place of business, to superintend the operations of the day; while Lawyer Walton, the bachelor, sits in his lonely office, in front of his cheerless fire, thinking of Dunkirk, Odd-Fellowship, and—the widow; let us enter the little studio of Charles Saunders, and see what he is doing.

But ere we enter here, let us pause a moment, and prepare our minds for the undertaking. A man never enters a church as he does a bar-

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room. His mind assumes a different frame in looking at a Thespian temple and a livery stable. This little room we are now about to enter is none of these; but it is sacred. It is a place where air-castles are built, and dreams are created and wrecked; where Genius worships at the shrine of its own glory, and wears away its life in the pursuit of its echo; where hope blooms and dwindles to decay, and the soul grows old amid the verdure of youth! Such is the artist's studio. Two distinct raps on the door, and we enter.

Charles had just entered his room, and was sitting listlessly in his portrait-chair, gazing vacantly upon the floor. It was a rude room for such a spiritual dweller. A pile of coals in one corner, mingled with shavings and blocks of wood; a small stove opposite, the farthest remove from being black; a rude table; one or two chairs; a lot of rough, half-finished sketches, completed the general appurtenances of the apartment. But five or six large and excellent paintings hung or stood against the wall, beside one of immense size, covering the easel. Most of the paintings were portraits. Several were of gentlemen wearing the badge of Odd-Fellowship, a fact which indicated the general resource of his employment. The unfinished picture on the easle was a historical one, representing the good Samaritan binding up the wounds of the beaten traveler, and was designed as an ornament to the hall of his Order, for which it had been ordered.

Charles sat musing for a long time, as though his mind was far from his profession. His glance finally rested upon the unfinished painting, and springing to his feet, he seized his brush, and began to paint. But it was evident that such was not his humor, and he soon threw down the brush, and resumed his seat, with a frown of discontent on his brow. Presently he arose, and stepping into one corner, drew forth from its concealment a medium sized portrait of a beautiful girl, and seating himself again, he rested the picture on his knee, and gazed long and wistfully into its face.

It was beautiful portrait—a mild, genial face, of perfect outline; light, delicate lips, deep blue eyes, and dark flaxen hair. There was a sweetness of expression, an angelic tenderness in that face, that won the heart of the beholder. We would wonder, per force, if the world contained such innocence and beauty, and if not, would blame the artist for his lack of infinity in not imparting to it life. We have seen pictures that would make an angel weep, and some that would make a devil laugh. There is a power in painting that is beyond earth and the world; not because Nature had been transcended by the artist, but that there is no beauty that is not marred by sin or imperfection. We have seen women that could not be more beautiful, and the highest effort of the artist failed to even equal their charms. But it was when they were *passive*, or their

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feelings ruffled only by a genial air of love. The most terrible sight we have ever witnessed was an angry woman, who, in calm and passive moments, we had thought beautiful beyond compare!

One word escaped the lips of Charles, as he gazed upon the picture:

"Aldine!"

Yes, that beautiful girl had frequently sat where now he sat, as, with a pencil inspired by love, he copied the mild charms of her gentle and impressive beauty. The artist had dreamed over that portrait—sweet dreams of love and glory; and thrown round it the magic power of his genius. He had lingered over it until he came to love it; and had the fair original died, and passed beyond the reach of his love and hope, he would have paid his devotion to that bright ideal, and worshiped it till death. But now a change seemed to have come suddenly "o'er the spirit of his dream." He did not look upon it with the same tenderness as was his wont; but as though it appeared faulty and trivial to his critical eye.

He sat it down, and rising from his chair, proceeded to prepare another easel, and then rapidly began drawing the outlines of another picture.

CHAPTER VII.

STANLEY CORRESPONDENCE.

Aldine to her Brother.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Nov. 18.

My dear Maurice:—Mother tells me that she wrote to you a few days since, informing you of the addition that we had recently made to our family. Supposing, however, that she only gave you the history of the affair, I shall make the persons themselves the subject of my letter. (And first, let me apologize for not having written to you for so long. Reason: the said acquisition, and attendant circumstances.) Mrs. Leslie is a well-formed, handsome woman, about forty years of age, but looking much younger, and still the possessor of great beauty. She is meek and gentle in her manners, very unassuming, and can scarcely be persuaded to conform to our wishes. She has too much native dignity to live dependent on our charity, but father is determined not to divulge to her, until the last moment, the secret——which, I suppose, mother has informed you of. She is a dear companion for mother, and they appear like sisters.

So much for the widow. And, now, what shall I say of the daughter, Lulu! (Isn't it a sweet name?) I assure you, Maurice, she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw, and as innocent and good as she is

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beautiful. You will be delighted with her, as she is just of your style of beauty—dark, absorbing eyes, and luxuriant, raven curls, with a face that expresses every varying emotion. I love her very much, and I know you will, too.

But, then, I am to lose her in the morning. Father determined, a few days ago, that she might very properly spend two or three years yet at school, and to-morrow she starts for Glendale. Poor Lulu! She has never been separated from her mother, and is now in her room, crying. Not that she is unwilling to go (for she would do anything that we wished, or that was for her own benefit); but she does not like to leave her kind mother. I pity her!

I hope you are well, and that you continue to succeed in your studies. Write soon, and believe me, as ever, Your affectionate sister,

ALDINE STANLEY.

Later.

N. B.—Lulu is gone. She left this morning, and seemed in better spirits than on yesterday. I have lost a sweet companion; but (let me whisper in your ear, brother mine) I am *selfishly glad*. For, young as she is, I fear she has robbed me of Charles! This is sinful, I know; but I can not help it. I am sad—O, so sad!—this morning; and you must excuse me. But none here know the cause of my sadness, and you must keep my secret. Farewell! ALDINE.

Lulu to her Mother.

GLENDALE SEMINARY, Dec. 18.

My dear Mother:—I have been here a month, and purposely postponed writing to you, that I might tell you something about the Institution. Well, it is a very pleasant place—a large house, surrounded with piazzas, and embowered in trees, now bare of foliage, with a long, extended park, decorated with small flower-beds, and small iron-settles.

Our Principal is a fine, clever gentleman, whom I like very much; and some of the teachers are very pleasant, though there is but one that is handsome—the music teacher. They are all ladies, and seem to be very particular with the pupils. I have been apportioned a room-mate—a pretty, peevish, and stubborn beauty of sixteen, from the South somewhere—Alabama, I think. You may suppose this is n't very pleasant for me, as she is very tyrannical; but I dont care; I shall attend to my books, and let her quarrel, if she will, with herself. (Thanks for your kind advice, and school experience.)

There are a great many very pleasant girls here, who make a great deal of me, and flatter my beauty, hugging me as though I were still a little child—(I am not *very* old, since I come to think!)—and I begin to love them. But there are others, with ugly faces, and still uglier natures,

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in whose hearts I can already discover the serpent, jealousy, working. Yesterday, I was passed to the head of my class in grammar, and the delinquent person seemed very indignant at my success. But this, however interesting in our school-girl gossip, will be very simple to you, and I will cease.

What shall I say to you, and my dear friends at home?—(Thank heaven! it is a home!) I can only tell you, my dear mother, that I think of you every minute of the day, and love you more from this absence. To those kind friends, our benefactors, who have been so generous in their charities toward us, and at whose expense I am now here, I can only repeat what I have often said—my gratitude is beyond my powers of utterance; and I only hope that the future may open up some way to enable me to pay them. Tell Aldine to write to me, and give her my love. My fondest regards to all; and believe me, my dear mother, wholly yours, LULU.

P. S.—This is a school-girl's letter, and you must excuse it. It is now late.—Good night! LULU.

Maurice Stanley to his Sister.

OBERLIN COLLEGE, Dec. 18.

My dear Sister:—Your's came to hand, and was, for the most part, a recapitulation of mother's letter, received a few days before. But I was glad to hear from you. Your praise of the fair child, Lulu, has certainly excited my curiosity; but I am better employed just now than in looking at pretty dolls. At least, you are the only one that I desire to see at this time.

Do not be so foolish, my dear Aldine, as to give way to such silly thoughts, as that Charles Saunders' heart has changed toward you. He is a brilliant genius; and a genius never loves—never can love—but once. And even if it were so, you would be foolish to waste many tears upon it, as there are many more equally worthy.

I am very busy just now, as the holidays are near at hand, and I have considerable preparations to make. I will write again soon. Cheer up, and send me a rich holiday present—something made by your own sweet hands. Your dear brother, MAURICE.

Mr. Stanley to Lulu.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 20.

My dear Pet:—I have received your kind letters, and shall ever be glad to have them—if it is one every day; but you must not expect too frequent replies from *me*, as you are aware I am generally very busy.

My present writing is to inform you, that, if you desire to spend your holidays at home, I will come for you. You have been away near a

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month, and as you are so tenderly attached to your mother, you can enjoy your Christmas with her, if you desire. Yours in haste,

H. S. STANLEY.

Lulu to Mr. Stanley.

GLENDALE SEMINARY, Dec. 22.

Dear Benefactor:—Your note, received yesterday, rather surprised me. Your kind offer was a strong temptation, but I can not accept it. I am already a weight upon your purse-strings (but I forgot you bade me never to mention this), and I can not think of putting you to so much trouble. Believe me, I am perfectly satisfied, and I have no doubt we shall have a pleasant time here at the holidays,

When you are all together, on that day, in your happiest hours, believe I am happy too; and my sweetest thought and purest prayer will be wafted to those dear friends far away.

As I have written to you so frequently, I will not prolong this letter; only to repeat my thanks for your kind offer.

Your affectionate *protege*, LULU.

Mrs. Leslie to Lulu.

CINCINNATI, May 10.

My dear, dear Child:—Your last letter to me seemed to manifest great uneasiness about my happiness. You have learned a few lessons in the school of adversity; and in the youthful dreams springing from our present prosperity, you may anticipate no more sorrow. Heaven grant that you may realize your most sanguine dreams! I desire at all times to stand between you and danger, and while life shall last, I shall endeavor to do my duty. I trust the days of your childhood, at least, will be without a cloud; but, my child, do not expect that your mother, even amid the generous luxury she now enjoys, can always be happy. I have seen much of sorrow, and have been placed in that peculiar sphere of life, where I must necessarily be still subject to its darkening clouds. But this is all obscure to you.

You must know, my child, that the dependent position that has been forced upon us, renders us, to a great extent, subject to the will and pleasure of our benefactors. Not that they are tyrannous or unreasonable in their demands; but we feel our obligation, and a manifestation of it must, of course, be gratifying to them. From the first week we entered this mansion, we were desired to enter society as equals of the family, and you may remember some of the incidents of the party. It has turned out, in its results, very far from happiness. In the first place, Mr. Saunders, who, you are probably aware, was engaged to Aldine, became enraptured with your beauty, and there has been coldness and a misun-

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derstanding between him and his betrothed ever since. Mr. Saunders is an artist by profession, and possesses a wild, sanguine soul, that is touched and moved by each new scene of exalted beauty. He is capable of loving devotedly, however, and only wants age to make him more stable. I pity Aldine. She is a good girl, very beautiful, and she must not suffer so on your account. She has changed most wonderfully in a few months—the effect of deep, silent grief: but she utters no word of reproach or crimination. My desire is, that you hasten home as soon as vacation begins, that you may do something toward reconciling these unhappy lovers.

As to myself, I have a similar cause of regret to yourself; but I can as conscientiously acquit myself of guilty design. I will not mention the circumstances now, as we shall expect you in a few days; beside, I do not know that you would perfectly understand it.

It has been arranged, I believe, that Maurice Stanley, the son of our worthy benefactor, is to call for you on his way, and accompany you home! More dangerous ground for you, my child! Your fatal beauty may soon place you in a false position. Be very guarded in your intercourse with Maurice, who, I doubt not, is a noble youth; and try to cultivate for him a *sisterly* regard. Do not win his love; or, at least, make no effort for that end; as it would place us in a very awkward position.

Hoping that you will observe my advice, I shall anxiously await your return. Your affectionate mother, JULIA LESLIE.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Little Word.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then, deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear—the thoughts you bring—
A heart may heal or break.

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American Naval Service.*

BY REV. CHAS. ROCKWELL.

As most seamen are, from an early age, cut off from kind parental restraint, and from moral and religious instruction, and exposed to the hardening and debasing influence of vice, it is not strange that, among other bad habits, they should form that of lying. Fear of punishment, too, leads them to resort to falsehood to conceal their guilt, when charged with it; nor dare they disclose the evil deeds of their shipmates, for fear of reproach and personal injury from them. Hence, most common sailors are inveterate liars, where their interest leads them to be so; nor is their word or oath, in such cases, regarded as of much value by those who know them well. One of our ship's boats, with ten or twelve rowers, had been ashore at a port where we were lying at anchor, and the midshipman who had charge of it, as is often done, had given the men a bottle of ardent spirits to drink, with a view to gain favor with them. As the men came on board, the officer of the deck saw that they had been drinking, and charged them with it. They all, to a man, stoutly denied the charge, and persevered in doing so, even after the officer of the boat had admitted before them that he had given them the spirits, and, in thus doing, had violated the rules of the ship. Events of this kind are of frequent occurrence on shipboard. It is, indeed, true that we hear much of the noble frankness of seamen, in freely confessing their faults, just as if there were some merit in it. The amount of it is, however, that such is the standard of morals to which they have conformed themselves, that they feel no guilt as to those things of which they so freely speak, but rather take pride in them.

Thieves are in very ill odor on shipboard, mainly because every one is exposed to suffer from them. When detected and brought up for punishment, the boatswain's mate always whips them with a relish. Still there is much thieving on board a man-of-war, and no small article of value is safe if exposed where it may be taken. Another prominent vice of seamen is selfishness. Many will, doubtless, be surprised at this statement. They have so often heard, in anniversary addresses and the like, that seamen are the most liberal, noble-hearted and generous men in the world, that they really believe it to be true. But let us look, for a moment, at facts in the case. Seamen, on shipboard, are under such despotic rule, and are, in so many ways, checked and restrained, that they become peculiarly selfish and sensitive as to what they regard as their rights; and, where they dare to be so, are noisy and obstinate in defending them.

* Continued from page 104, of the August number of the Casket.

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Much of the apparent liberality of seamen is shown when, from the influence of ardent spirits, they are hardly moral agents. I have known a seaman on shore, in a foreign port, buy a donkey with its load of fresh meat on the way to market, and taking out his jack-knife, he cut up the meat, and divided it among the poor who thronged around him, and then, turning the donkey adrift, he went on his way. He was so drunk, however, that he hardly knew what he was doing. Money, too, has not the same value to a sailor, who has no one to provide for but himself, that it has to others. When a seaman gives three or five dollars to a disabled shipmate, the only difference it makes with him is that he has three or five dollars less in two or three hundred dollars of which to be robbed, when drunk, or otherwise defrauded of at the end of his cruise. Sailors are often tired of the land before they have spent all their money, and are anxious to ship again. They feel much more at home to sit down on the deck, cut up their victuals with a jack-knife, and drink their tea out of a quart-cup, than to conform to table usages on shore. The same is true also of their clothes; while the unrighteous way in which they are fleeced by landlords and others leads them to regard those around them as a set of landsharks, and to hasten on shipboard for safety.

We had on board our ship an old quarter-master, who had been to sea from childhood. He said that once, after a long cruise, he was seven days on shore before he spent all his money, and that when he went to the rendezvous to ship again, they scolded at him for having been gone so long. On one occasion he was paid off at Pensacola, and finding it difficult to get rid of his money, he hired a house for a month, with a man servant, and a yellow girl for a housekeeper. Having staid a few days, and paid all his bills, he had sixty-five dollars left, and not knowing how else to get rid of it, he had it all changed into silver half dollars, when, going to a plantation near, he gave each negro one of these coins, and then went and shipped for another cruise.

One form of imposition, from which seamen in our navy suffer, is connected with their half-pay tickets. There is a rule, by which, when they go abroad, they can receive a certificate, which entitles the holder of it to draw half his wages, as they become due, from the navy agent of the station at home, where it is given. Of these, sailors are often defrauded by landlords and other sharpers, but especially by their so called wives. These women, who are often the lowest and most abandoned harpies in our large cities, manage to secure the confidence of the seamen of our navy, when they are on shore for a spree, and thus secure to themselves the benefit of a half-pay ticket for years. It is said of one of them at New York, that the disbursing officer noticed that she came quite often for pay, and, on inquiry, he found that she had been married

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to two seamen, whose cruises commenced and ended at different times, so that one was sure to be at sea while the other was at home. By thus entertaining each of them a week or two, once in two or three years, she received full seamen's pay, equal, perhaps, to one hundred and fifty dollars a year.

Intemperance in the use of ardent spirits, is to the seaman literally the mother of abominations, and the prolific source of most of his degradation and deep and bitter woe. When our ship was taking in stores at the navy-yard, before leaving home, one of the crew managed to whitewash a barrel filled with whiskey, and thus passing it on board as a tar-barrel, he rolled it forward on deck, and at night, having broken in the head, and using an old shoe for a cup, all helped themselves, and twenty-eight were found drunk the next morning. We had on board a man who, in going out to the Mediterranean, in one of our national ships, a short time before, had become intoxicated, and being confined for it, and deprived of his grog, so strong was his thirst for ardent spirits, that he drank a quantity of paint in which whiskey had been mixed, though he knew it was rank poison.

A common way of bringing ardent spirits on board, is in what are called snakes: that is, in the skins of the intestines of animals. which sailors, who have been on shore, wind around their legs under their large trowsers. When they come on board they are always examined by passing the hand over every part of their bodies. Boatmen who bring on board articles to sell, often manage to conceal ardent spirits, and smuggle it on board, knowing, as they do, that a sailor will give almost any price for it. In one case, a man used to take bladder-skins, and putting them, when empty, into a large earthen jug, would fill them with spirits, and then, tying a string around the mouth, dropped them. Having thus filled the jug, he poured in a little milk among them, so that, when he came on board, he would open his jug, and show his milk, and was permitted to pass on, when, breaking the jug, or piercing the skin, he came at the liquor, and sold it. At the island of Malta, ardent spirits are smuggled on board in cigar-boxes, lined with parchment, those who bring them having one box of cigars open, which they show, in passing, to the officer of the deck.

The most singular means, however, I have ever known of obtaining ardent spirits, was the following: When we reached Mahon, most of the crew of the Delaware 74, were at the hospital on an island in the harbor, with the cholera among them. Some of the stronger ones were employed, from time to time, to cover the walls of the hospital with a wash, made of Spanish white, olive oil, and whiskey. The lieutenant in command, perceiving that, when he was absent, but little was done, concealed himself, and, unseen by the men, watched their movements.

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He found that they waited until the oil in the paint-tub had collected together on the top, with the whiskey next below, and the Spanish white at the bottom, when, running a quill through the oil, they sucked out the whiskey and drank it.

Many of our crew told me, that the great number of merchant ships which sail on the temperance plan, led them to go on board a man-of-war, where they could have their grog. Their allowance was a half a pint of whiskey a day, which, on board our ship, was put in a large tub, and mingled freely with water, and served out to them three times a day. Thus, the time taken up in serving out this poison is nearly equal to that taken up by their meals, to say nothing of the space occupied by it on shipboard, which, in long voyages, is needed for water and provisions.

Were we to turn from the seamen to the officers on board our men-of-war, a volume might be written in tracing the various causes which unite in forming their characters and directing their conduct, and in making them what they should, or what they should not be. I can, however, only glance, in closing, at a few peculiarities of the singular, unnatural, and highly artificial state of society, under the influence of which, as existing in our naval service, the minds and morals of our officers are shaped. Midshipmen ought, before receiving a warrant, to be closely examined as to their habits, moral character, and health. Many a reprobate and ungovernable son has, as a last resort, been placed in the navy with a view to subdue him, when, perhaps, his constitution has been impaired by vicious indulgence, or undermined by disease; and thus, physically weak and morally debased and depraved, has become a burden to the service, and a curse to all around him. Unable to endure the exposure and fatigue of duty, beneath the scorching sun, or chilling night-air, or drenching rain, or amid the howling tempest, he hangs upon the sick-list, and the duties he should do fall heavily upon others. Delicate boys, transferred, at a tender age, from the school-room, or luxurious parlor, to the steerage of a man-of-war, with its coarse fare and hard accommodations, its noise and riot, its loss of rest and fatiguing duty on deck, are full apt to wilt and wither, like the tender plant torn from its native earth and placed in a harder and more ungenial soil. These causes, with youthful intemperance, and licentiousness, have not only driven many away from our navy, but have undermined or seriously injured the health and constitution of large numbers still connected with it. I once heard a number of lieutenants give it as their united and deliberate opinion, that were there an invalid list formed in our navy, of those who were permanently diseased, it would embrace one half the officers of the grade of lieutenant and upward. Most of these, it is true, are engaged in active duty, but a little extra exposure to the weather, or over exertion, or undue indulgence of some animal appe-

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tites, brings them upon the sick-list, and the burden of their duties rests severely on others.

The late increase of pay in our navy has a tendency to encourage and enable the younger officers to appear and dress like gentlemen. Compel a young man to live on coarse fare and dress poorly, to use his sheets for a table-cloth, to borrow clothes of his messmates and be meanly served, and you humble and degrade him, and greatly lessen his pride of character and self-respect. A man's conduct and language are effected not a little by the dress and style of living of himself and those around him. An increase of pay furnishes the means of an earlier and better settlement in married life than could otherwise be hoped for; and no one, who has not witnessed the fact referred to, can know how much is affected by a devoted and honorarable attachment to a lovely and virtuous woman, in restraining from vice wild and reckless young men, when peculiarly exposed to temptation, and cut off from all moral and religious restraint.

I am happy to state, that there is an increasing number of officers in cur navy, who, by their virtues and their moral and religious worth, are a credit to the service, and would grace any circle in which they might be placed. There are others, however, and sorry am I that it is so, who, though wearing swords and epaulets, and claiming to be gentlemen, are so in dress alone; their conduct and their language grossly belying their ontward appearance and their vaunted claims to gentility. Some of this class are so lost to all sense of decency, that their common conversation at the mess-table and elsewere, is most loathsome and offensive to every virtuous mind and such, withal, as should forever exclude them from all decent society. There are some prominent evils connected with the the system of promotion to rank and office, existing in our navy. Where reference is had in promotion to the time one has been in the service alone, and not to merit, each one being elevated to a higher rank when his turn comes, it will, of course, happen that some, and it may be many, will reach the highest grade of office, who, by their want of self-control, of natural talent, of courage, of good morals or education, are wholly unfit for the station they occupy. It is often true, also, that the weakest and and most worthless officers, have the most influential friends and connections to stand by them in the hour of trouble, and shield them from their just deserts. A commander, convicted of theft and other base crimes, has been freed from the sentence of a court-martial, by the discovery, on the part of a learned friend, of a slight informality in the proceedings of the court; and the wretch, guilty, but unharmed, has been sent back to his station, to tyrannize over those by whose means he had been brought to trial.

There has been a change for the better, great and strongly marked,

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in the general character and deportment of the officers and men of our navy, within a few years past; and, in repeated instances, chaplains have been cheered and encouraged amid the peculiarly trying and self-denying labors of their office, by a general seriousness among those who sailed with them, and the commencement, on the part of many, of a sober, devout, and religious course of life.

Melanie.

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

'T was in a dream, that a golden stream
Was bearing my bark and me
From the distant shore, where, in mimic roar,
The surge was hymning o'er and o'er
A name that I had loved of yore—
Melanie!

And there on the strand, 'mong the sparkling sand,
As I looked away to the lea,
A maiden stood by the marginal wood,
Her curls half-hidden beneath her hood,
And her upraised hands betokened good:
Melanie.

In this mystic dream. the golden stream
Bore on my bark and me;
We wandered far, 'neath many a star,
And were stranded oft on Adversity's bar;
But that name still followed me from afar,—
Melanie!

In the raging flood where the storm-clouds brood,
And the tempest smote the sea,
My trembling heart would quake and start
As I thought we must for ever part—
And she would never know all my heart—
Melanie!

But then in calm, when the breeze with balm
Came ladend across the sea,
My mind would turn to the distant bourne,
And the quiet shade beneath the fern,
Where we often met, Love's lesson to learn,—
Melanie!

Years passed apace. and my thoughtful face
Was seamed with misery:

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I sought my home, and my roof-tree dome,
Resolved in my heart no more to roam,
If *one* would meet me when I come—
Melanie!

And in my dream, Life's golden stream
Bore back my bark and me;
As I reached the shore I had left of yore,
A head-stone loomed my steps before:
I read the name,—I could read no more,—
Melanie!

* * * * *

My dream was o'er! From Love's dim shore
I launched upon Time's dark sea,
And have floated down, while the heavens frown
Far away from the light-house of the town!
One ringing shriek as my bark goes down,—
Melanie!

SPRINGFIELD, JULY, 1856.

Dreams—Woman's Gift.

Read before the Graduating Class of Crawfordsville Female Seminary,
BY VICTORIA HOLTON.

All mankind are dreamers, from the cradle to the grave. It is the dream of greatness in man that causes him to toil until the brain grows weary and the heart sick. Yet the dreams of men are as diversified as the flowers of the field. Some, as the realization of their dreams, would see written Wealth; others, Victory; others, Fame. Napoleon, while crossing the Alpine cliffs, was cheered by the dream of ambition, causing the wild blast which wailed around him to shriek unheeded. He could not see the dying forms of his companions, because he saw himself the conquering hero, with the wreath of victory resting on his brow. It was that wild dream of ambition that carried him to fame and glory; and when the English despot placed him upon the rocky island of St. Helena, he could not chain the spirit—he still dreamed of fair France, with her sunny vineyards and her fertile fields; and with those dreams were mingled the hope of seeing her shores once more—of hearing the shout of *Vive la Empereur* go forth from the enthusiastic multitude. There are others, who, by their eloquence, would sway the hearts of the people as if by magic; others, from their meek and gentle appearance, dream joys that never fade.

It was the dream of heaven that caused our pilgrim fathers to fly to a

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wilderness when the iron heel of the oppressor was placed upon their necks. When their native land faded from their sight, they grieved not; for in the dim future they saw wealth, honor, and happiness looming up before them, and the family altar reared in a land where the hand of the oppressor dare not touch it.

What dream but that of heaven-born Freedom could have caused our forefathers to go forth, so few, against thousands? Their dream seemed wild and useless—one that never could be realized; but they went forth with a prayer to God, to give them victory, and it was achieved.

Washington—our own—(have you ever thought how much is expressed in that single sentence?)—upon whose name the sun-light of glory will never set, when he rambled a boy upon the banks of the majestic Potomac, it is said, would sit for hours, watching the stream as it glided by. Think you that it was merely the beauty of its flow that chained him there? He saw sublimity in that volume of water, and power in the noble craft which rested upon its bosom. His spirit was winging its flight to unexplored fields; he was dreaming dreams such as angels might envy. God looked down upon him with smiling countenance, and infused into each dream of the young enthusiast, power, majesty, wisdom, such as the world had never seen. The result was, freedom for our forefathers, for us, and for generations yet unborn.

Woman, gentle woman—at whose fall the Archangels bowed their heads, and wept—from her position in society, from her love of the beautiful, and more than all, from her nature, is more given to dreaming than man. The great Creator, who doeth all things well, knowing that in time the cares of life would press heavily upon her, has endowed her with the power to gild with the roseate hues of heaven each dream that flits before her. Though the roar of the ocean be in her ear, and the tossing of the waves beneath her feet, yet she dreams on, alike through sunshine and storm, of some bright spot, where flowers bloom and the Bird of Paradise is singing the song of Hope.

Dreaming is a peculiar gift of God to woman. Neither is it confined to any particular age; but, from her earliest childhood, until she lies down in her quiet grave, it is her constant employment. Have you ever watched a group of little girls returning from school, with uncombed hair and shoeless feet? To look upon them, you would think the future yet an unsealed book. But observe them. Do they find a wreath of wild roses, or hear a red-bird send forth its notes from every way-side bush, how each little countenance will lighten up with joy! It is not merely the beauty of the bird or flower which causes that outgushing of happiness; but it is that strange, mysterious power that gilds the plainest thing with the tints of the rainbow. They are dreaming beautiful dreams.

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Upon each little head the angel of Joy has folded her wing, giving the coloring of Paradise to each dream of these little wanderers.

As years roll by, and the little girl ripens into a blushing maiden, a bright spirit from the dream-land is waving his wand over her, throwing a golden haze on all things upon which her eye may rest. The playful murmuring of the stream, and the windings of its grassy borders, where trees shed their young blossoms over her head, all seem to offer themselves to her; and as she gathers flowers from each nook and shady dell, and weaves them into a fair wreath, each leaf and flower is tracing upon that young heart sentiments of purity and truth never to be eradicated, causing her to go forth into the world a ministering spirit, dispensing comfort and happiness wherever her pathway lies.

What but that mysterious gift could have enabled Florence Nightingale to leave home and friends for the inhospitable shores of Russia and the scenes of suffering to which she was a daily witness?—what if the dream-angel from the spirit-land had not been with her? But with that strange power creeping o'er her, beauty loomed up out of darkness, nerving her to deeds of daring. As she smoothed back the curls from the fevered brow, and moistened the parched lips, she was throwing around the sufferer the halo of romance, dreaming dreams that could not be explained, and to which there was no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

The aged woman sits on the rustic porch, the house-dog basks idly by her side, the wind sways to and fro the old locust limbs, as she plies her knitting needles mechanically. You look upon that white-haired woman (old, homely, and, perhaps, repulsive) with sorrow, thinking that the fount of joy which once welled up in that heart, will never gladden with its music that spirit again. But sweet strains we can not hear are sounding in her ear. She is dreaming of a manly form bending over her; of violet eyes looking up into hers, and calling her mother; she hears the patting of little feet upon the floor;—that old, decrepit, and, perhaps, forsaken woman is happy. God's gifts to her are unchanged. She is dreaming anew the dreams of childhood, and as she dreams, her eyes close, and calmly the spirit wings its flight to that land where the realization of all that is bright and beautiful will be given her.

And now our little band of five are about to launch our barks upon the sea of life. We are dreaming of a sunny voyage to climes bright and beautiful; of gliding through fairy scenes which seem to open on every side into vistas of beauty, each sufficiently lovely to be the entrance to Paradise. Will the dream-angel who stood beside us in our childhood still linger near us? or shall storms arise, and the beacon-star of Hope seem about to set in darkness, and bitter, burning tears spring to our eyes? We would say: Our Father who art in Heaven, who hast given

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us this great and imperishable gift, permit the dream-angel to look upon us from the parted clouds with a smiling face. Then will we smile through our tears, and dream of our happy school-days—of the kind faces now beaming upon us, of the dear old Seminary, and its happy inmates, and each word of kindness and advice from the lips of our loved Preceptor will come slealing o'er us as in days of yore, teaching us, though clouds mar the sunshine of our existence, we should battle with life with pure hearts and strong hands. Then will the invisible chain from the dream-land, though our paths be separate and apart, lay lightly around each heart, uniting our little band and their teacher together, not only here, but in the spirit land, where its links will be wreathed with flowers that the icy hand of time can never sully their brightness.

"Dreams of girlhood, ye are welcome
Ever to my weary breast;
In your precincts I would linger
Till my spirit findeth rest,"

The Cousin-Seeker.

Translated from the German.

One dreary Autumn day, more than a hundred years ago, a heavy traveling carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the traveling; but leaning back in a corner was arranging a multiplicity of papers, contained in a small portfolio, and making notes in a pocket-book. Since he was dressed in a plain, dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to which gra[illegible]f it nobody could determine, as all token of rank had been avoided. A dreary November evening was closing in; and though the rain had, for a [illegible] ceased, yet dark masses of clouds, flying through the sky, gave warn[illegible] that a "weeping darkness" was at hand. The road grew heavier and heavier—at least, so it should have seemed to a foot traveler, who was plo[illegible]hing his way through its mire; and so, doubtless, it did seem to the carriage horses, who at last floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian, whom they had overtaken, kept easily by the side of the coach—though at a respectful distanc[illegible]ertainly, after the first bucketful of mud that it splashed over him.

The gentleman inside the coach, when he could see no longer, shut u[illegible] his portfolio, and returned his pocket-book to its place in the breast

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lining of his coat. He then roused himself to look out of the window, and judge, from the mud and darkness, how far it might be from Berlin. For the first time, he perceived that a muddy young man was walking at a little distance from his horses. Though more than reasonably travel-stained, he trudged on as if his limbs were strong as his heart was light. Through the drizzle and the darkness all that could be seen of his face was sensible and good-tempered. He had just finished a pipe when he attracted the traveler's attention, and was in the act of shaking out the ashes and replacing the pipe in a wallet slung over his back, when he heard himself addressed in the following manner, and in rather an authoritative tone of voice:

"Hello! young man, whither are you bound this stormy-looking night?"

"That is more than I can tell you, not being at home in this part of the world. My wish is to reach Berlin; but if I find a resting place before I reach there, to that am I bound, for I am a-weary."

"I should think you must have a two-hours' walk before you," was the unsatisfactory remark that followed.

The young man made no reply, and after a short pause, the stranger said:

"If it pleases you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few minutes, you are welcome so to do, Herr What's-your-name?"

"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man; one of those who wisely never refuse the small benefit because the larger one is not to be obtained. He thankfully accepted the not very clean place allotted to him.

From inside the window, the next question put to Heinrich was:

"What are you going to Berlin for?

"To hunt for some cousins," was the answer.

"And pray, who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have not an idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed, it is more than doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

The questioner—who should have been an American Colonel—looked amused and astonished, as he suggested:

"Surely, there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin; or what could have put this idea into your head?"

"Why," replied Heinrich, "I have just become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting anything to do in my own neighborhood. I have no relation to help me, and not quite money enough to find me in necessaries."

"But," said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with cousins in Berlin?"

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"Well, now, who knows? [illegible] my fellow students have got good appointments, and whenever I asked them to let me know how it was done, the answer always was, 'A cousin gave it to me,' or 'I got it through the interest of a cousin who lives in Berlin.' Now, as I find none of these useful cousins live in the country, I must go without their help, or else hunt for them in Berlin."

This was said in a comical, dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from laughing; but he made no comment. However, he pulled out a piece of paper, and began to write upon it. When he had finished, he turned round to Heinrich, saying that he observed he had been smoking, and that he felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring tinder with him. Could Herr Meyer oblige him with a light?

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply. And Heinrich taking a tinder-box out of his wallet, immediately began to strike a light. Now, it has been said that the evening was damp—it was so damp that there seemed little enough prospect of the tinder's lighting; moreover, the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

"Well, if your cousins are not more easily to be got at than your light is, I pity you, young sir!" was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended, as he watched Heinrich's laborious endeavors.

"'*Nil desperandum*' is my motto," answered the young man; and the words were scarcely spoken before the light had been struck. In his delight at succeeding, Heinrich jumped up on the carriage-step, and leaning through the window, thrust the tinder eagerly in the direction of the gentleman's face. "Hurra, sir, puff away!"

After a short pause, during which time the gentleman had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth, and addressed Heinrich in this way:

"I have been thinking over what you have been telling me; and, perhaps, in a humble way, I might be able to assist you, and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events, when you get to Berlin, take this note," handing him the slip of paper on which he had been writing—"take this note to Marshal Grumbkow, who is somewhat of a friend of mine, and will, I think, be glad to oblige me. But mind! Do exactly as he bids you, and abide strictly by his advice. If he says he will help you, rely upon it he will keep his word; but he is rather eccentric, and the way he sets about doing a kindness may, perhaps, seem strange to you. And now," he continued, as the road is improved I must hurry on the horses, and so bid you good evening, hoping you will prosper in your new career."

As Heinrich began to express his thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and before he had time to make any acknowledgments, he found himself

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alone again. The young man was not a little astonished at what had taken place; and as he gazed on the slip of paper, could not help wondering whether any good would come of it. These were the only words written on it:

"*Dear Marshal:*—If you can forward the views of the bearer, Heinrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend, F.

"Let me know the result of your interview with him."

"Time will prove this, as it does all other things," thought Heinrich, as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other, the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and foot-sore since receiving the mysterious bit of paper. Hope was stronger within him than she had been for many a day; and on her wings he was carried pleasantly along, so that he reached Berlin by night-fall.

The noise and bustle of the capital was new to him, and he found some little difficulty in making his way to the gasthaus, to which he had been recommended by the pastor of his parish. The pastor having been once in Berlin, was considered, in his part of the world, an oracle in all matters connected with town-life.

The inn was, however, found at last; and after a frugal supper and a good night's rest, our friend arose, ready to hope and believe everything from the mysterious note, which he started forth to deliver immediately after breakfast.

Obliged to ask his way to Marshal Grumbkow's, he was amused and surprised at the astonishment depicted on the countenances of those persons of whom he made the inquiry, as if they would say, "What business can you have with Marshal Grumbkow?"

The house was, however, at last gained; and having delivered his missive to a servant, Heinrich awaited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servant returned, and requested him, in the most respectful manner, to follow him to the Marshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously, and the Marshal made many inquiries as to his past life and future prospects; requested to be told the name of the village or town in which he had been educated; at what inn he was living in Berlin, and so-forth. But, still, no allusion was made either to the note or the writer of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the Marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call again on that day fortnight.

Heinrich employed the interval in visiting the lions of the town. There was a grand review of the troops on the king's birth-day, and like a royal subject, our friend went to have a reverent stare at his majesty, whom he had never seen. At one point of the review, the king stopped almost opposite to Heinrich; and then was suggested to him, as the

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reader probably suspects, that, after all, he must have seen that face somewhere before. Was it the friend who hailed him in the muddy road? Impossible! How should a king be traveling at that time of day! At any rate, it vexed him to think that he had not treated the gentleman in the coach in a very ceremonious manner. He had thrust tinder at his nose, and cried to him, "Puff away!"

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the Marshal arrived. His reception was again most favorable. The Marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer, and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various superscriptions were?

Heinrich answered, that, to the best of his belief, one was that of Herr Mudell, his former schoolmaster; another that of Dr. Von Hummer, the principal of such a college, and so on.

"Quite right," answered the Marshal. "And, perhaps, it may not surprise you to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen, to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark."

As he said these words, the Marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich to see what effect they had; but the young man's countenance was unabashed—he evidently feared no evil report.

"I feel bound to tell you," continued the Marshal, "that all that they say of you is most favorable; and I am equally bound to believe and act upon their opinions. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house."

The Marshal descended a private staircase, leading to the court-yard, crossing which, he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Heinrich till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to get exceedingly nervous; the conviction that his idea was not a mere trick of the imagination became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would, at that moment, have been forty miles from Berlin. At last, as he found himself following Grumbkow, even into the palace, he could not help exclaiming:

"Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake!"

No answer was vouchsafed, as the Marshal continued to lead him through the various galleries and apartments, until they reached the door of one situated in a corner of a wing of the palace, where the Marshal's knock was answered by a short, "Come in."

As the door opened, one glance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud and his king were one and the same person. The

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poor cousin-seeker, greatly confused, knelt before Frederick William, and began stammering out contrite apologies.

"Rise, young man," said the king; "you have not committed treason. How on earth could you guess who I was? I should not travel quietly if I meant to be everywhere recognized."

After reassuring Heinrich, the king told him that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen. "But, first," he said, "I must hear how you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me. But, mind! I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his own room in the inn, he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach to the king. The fact was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about his sermon as soon as he should have been furnished with the text. For the remainder of that day he never stirred out; every step on the stairs was to his ears that of the bearer of the text.

Nevertheless, evening and night passed, and the next day was far advanced, but still no text.

What was to be done? There were only two days before Sunday! He must go and consult the Marshal; but the latter could give him no information; all he could do was to promise that if the king sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost possible dispatch.

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either king or Marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher, on the following Sunday, at the Royal Chapel.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporize in case of emergency, he would certainly have run away from Berlin, and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was, he abided the course of events, and fortified himself, by prayers and philosophy, for the momentous hour. Sunday morning arrived; but no text.

Heinrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the seat always set apart for the preacher of the day. The king, with the royal family, occupied their accustomed places.

The service commenced; but no text! The prayers were ended, and while the organ pealed forth its solemn sound, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but at his being an utter stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the thought flashed across Heinrich's mind, that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

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But, as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folded piece of paper, saying, "His Majesty sends you the text."

After having recited the preliminary prayer, the preacher opened the paper, and lo! it was blank—not a word was written on it. What was to be done? Heinrich deliberately examined the white sheet, and, after a short pause, held it up before the audience, saying:

"His Majesty has furnished the text for my sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is written upon this sheet of paper.—'Out of nothing, God created the world.' I shall, therefore, take the Creation for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision, the preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis in a masterly way; his style being forcible and clear, and his command of language remarkable. His audience accustomed to the king's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the difficulty, than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon was ended, the congregation dismissed, and Heinrich found himself in the sacristy, receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries of the church, who all prophesied for him a brilliant future.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceeding of the king, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the provinces, if he did not know that such vagaries were quite common to his Majesty. In the midst of the conversation, a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the king, the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely crossed the threshold of the king's room, when his Majesty jumped up, and thrust a roll of paper into the young man's hand, exclaiming:

"Hurra, sir! Puff away! Take this for the light you gave me!"

Then throwing himself back in a chair, he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make, or what to do; but just as he got as far as, "Your Majesty," the king interrupted him, saying:

"Make no fine speeches; go home quietly, and examine the contents of the paper. You came to Berlin to seek a cousin; you have found one, who, if you go on steadily, will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the University of Berlin, and made Heinrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part: there all the honor lies.

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Laws Relating to Cards.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Grand Lodge of the United States has authorized three kinds of cards to be used by the Order—Traveling or Visiting Cards; Final or Withdrawal Cards; and Cards granted by a vote of the Lodge to the wife or widow of a member, to secure to her the aid of the Order while traveling. The first two above designated, the titles of which fully explain their object, emanate from the Grand Lodge of the United States only, and are printed from engraved plates, prepared expressly for this purpose. They bear a *fac simile* of the signature of the Grand Corresponding Secretary, and are required to be countersigned on the margin by the holder. They are never granted for a longer period than one year, after which time a traveling card may be renewed, if no objections are offered by a member of the Lodge, on payment of one year's dues in advance. Final cards are subject to annulment at any time within the year, for good cause, which has the effect of bringing the holder into the Lodge again, for trial.

Visiting cards are required to be returned after the time for which they were issued has expired. This, though a salutary law, is almost entirely disregarded by the majority of Lodges and Encampments. All avenues to imposition should be carefully guarded, and unless subordinates enforce this requirement, cards may fall into improper hands, who would not hesitate to alter their dates, and attempt to thus obtain aid and sympathy from the fraternity. A card in the hands of an expelled member, well posted in the work of the Order, would enable him to readily succeed in imposing on members, both for the purpose of winning their confidence and of obtaining pecuniary assistance. Another reason for requiring their return is found in the custom of many brothers, and of Relief and Charity Committees, in indorsing on the back of cards all sums loaned the brethren when in distress. It is important that no member should be permitted to wrong his brethren by neglecting to return such loans, and it is the duty of the Lodge to see that no member imposes on the Order by means of a card emanating from it. A card issued to a brother from a Lodge or Encampment, recommends the holder to the friendship and protection of the Order, for the length of time for which it is drawn, and the Order naturally repose confidence in one who stands fair with his brethren at home, where he is supposed to be well known. We would, therefore, enjoin upon Lodges and Encampments the great importance of examining traveling cards upon their being returned, and placing them on file, that they may be readily accessible in case of complaint.

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The following laws and decisions of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in relation to cards, we extract from the Digest, pages 167–9:

Any brother in good standing may, by application (personal or otherwise), to his Lodge or Encampment, obtain a visiting card, to be valid for any reasonable length of time expressed on its face.

Any brother in good standing may, in the same mode, obtain a withdrawal card.

Brethren holding visiting cards continue to be members of the Order, and are amenable to all the laws of their Lodges or Encampments in the same manner as other members.

Visiting cards entitle brothers holding them to visit Lodges or Encampments, as the case may be, while traveling or sojourning in places beyond the limits of the jurisdiction to which they belong. They also entitle the holders to all the courtesies of the brotherhood, as well as the benevolent usage of the Order if they should meet with accident or misfortune.

The reception of a withdrawal card, or the vote of a Lodge or Encampment granting a withdrawal card to a brother applying therefor (whether the card be taken or not), severs the connection of such brother with such Lodge or Encampment, and releases the Lodge or Encampment granting it from all liabilities for benefits. But if the card be taken, the brother receiving it is entitled to the traveling pass-word in use at the time, and retains the right to visit with that word for a year.

The granting of a withdrawal card by a Lodge to one of its members, who is also a member of an Encampment, has the effect of severing his connection with the Encampment, but the renewal of his membership in a Lodge restores him to membership in the Encampment, provided such renewal shall occur within one month from the date of such withdrawal card.

By the renewal of membership in a Lodge, within the time above stated, membership in the Encampment is *ipso facto* renewed, and if the Patriarch desires to withdraw he must pursue the usual course.

If a brother, holding office in an Encampment, obtains a withdrawal card from his Lodge, his office is vacated, even if he should renew his membership in a Lodge within a month.

A member may, by written resignation, withdraw from the Order, and is not bound to take a withdrawal card, provided he be in good standing at the time of such resignation.

A brother who has applied for a withdrawal card, has the right to withdraw his application at any time before a vote thereon is taken.

A card may be declared void by the Lodge granting it, for good cause existing at the time of the grant, but not discovered until afterward; and a Lodge or Encampment has the power of withdrawing or annulling its

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own cards, for any sufficient cause occurring between the time of the grant and the expiration of the card.

It is proper for any Lodge or Encampment to report to a sister body, which has granted a card, any improper conduct on the part of the holder.

After the expiration of twelve months from its date (which should correspond with the time of the grant), a withdrawal card becomes utterly null, and the Lodge granting it has no power over the holder, as he is then beyond the jurisdiction of the Order.

Lodges have no right to refuse their members visiting cards, or to decline accepting their dues or paying them benefits, when they propose a temporary residence in California or any other place, in which a change in their ordinary occupation would increase the risk of life and health.

Lodges have no right to refuse to admit brothers as visitors on the ground of their not having been legally initiated.

The officers of a Lodge can not grant cards in the recess, as they should be passed upon by the Lodge; but in the case of a Patriarchal member, who has obtained a card from his Lodge, and thus severed membership with his Encampment, it is the duty of the officers of the Camp to furnish him with a withdrawal card, and report the same at the next meeting, provided he be in good standing, and shall have complied with the regulations of his Camp touching such cards.

The Secretaries of Lodges must notify Encampments of the granting of withdrawal cards to their members.

It is not necessary that a brother, on receiving a card, should sign his name on its margin in the presence of the officers of the Lodge or Encampment by which it is granted.

A brother holding a withdrawal card has no right to join the procession of a Lodge without its consent.

Cards are the rightful property of the brothers to whom they are issued, and are to be returned to them if they are rejected on applying for re-admission to the Order.

Brothers can not be admitted into Lodges on Encampment cards, nor into Encampments on the cards of Lodges.

In renewing membership by the deposit of withdrawal cards, the holder may make the deposit in any Lodge located at the place of his residence; but if there be no Lodge where he resides, he must deposit the card in the Lodge nearest his residence, unless there be several nearly equi-distant, in which case he may select either.

A brother holding a withdrawal card may deposit it in a Lodge of another State than that of his residence, provided such Lodge be nearest the place where he resides, and he obtains the consent of his immediate jurisdiction.

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Withdrawal cards duly granted may be received on deposit, if the Lodge or Encampment which granted them shall have since become extinct, or been suspended or expelled; but visiting cards are of a different nature, and under like circumstances can not be recognized, as the right of the holder expires with his Lodge.

No Lodge or Encampment is bound to receive a card on deposit (that is, to admit the holder to membership), but such cases are to be governed by the rules prescribed by the local authorities.

The benefits of brothers who renew their membership by the deposit of withdrawal cards (whether expired or unexpired) are governed by the local law of the Lodge in which the card is deposited.

If a member of an Encampment, who has obtained a withdrawal card from his Lodge, refuses to pay his dues to the Camp, the latter has no other means of redress, under the laws of the Order, than to refuse him a card from that body.

Persons holding cards from the Manchester Unity of Great Britain can not be admitted into our Lodges except by initiation.

Each Subordinate Lodge may, by a vote of two-thirds of its members present, grant a card to the wife or widow of any member, on application therefor, to be signed by the officers of the Lodge, and countersigned by the recipient on the margin.

Such card, if granted to the wife of a member, can not remain in force more than one year; but if granted to a widow, it continues valid during her widowhood.

The Grand Recording Secretary is required to furnish certificates, in the nature of withdrawal cards, to all members of Subordinate Lodges or Encampments (immediately under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States) which may become extinct.

Such certificates are signed by the Grand Recording Secretary, and attested by the seal of the Grand Lodge of the United States. They entitle the holder to all the privileges exercised under withdrawal cards, and are only to be issued after the presentation, by the applicants, of satisfactory evidence of membership and good standing.

Flowers.—All these elegant and delicate textured beings possess a mysterious life of their own, with feelings akin to ours. How the leaves fade away beneath the burning influence of the sun! How languishes the flower-bell after the refreshing dews of the night! How proudly it shows itself to the rising day, adorned with pearls clearer than purest crystals; how elated it is when the wanton bee dares to suck its treasured sweets; how quickly it dies when torn from its native soil! Is there not here a human type?—*Wilson.*

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A Sad Picture.

BY T. G. BEHARRELL.

The picture I am about to present takes in the events of ten short years. A young man stands before me; he is one of a circle in affluent circumstances. He is the very picture of health. The fresh color of health is on his cheek, and the fire of youth is in his eye. His frank, open countenance tells of the largeness and nobleness of his heart—his high and well-shaped forehead assures us that the God of Heaven has endowed him beyond many of his fellow youths. He is looking into the future, and counting for coming years; the castles are erected in the air, and his young heart is enamored with the rich prospects that loom up before him. Young as he is, he casts about, and among the fair daughters of Eve, his eye rests upon one that he thinks *may* serve as a bosom friend, and he seeks her acquaintance. She is beautiful; her dark hair, in natural-formed ringlets, hangs gracefully about her neck. The countenance is lighted with a true lady's smile, while from out her blue eyes peers forth, to the admiration of all about her, the goodness of her nature. The young man looks upon her, and as the mellow tones of her musical voice fall upon his ear, he owns himself captured—his feelings have ripened into thoughts of marriage, and he asks for her hand. She gives him her hand in promise, and with it her heart.

At the marriage altar they are united, and never probably was a union more pleasant and promising. The young man is heir to a large estate, and the youthful bride is the mistress of a splendid mansion, richly furnished. The mild rays of the sun of life fall gently upon them, as he goes up to the meridian. Ah! little did they think that that traveling orb would so soon reach the center of his circuit, and in his downward course be so seldom seen. Little then did they think that dark, portentious clouds would soon gather before them and above them, and that life's last years would be an almost unbroken storm.

Three years have passed by, and in that mansion, as honored parents, they hear the voices of two prattling babes. But the husband and father is forming associates among those engaged in fashionable drinking; and in him the appetite for intoxicating liquor is being rapidly formed. The serpent is small, but it is surely a serpent, and is coiling itself in tiny folds around the vitals of its victim. Already he has learned to spend the day in visiting, racing, and the chase, and a part of the night in carousing, amusement, and drinking; and though his wife has never seen him under the influence of the cursed cup, yet she has burned the lamp-oil late, night after night, and listened to the sweet voices of her children

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in their questions as to the absent father. She has feared that all is not right. At length, one night, after she had long waited for the sound of his steps upon the portico, she hears the heavy tread of several attending him, and begins to tremble. The door opens, and her husband stands before her, having been brought home by his associates, for the first time—drunk. Had a dagger pierced her heart, her feelings for a time would not have been less insufferable. She weeps, and pleads with him to desert his associates, but he will not.

He goes to the fashionable drinking saloon, and is soon led, by a way he had not known, into the gambling apartment; and under the influence of the liquid fire, he stakes and loses his *thousands*. But his former associates soon desert him as his money fails. He leaves the first-class saloon, and seeks the place where death in intoxicating liquor is cheap. It is but a little later, and the unfortunate man may be seen, after the midnight hour, staggering through a farm-yard. He falls upon a bunch of straw, and sleeps where the animals should undisturbed have slept.

As a common drunkard, street-quarrels and fights attend him—the insults of the liquor-seller are heaped upon him. His estate has gone into the hands of another, and the last adornment of the mansion parlor has been rudely wrested from the hands of the wife and mother: and all forlorn, with her ragged children and drunken husband, she has sought a shelter in a rude cabin in the woods. O! what a change has come over the spirit of that woman's dreams and the letter of her life. But the end is not yet!

The former associates of this victim have sought him out, claiming sympathy for him in his low condition. But their designs are unholy. They only wish to make him a tool in their hands for robbery and murder. They know full well the tendency of that he loves, and gratuitously they furnish it to him; and when maddened by the bowl, they bribe him to murder the unsuspecting traveler. He does the deed—is detected, tried and condemned; and in a fit of delirium, plunges the dagger to his own heart.

The sequel is quickly told. His mangled form is coffined, and he is buried in the "Potter's-field;" and she who, ten years before, had the hand of a lover in her's, and was a happy bride, now stands at the head of her fallen husband's grave—*a raving maniac!*

Oh! never "hold malice;" it poisons our life,
With the gall-drop of hate and the night-shade of strife.
Let us scorn what we must, and despise where we may,
But let anger, like sunlight, go down with the day.

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My Mother's Keepsake.

BY EDWARD C. GOODWIN.

Ringlet of soft and shining hair,
The first they severed from the curls
That o'er white shoulders, round the fair,
In waves swept wandering like a girl's,

Greet me not now, with baby look,
With whisper of my childhood's time;
For it is sorrowful to brook
The thought, fair curl, that thou wast mine.

Greet me not now; the rain falls fast,
The big drops scatter from the leaves,
And the wet swallow wheeling past,
Sails home to brood beneath the eaves.

Greet me not now, o'er seventy years
Have clasped me with their icy span,
Channeled deep places for my tears,
And left a bowed and gray-haired man.

Greet me not now; with mournful step
I cross the ancient nursery floor,
Where, a fair bantling, once I crept,
As foot-falls sounded near the door.

Cross it to mark the shadows pass,
Where oft a laughing child I came,
To see within the mirroring glass,
The boy's form in a gilded frame.

A shadowy band that well I know,
Fills silently the lonely room,
Women with locks white blanched as snow,
And old men tottering in the gloom.

Faces that once in childhood seemed
Too bright to overshade with care;
Voices that rang when sunlight gleamed,
On grass-grown hill, and sweet parterre;

Voices that breathe a sad, low strain,
Like wind-harps on the evening gale,
Waking deep yearnings, O how vain;
For loved ones passed "within the vail."

Sad vision from my sight evanish;
Look up, look up, oh weary soul;
Earth's feverish longings banish;
Heaven is thy appointed goal!

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A Sketch.

BY "JEPH."

I like fish; I like fishing; I like everything intimately or remotely connected with the art piscatorial; and though my head is white with the snow of many winters, my love for the finny tribe is none the less. "And wherefore?" doth the reader ask? List, then, while I a round, unvarnished tale deliver. The following incidents occurred while pursuing my college course. On plea of ill-health, I had for a time suspended my studies, and was indulging in a few weeks' visit at the farm-house of a maiden aunt, away up among the hills of the old Granite State.

It was a glorious morning in leafy June. Old Dame Nature had doffed her white robes, and looked as gay and smiling in her dress of green as a blooming bride, while every field and lane was overflowing with troops of gaudy buttercups and modest daisies. The robbins and thrushes caroled a sweet welcome, as I seized my fishing tackle, and started out to enjoy an hour as a disciple of Isaac Walton. At the distance of perhaps a half mile from the homestead, a clear stream of water, sufficient in size to drive a mill, crossed the road, and disappeared among the hills and woods. Following up the stream toward its source, which I knew could not be far distant, amid the hills, the sound of falling water soon struck upon my ear. Proceeding, the noise became more distinct, till one of the prettiest little waterfalls I ever beheld burst upon my view. The stream, some fifteen or twenty yards in width above the falls, grew narrower as it approached the brink, and tumbled its waters in wild confusion over a broken ledge of sandstone, some eight or ten feet in hight. The banks, which sloped gradually down to the water's edge, were partly covered with hazel bushes, flanked with a grove of birch and maple.

Charmed with the spot, I determined to try my luck, and accordingly prepared a dainty bait for some unlucky trout, and cast my line into the stream. Ten, fifteen, twenty minues elapsed; but not a nibble, save from some mischievous mosquito, that, alighting upon my nose, plied his craft with an energy and perseverance worthy a better cause. At this moment, a splash in the water attracted my attention, and to my astonishment I beheld a second fisher. Not another edition of city aristocracy like unto myself, with patent-leather gaiters, doe-skin pants, white Marseilles vest, and broadcloth coat; nor a half-dozen-jointed fish-pole, with brass reel, and forty feet of finest sea-grass.

The new comer was a young maiden, in all the blooming loveliness of sweet seventeen. The clear, crystal water of the stream was rippling along over her feet, encased in no crimped-up slipper of two-by-six-inch

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dimensions. Her dress was plain, but neat. The bloom of the rose was fresh upon her cheek, while a delicious smile stole over her face, dwindling away into a dozen bewitching little dimples around her sweet mouth. Her eyes were dark as night, and the breeze, in gentle dalliance, kissed her fair forehead, and lifting the long raven tresses, dropped them again upon a neck and shoulders as white as Parian marble. "What a pity," I mentally exclaimed, "that such a lovely 'flower should waste its sweetness on the desert air.' What would not many of our pale and sickly city belles give for the beauty of this country maiden?"

Her tackle consisted of a slender maple pole, to the end of which was attached a piece of twine. Simple as was this arrangement, she nevertheless drew forth many a speckled trout from its native element. Fascinated with her beauty and gracefulness, I remained a mute spectator of the scene. Soon, satisfied with the sport, she approached the bank. This movement revealed me to her. She did not scream and go into hysterics, as some ladies of my acquaintance would have done. Her native modesty, however, caused the rich crimson to mount to her temples, which in a moment was succeeded by a half-playful, half-provoked smile. I rose, an unlucky stone beneath my foot slipped, and but for the timely interference of a little shrub that grew near, I should have been precipitated into the stream below. Didn't she laugh? That merry peel is still ringing in my ears, awakening echoes of long ago. The ice was broken, and ten minutes afterward, the reader, had he been there, might have seen Lucie Lee (that was her name) and your humble servant sauntering leisurely along a romantic little path that wound up from the highway to the cottage of Mrs. Lee. I took upon myself the duty of carrying the fish that Lucie had taken for her widowed mother, who was in delicate health. She was an only child, and the widow's sole companion. Mr. Lee had once been a successful merchant in Boston; but he failed, and dying soon afterward, his widow, in reduced circumstances, taking her daughter, returned to the place of her nativity.

I left Lucie at the gate, and returned home. The next day was the Sabbath, and Lucie and her mother sat in the seat before me, in the little country church. In her neat white dress and plain bonnet, she looked, if possible, prettier than on the day before. Her kindness to her mother won my admiration—so attentive, so watchful, so anxious to anticipate every want. She smiled sweetly in return for my salutation, and with a modest blush, introduced me to her mother.

The country was no longer dull to me. Lucie was there, and I was charmed with her company. With her, I rambled over the hills and through the dells, and gathered wild flowers by the running stream. She improved wonderfully on acquaintance. Her education had not been neglected, and I was agreeably surprised to find that even in the more

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advanced studies, she had made considerable progress. Mrs. Lee I found to be a woman of fine mind, and highly accomplished.

I somewhat excelled in drawing, and many impromptu sketches of the surrounding scenery found their way into Lucie's portfolio. Once, as we sat beneath an old elm tree that grew in the door-yard, I essayed to transfer her image to paper, but with a provoking laugh, she was off like [illegible]ghted fawn.

[illegible]as fleet wings, and two months seemed as but so many weeks. [illegible]of absence from college had expired, and I must return. There [illegible]and the stage was to call for me the next morning. [illegible]. It was a glorious moonlight night; but pale Luna's silvery beams could not peep through the overhanging foliage of the elm at the wicket-gate, to overhear our conversation. As I told her of my love, deep, ardent, and devoted, she trembled; and when I asked her to be mine, she answered not a word, but a gentle pressure of the hand revealed what I suspected before—that her affections were all centered in me.

Thirty years work great changes. I myself am changed. The auburn locks of youth are supplanted by the hoary locks of age, and wrinkles have furrowed the once smooth face. But there remains in my heart a spot still as green as when I led to the altar the blushing Lucie Lee.

She still reigns there, and as she sits by my side to-night, joins with me in praising the art piscatorial.

Good Advice to Readers.—If you measure the value of study by the insight you get into subjects, not by the power of saying you have read many books, you will perceive that no time is so badly saved as that which is saved by getting through a book in a hurry. For if to the time you have given you had added a little more, the subject would have been fixed on your mind, and the whole time profitably employed; whereas, upon your present arrangement, because you would not give a little more, you have lost all. Besides, this is overlooked by rapid and superficial readers—that the best way of reading books rapidly is to acquire that habit of severe attention to what they contain, that prepetually confines the mind to the single object it has in view. When you have read enough to have acquired the habit of reading without suffering your mind to wander, and when you can bring to bear upon your subject a great share of previous knowledge, you may then read with rapidity; before that, as you have taken the wrong road, the faster you proceed, the more you will be sure to err.—*Sydney Smith.*

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Pictures of the Ocean.

A wondrous world is the world of the great sea. There are deep abysses filled with huge rocks, spectral ruins of large ships, and the corpses of men. There lie, half-covered with lime and slime, the green decaying gun, and the precious box filled with the gold of Peru; covered Alps, by the side of countless skeletons, gathered fr[illegible] shore and every clime. There moulders the bald skull of the [illegible] captain, by the side of the broken armor of gigantic warriors; harpoon rests peaceably near the tooth of the whale; [illegible] dwell in huge bales of costly silk from India, and over them pass, in silent crowds, millions of diminutive infusoria; enormous whales and voracious sharks, chasing before them thickly packed shoals of frightened herrings. Here the sea foams and frets restlessly up curiously-shaped cliffs, and oddly-formed rocks; there it moves sluggishly over large plains of white shining sand. In the morning, the tidal waves break in grim fury against the bald peaks of submarine Alps, or pass, in hissing streams, through ancient forests on their sides; in the evening, they glide noiselessly over bottomless abysses, as if afraid lest they also might sink down into the eternal night below, from which rises distant thunder; and the locked up waters roar and whine like evil spirits chained in the vast deep.

The ocean is a vast charnel-house. There are millions upon millions of animals mouldering, piled up layer upon layer, in huge masses, or forming mile-long banks. For no peace is found below and under the thin, transparent veil; there reigns endless murder, wild warfare, and and fierce bloodshed. Infinite, unquenchable hatred seems to dwell in the cold, unfeeling deep. Destruction alone maintains life in the boundless world of the ocean. Lions, tigers, and wolves reach a gigantic size in its vast caverns, and day after day destroy whole generations of smaller animals. Polypi and medusæ, in countless numbers, spread their nets, catching the thoughtless radiati by tens of thousands; and the huge whale swallows at one gulp millions of minute but living creatures. The sword-fish and the sea-lion hunt the elephant and the rhinoceros of the Pacific; and tiny parasites dart upon the tunny fish, to dwell in myriads in his thick layers of fat. All are hunting, killing, murdering; but the strife is silent—no war-cry is heard, no burst of anguish disturbs the eternal silence, no shouts of triumph rise up through the crystal waves to the world of light. The battles are fought in deep, still secresy; only now and then the parting waves disclose the bloody scene for an instant, or the dying whale throws his enormous carcase high into the air, driving the water up in lofty columns, capped with foam and tinged with blood.

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When Captain Ross, in the Arctic Sea, exploring the bottom of the sea, dropped his lead to a depth of six thousand feet, he still brought up living animalculæ; and at a depth exceeding the hight of our loftiest mountains, the water is alive with countless hosts of diminutive phosphoric creatures, which, when attracted to the surface, convert every wave into a crest of light, and the wide ocean into a sea of fire. It is well known that the [redacted] of these minute beings, and of the animal matter supplied by [redacted] decomposition, is such that the sea water itself becomes a [redacted] to many of the largest dwellers in the ocean. Still, they [redacted] own homes, even their own means of locomotion. They [redacted] bound to certain regions of that great country below the ocean's waters. They travel far and fast; currents unknown to man carry them in vast masses from the pole to the equator, and often from pole to pole, so that the whale must travel with locomotive speed to follow the medusæ of the Arctic to the seas of the Antilles, if he will not dispense with his daily food. How strange a chase!—the giant of the seas racing in furious haste after hardly-visible, faintly-colored jelly balls!

Now singly, now in shoals, fish are constantly seen moving through the ocean. The delicate mackerel travels toward the south; the small, elegant sardine of the Mediterranean moves in the spring westward, and returns in the fall to the east. The sturgeon of the northern seas sails lonely up the large rivers of the continent of Europe, and has been found in the very heart of Germany, under the shadow of the famous Cathedral of Strasburg. Triangular masses of salmon pass up nearly all northern rivers, and are sometimes so numerous, so closely packed, that they actually impede the current of large rivers. Before their arrival countless millions of herrings leave the same waters; but where their home is, man has not yet found out. Only in the spring months there suddenly appear vast banks of this remarkable fish, two or three miles wide, and twenty or thirty miles long; and so dense are the crowds, so great their depth, that lances and harpoons—even the sound-lead—thrown at random among them, do not sink, but remain standing upright. What numbers are devoured by sharks and birds of prey is not known; what immense quantities are caught along the coast, to be spread as manure on the fields inland, is beyond all calculation; and yet it has been ascertained that over a thousand millions alone are annually salted for winter consumption!

Alike gigantic is the life of the ocean in its dimensions. Whales of a hundred feet in length, and more, are the largest of all animals on earth—five times as long as the elephant, the giant of the firm land! Turtles weighing a thousand pounds are found in more than one sea. The rocky islands of the Southern Arctic alone furnish a yearly supply of a million of sea-lions, sea-cows, and seals. Huge birds rise from the foam-covered

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waves, their homes never seen by human eye, their young ones bred in lands unknown to man. Islands are formed and mountains raised by the mere dung of generations of smaller birds. And yet nature is here also greatest in her smallest creations. For how fine, for instance, must be the texture of sinews and muscles, of nerves and blood-vessels, in animals that never reach the size of a pea, or even a pin's head!

The ocean has not only its mountains and plains, its turf mo[illegible] sandy deserts, its rivers and sweet springs, gushing forth fr[illegible] recesses, and rising through the midst of salt water—but it has al[illegible] lofty forests, with luxuriant parasites, its vast prairies and bloo[illegible] dens; landscapes, in fine, far more gorgeous and glorious, [illegible] splendor of the firm land. It is true that but two kinds of plants, algæ or fucus, prosper upon the bottom of the sea; the one a jointed kind, having a thread-like form; the other jointless, and containing all the species that grow in submarine forests, or float like green meadows in the open sea. But their forms are so varied, their colors so brilliant, their number and size so enormous, that they change the deep into fabulous fairy gardens. And as branches and leaves of firm, earth-rooted trees tremble and bend on the elastic waves of the air, or wrestle, sighing and groaning with the tempest's fury, so "the sea-weed, slimy and dark, waves its arms so lank and brown," and struggles with the ocean that pulls at its roots, and tears its leaves into shreds. Now and then the mighty adversary is victorious, and rends them from their home, when they wander homeless and restless, in long, broad masses, toward the shores of distant lands, where often fields are found so impenetrable that they have saved vessels from shipwreck, and many a human life from the hungry waves.

These different kinds of fucus dwell in various parts of the ocean, and have their own well defined limits. Some cling with hand-like roots so firmly to the rocky ground, that, when strong waves pull and tear their upper parts, they often lift up gigantic masses of stone, and drag them, like huge anchors, for miles and miles. Most of them, however, love the coast, or, at least, a firm sea-bottom, and seldom thrive at a depth of forty fathoms. Still, they are found in every sea; the most gigantic, strangely enough, in the two Arctics, where they reach the enormous length of fifteen hundred feet. Occasionally they cover vast portions of sea, and form those fabulous green meadows on deep azure ground, which struck terror into the heart of early navigators. The largest of these, called Saragossa Sea, between the Azores and Antilles, is a huge floating garden, stretching, with a varying width of from one to three hundred miles, over twenty-five degrees of latitude, so that Columbus spent three hopeless, endless weeks in passing through this strange land of ocean-prairies!

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The Antarctic is the home of the most gigantic of all plants of this kind. The bladder-fucus grows to a length of a thousand feet in the very waters that are constantly congealing, and its long variagated foliage shines in bright crimson, or brilliant purple. The middle ribs of its magnificent leaves are supported underneath by huge bladders, which enables them to swim on the surface of the ocean. Off the Falkland Islands, a fucus is found which resembles an apple-tree; it has an upright trunk, with forked branches, grass-like leaves, and an abundance of fruit. The roots and stem cling, by means of clasping fibers, to rocks, above high-water mark, and from them branches shoot upward, and its long, pendant leaves hang, like the willow's, dreamy and woe-begone in the restless waters.

Beside the countless varieties of the fucus, the bottom of the sea is overgrown with the curled, deep purple leaves of the sea-lettuce, with large, porous lichens, and many-branched, hollow algæ, full of life and motion in their rosy little bladders, thickly set with ever-moving, tiny arms.

These plants form submarine forests, growing into one another, in apparently lawless order; here interlacing their branches, there forming bowers and long avenues; at one time thriving abundantly, till the thicket seems impenetrable, then again leaving large openings between wold and wold, where smaller plants form a beautiful pink turf. There a thousand hues and tinges shine and glitter in each changing light. In the indulgence of their luxurious growth, the fuci especially seem to gratify every whim and freak. Creeping close to the ground, or sending long-stretched arms, crowned with waving plumes, up to the blessed light of heaven, they form pale-green sea-groves, where there is neither moon nor star, or rise up nearer to the surface, to be transcendently rich and gorgeous in brightest green, gold, and purple. And, through this dream-like scene, playing in all the colors of the rainbow, and deep under the hollow, briny ocean, there sail and chace each other merrily gaily-painted molusks, and bright, shining fishes. Snails of every shape creep slowly along the stems, while huge, gray-haired seals hang with their enormous tusks on large, tall trees. There is the gigantic Dugong, the siren of the ancients, the side-long shark, with his leaden eyes, the thick-haired sea-leopard, and the sluggish turtle. Look how these strange, ill-shapen forms, which ever keep their dreamless sleep far down in the gloomy deep, stir themselves from time to time! See how they drive each other from their rich pastures, how they seem to awaken in storms, rising like islands from beneath, and snorting through the angry spray! Perhaps they graze peacefully in the unbroken cool of the ocean's deep bed, when lo! a hungry shark comes slily, silently around that grove, its glassy eyes shining ghost-like with a yellow sheen, and seeks its prey.

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The sea-dog first becomes aware of his dreaded enemy, and seeks refuge in the thickest recesses of the fucus forest. In an instant the whole scene changes. The oyster closes its shell with a clap, and throws itself into the deep below; the turtle conceals head and feet under her impenetrable armor, and sinks slowly downward; the playful little fish disappear in the branches of the marocystis; lobsters hide under the thick, clumsily shapen roots, and the young walrus alone turns boldly round, and faces the intruder with his sharp-pointed teeth. The shark seeks to gain his unprotected side. The battle commences; both seek the forest; their fins become entangled in the closely-interwoven branches; at last the more agile shark succeeds in wounding his adversary's side. Despairing of life, the bleeding walrus tries to conceal his last agony in the woods, but blinded by pain and blood, he fastens himself among the branches, and soon falls an easy prey to the shark, who greedily devours him.

Recreations in Science.

Easy Method of Breaking Glass in any Required Direction.—Dip a piece of worsted thread into spirits of turpentine, wrap it round the glass in the direction that you require it to be broken, then set fire to the thread; or, apply a red hot wire around the glass, and if it does not immediately crack, throw cold water on it, whilst the wire remains hot.

To set a Combustible Body on Fire by the Contact of cold Water.—Fill a saucer with water, and let fall into it a piece of potassium, of the size of a peppercorn (which is about two grains). The potassium will instantly become red-hot, with a slight explosion, and burn vividly on the surface of the water, darting at the same time from one side of the vessel to the other, with great violence, in the form of a red-hot fire-ball.

Instantaneous Crystallization.—All experiments for the production of crystals are both interesting and beautiful; they show that all matter will assume, under favorable circumstances, a definite and regular form or shape. Crystallization is a species of vitality belonging to, and inherent in, what are generally called earthy substances, perfectly analagous to the regular form assumed by plants and animals. A certain crystal will produce crystals of a like kind, but not of another; just as the seed of one plant produces its kind, but no other. Crystallization is the first link of the chain that unites man with the "dust of the earth." The slower crystals are formed, the more beautiful and regular they appear; but as it is interesting to see them form quickly, though not

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of good shape, we give the following experiment, by which a liquid is made to become almost solid in an instant. Take half a pound of Glauber salts (sulphate of soda), crush it to powder, and pour upon it half a pint of boiling water; as soon as the salt is dissolved, pour off the clear hot liquor into a warm glass tumbler; and set it in an undisturbed place; now, as quickly as you can, put a tablespoonful of sweet oil on the surface of the solution, and let it stand till quite cold. In this state it will remain liquid; but if touched with a piece of wood, or if anything be dropped into the glass, the whole will instantaneously crystallize. If a bottle be quite filled with the hot solution, and corked up while hot, it will remain liquid when it becomes cold; but when the cork is drawn, crystals will be rapidly formed.

An Experiment.—Borrow a gold ring from your wife (if you are not so fortunate as to possess a wife, however, any gold ring will do), and suspend it by silk thread from the first fore-finger, taking care to disconnect this finger from contact with any other finger or thumb. Then pile up some books, or some convenient article, to the hight of eight or ten inches, and resting your arm thereon to steady it, allow the ring to become stationary. Then let some one push under the suspended ring (which you are to hold about an inch from the surface of the table) a piece of metal—say a half a dollar; you will immediately perceive the ring commence a vibratory motion, invariably in the same direction: to and from you. At first the motion will be gentle, as if stirred by a puff of air, but will gradually become rapid and excited. While the ring is thus swinging to and fro, let a woman touch your left hand; to your astonishment, the ring will soon take a transverse motion—crossing its former track; let the woman remove her hand, the original motion will be resumed. But should you be in the habit of drinking freely, or using tobacco excessively, the ring will not be moved at all, or only in obedience to the impulse received from nervous tremor. Now, is this motion imparted to the ring by the pulse? If you think so, direct the metal to be removed, and let a chunk of tobacco, a dose of strychnine, or any deadly poison whatever, be slipped under the ring, the rapid motion diminishes in impetus—it hangs with a quivering motion above the poison—then hangs motionless and dead.

Readers we have stated what any of you may test; and if any of you can give us the *reasons* for what you *will perceive*, we shall be glad to record them.

All are not just because they do no wrong;
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just.—*Cumberland.*

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Thoughts which are Thoughts.

SELECTED BY JOHN T. BANGS.

Nothing hardens the heart like prosperity; and nothing dries up the affections more effectually that the hot pursuit of wealth. The deeper a man digs into the gold-mine, the less able, ay, the less willing is he to breathe the sweet air of upper earth, or to bask in the daylight of heaven: downward, downward still he casts the anchor of his groveling affections, and neither can nor will have a heart for anything but gold.—*Tupper.*

Augustus, after having conquered his enemies, when the papers of Brutus were brought to him, which would have disclosed all his secret associates, caused them to be burned. He would not even know his enemies, that they might cease to hate when they had nothing to fear.

Lord Eldon's habit of doubting or hesitating is illustrated by the following: Having said something about a man in a public station, he stopped short with this: "Though far be it from me, my lords, to say anything against any man in any office; for that I know lays me open to hear his panegyric." So if he ever was betrayed into praising himself, he would hasten to retract it, as it were to set himself right. Once, giving the reason for appointing Lord Kenyon Chief Justice in preference to Mr. Justice Buller, he said, "I hesitated long between the corruption of Buller and the intemperance of Kenyon, and decided against Buller. Not, however, that there was not a deal of corruption in Kenyon's intemperance."

Sir Walter Scott, on lending a book to a friend, begged that he would not fail to return it, adding good-humoredly: "Although most of my friends are bad mathematicians, they are most all GOOD BOOK-KEEPERS."

Rigaud, the painter, being one day employed in painting the portrait of a lady, perceived, when he came to the lower part of the face, that she contracted her lips in a most violent manner, in order that she might appear to have a little mouth, upon which the artist said to her very gravely, "Be not uneasy, madam; if you choose, I shall make no mouth at all."

Liberty is a blessing which can scarcely be too highly prized. It tends to give an erect mind to the person who possesses it. As Homer says, "The day that reduces a man to slavery, takes from him the half of his virtue."

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The triumphs of a warrior are bounded by the narrow theater of his own age; but those of a Scott or a Shakspeare will be renewed with greater and greater luster in ages yet unborn, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or shall live only in the song of the minstrel and the page of the chronicler.—*Prescott.*

The way, according to Socrates, to obtain a good reputation, is to endeavor to BE what you desire to APPEAR. "Men," observes Shakspeare also, "should be what they seem."

The mistakes of a layman are like the errors of a pocket-watch, which affects only an individual; but when a clergyman errs, it is like the town-clock going wrong—it misleads a multitude.

There is no object in nature and the world without its good, useful, and amiable side. He who discovers that side first in inanimate things is sagacious; he who discovers it in animate, is liberal.—*Lavater.*

The following authentic anecdote of Canning's disposition for pleasantry, affords an amusing proof. When at college, he was attended by a very faithful servant, who, like all surrounding his patron, became much attached to him. Francis, for such was his name, was always distinguished for his blunt honesty, and his familiarity with his master. During Mr. Canning's early political career, Francis continued to live with him. Mr. Canning, whose love of fun was innate, used sometimes to play off his servant's bluntness upon his right honorable friends. One of these, whose honors did not sit so easily upon him as upon the late Premier, had forgotten Francis, though often indebted to his kind offices at Oxford. Francis complained to Canning that Mr. W—— did not speak to him. "Pooh," said Canning, "it is all your fault; you should speak first; he thinks you PROUD. He dines here to day; go up to him in the drawing room, and congratulate him upon the post he has just got." Francis was obedient. He advanced to the astonished statesman, while surrounded by a splendid ministerial circle, and said, "How d'ye do, Mr. W——; I hope you are well; I wish you joy of your luck, and hope your place may turn out a good thing." The roar, of course, was universal.

At every stage of life, under the influence of every passion, amidst all the various scenes of business, of hate, of enjoyment, and of misery, the tones of the voice, and they only, denote us truly.—*Dr. Black.*

Self-denial is an excellent guard of virtue, and it is safer and wiser to abate somewhat of our lawful enjoyments, than to gratify our desires to the utmost extent of what is permitted, lest the bent of nature towards pleasure hurry us further.—*Townson.*

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VARIETIES.

IGNORANCE AMONG THE FASHIONABLES.—A correspondent of the Cleveland Herald writing from Saratoga Springs gives an illustration of supreme ignorance in a fashionable visitor at that place, who wore a "dress with four flounces, each one costing one hundred and eighty dollars," which is well calculated to give sport to the poor, but intelligent. She was in conversation with a gentleman of limited accomplishments, but great pretentions. The writer says:

"He, wishing to show off his extensive reading, made some classic allusion to Scott's Bride of Lammermoor, when he was interrupted by his fair companion, who innocently inquired with great eagerness, when the Bride of Lammermoor arrived, and at what Hotel she was stopping."

This specimen of ignorance among the moneyed aristocracy reminds us of the mistakes of a fashionable exquisite of this city who called upon Miss Frederica Bremer, while in Cincinnati, on her tour through the United States, some five years since, and having never seen it in print, it must be new to most of the readers of the Casket:

Miss Bremer was the guest of one of our most respected and wealthy citizens, and being, of course, lionized by the fashionables, as all foreign celebrities are, received calls from all our "first citizens." Among others, a favorite beau of the ladies, who is received in the most "select circles," went to pay his respects at the shrine of genius. After being presented, he remarked that he had frequently read the works of her brother Frederick; he was a fine writer, and his style was very pleasing, He had never visited Europe—had heard it spoken of as a fine country, and designed traveling there next season. Would first visit Italy, Rome. and Paris; from thence he thought of crossing to the *continent*, where he would visit London and Edinburgh, remaining for some weeks before returning home.

DR. JOHNSON, when in the fullness of years and knowledge, said; "I never take up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

A HAPPY FIRESIDE.—Home is the residence not merely of the body but of the heart. It is a place for affections to unfold themselves; for children to learn to love and play in; for husband and wife to toil smilingly together; and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be a happy home; if we are not happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

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A Sufficient Reason.—The Boston Post is responsible for the following account of how Jim Brown's horse trotted a mile in 2:50:

Jim Brown (that isn't his name, by-the-by, but we hate offensive personalities,) is a shrewd Vermont horse-jockey. A sharp fellow is Jim Brown, cunning as a fox—a prodigious brag—and the most expert man for a plausible excuse in a sudden emergency that can be found in the fourteen counties of the State. Awhile ago Jim bought a new horse, which he supposed a remarkable "fast crab," and capable of the smartest kind of trotting that could be seen "anywhere round," until, a good deal to his chagrin, (Jim's, not the horse's) he found that he was mistaken. However, before the truth came to light, on the day of his new purchase, Jim brought out his horse, and with much vaunting of his great speed, put him on the course. "Bet you five dollars," says Jim, "that he does the mile in 2:50."

One of the boldest of the bystanders took the bet; and off started the pony at a regular "cow gait," obviously "doing his possible," and "coming in" in just 5:30! The shouts of derision which arose on the air were terrific, and Jim was a picture of amazement and mortification.

"Well, Jim, how do you explain *that?* What is the excuse *now?*" cried twenty or thirty voices at once.

"Why, I'll tell you, boys," said Jim, solemnly, and with great deliberation of manner; "the fact of the matter is, the distance is considerably too long for the horse to go it in such a very short time."

The apology was ingenious, and under a second roar of laughter, Jim rode from the field.

Clerical Pun.—A parishoner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in the scriptures: "He was *clothed* with *curses* as with a *garment.*" "It signifies," said the Divine, "that individual has *got a habit* of swearing."

To the perfection of true friendship, it is necessary that there should be one particular individual selected from the rest of mankind, who may be considered as another self, to whom we can unbosom our most serious thoughts, before whom we are not ashamed to lay open our weaknesses and foibles, or, in the expressive phrase, to think aloud.

I would not deprive life of a single grace, or a single enjoyment, but I would counteract whatever is pernicious in whatever is elegant. If among my flowers there is a snake, I would not root up my flowers—I would kill the snake.

Did you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?" "Indeed! then it is well that you and I were not there," retorted the Jew.

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RATHER FUNNY—STREET SCENE.—A gentleman pushing down street in hot haste; a ragged urchin running after him.

"Mither! mither! O, mither! I thay, mither!"

"Are you calling me, boy?"

"Yeth, thir; I thwow, what a hurry you ith in."

"Well, speak quick—what do you want? I've no time to spare."

"Ith you going down threet?"

"To be sure, you little dunce—what do you want?"

"Why, mother thent me out to hunt our old thpekled hen, and if you see her, I wish you'd catch her for me; coth I'm a tired a looking for her."

A PICTURE OF LIFE.—In youth we seem to be climbing a hill, on whose top eternal sunshine seems to rest. How eagerly we pant to attain its summit! But when we have attained it how different is the prospect on the other side. We sigh as we contemplate the dreary waste before us and look back with a wistful eye upon the flowery path we have passed, but may never more retrace. Life is a portentious cloud, fraught with thunder, storm and rain; but religion, like the streaming sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

WE love old people. We love their simple ways and old fashioned speech. To laugh at their infirmities, is to laugh at ourselves in advance. No gentleman or lady will do so, or in any way treat honorable age with disrespect. That child is basely bred at home who is insolent to the aged. Young America should be taught good manners before it commences smoking and swearing.

GOOD.—Somebody writing to the Westchester Examiner, relates the following sell of a wag, who for the amusement of a crowd was holding a scriptural confab with a colored divine.

"Why, Charley, you can't even tell who made the monkey."

"Oh, yes I can, massa."

"Well, who made the monkey?"

"Why, massa, the same one made the monkey *that made you.*"

THERE is a rabbinical tradition that the throne of God is surrounded with the purest snow, out of which the angels fashion themselves the pure etherial bodies in which they are clothed when they visit our lower world.

THE richest endowments of the mind are temperance, prudence, and fortitude; prudence is a universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest, and where that is not present, fortitude loses its name and nature.

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VALUABLE RECEIPTS.—To become rich, save your money and sear your conscience.

To become wise, eat, sleep, and say nothing.

To become obliging say "yes" to every other man's opinion, and have none of your own.

To become exalted to a little office, be ready at all times to act as a tool for big men.

To become poor, be honest and avoid suspicion.

To become insane, spread your sentiments without consulting the oracles.

To become unfortunate, print your thoughts.

To become slandered, edit a paper and tell the truth.—*Waukesha Chronotype.*

THE pleasure of success and the pain of failure are proportioned, not to the importance of the object sought, but to the interest which has been felt in the pursuit; and the liveliest interest is often excited by trifling things, owing to the contagion of sympathy, and many other causes.

To cultivate the sensibilities much and a taste for romance, at an early age, to the neglect of more solid acquirements, is about as wise as to sow arable ground with poppies. In spring it will be prematurely beautiful; in autumn everything bleak and bare; and there will be but a drossy residuum in place of healthful nourishment, to be reaped from the fruit of the soil.

To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence—an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and solicitudes, and to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed to stand in awe of those to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but the power of betraying.

A TABLE of contents—a dinner table. A table of discontents a—gambling table.

FISHING IN HOOPS.—"Belle Brittan," of the New York Mirror, has been angling from off the rocks at Newport. She says that "ladies who go fishing should leave their hoops at home, as sitting in them on the rocks is as hard as sitting on a gridiron."

She should have added, too, that in the excessive hot weather, under such circumstances, they would be apt to receive the fabulous mark of initiation into a Masonic Lodge.

No man has measured the power of kindness; for it is boundless. No man has seen its death; for it is eternal.

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INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.

MAINE.

The annual sessions of the Grand Bodies of Maine were held at Portland, on the 12th ult. We learn from an attentive correspondent that no business of interest was transacted in either body, beyond the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:

Grand Lodge.—G.M., Amasa T. C. Dodge, Bangor; D.G.M., George W. Nichols, Biddeford; G.W., Edward P. Burnham, Saco; G.S. & T., Benj. Kingsbury, Jr., Portland; G.C., Rev. Cyrus Cummings, Portland; Representative to G.L.U.S., Mark Prime, Saco.

Grand Encampment. — G.P., Joseph J. Adams, Biddeford; G.H.P., Benj. C. Fernald, Portland; G.S.W., Joshua Chadbourne, Biddeford; G.S. & T., Benj. Kingsbury, Jr., Portland; G.J.W., Chas. Nutter, Saco; Representative to G.L.U.S., Joseph P. Adams, Biddeford.

MISSOURI.

Rochester, July 11, 1856: Elk Lodge, No. 66, was instituted in 1853, and is in a prosperous condition. We have reported a goodly number of initiations each year. Since the institution of our Lodge, we have never been visited by that sad monster, Death. Last year, we built a new Hall in connection with the Masonic fraternity of this place, and now have an excellent retreat for Odd Fellows. The officers installed for the present term are as follows: William M. Shanks, N.G.; William P. Floyd, V.G.; Amos Botsford, Sec.; James Wells, Treasurer. Odd-Fellowship seems to progress rapidly in this jurisdiction. W. H.

Wellington, July 9, 1856: We have a very flourishing little Lodge, numbering about twenty members, all first rate Odd Fellows. Our officers for the present term are: J. M. Hollaway, N.G.; J. L. Marshall, V.G.; C. E. Strangham, Sec.; D. K. Duck, Treas. J. L. M.

Ohio.—We had promised ourself to lay before our readers this month the statistics of the condition of the Order in Ohio, as prepared for the Grand Lodge of the United States, but dillatory officers have prevented the Grand Officers from preparing their Reports. Bro. Hubbell informs us that fourteen Encampments have failed to report, although twice written to on the subject, and we presume the Grand Secretary has experienced the same vexatious delay in his office, as he always places us under obligations for a synopsis at as early a date as possible. We will publish as complete a report as possible next month.

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QUERISTS' DEPARTMENT.

The following questions were submitted to the editor, forgetful, we presume, that Bro. Jocelyn would conduct the Querist's Department. Bro. Jocelyn has been absent from home for some time, and is now sick at his father's, we understand; hence his failure to supply his Department. We deem this statement but justice to him, as he may dissent from our opinion on some questions, and would dislike to be held responsible for them.—ED.

T. L., of Michigan, writes: "A suspended member of a Lodge in another jurisdiction, claiming to have been *unjustly* suspended for non-payment of dues, he having transmitted the amount of his dues to his Lodge, and they not having been received, makes application for membership in our Lodge. Can we receive him without his being reinstated in his former Lodge?"

No. The brother must be reinstated before he can connect himself with another Lodge. If he *sends* his dues to the Lodge, it must be at *his own* risk; the Lodge, if the members are so disposed, may *donate* him the amount in order to cover his loss, but it would only be an act of courtesy, and a failure to do so would leave the brother in precisely the same condition as if he had never transmitted the amount. No Lodge would refuse to remit the amount after satisfactory *proof* of its having been sent; but it would be setting a dangerous precedent to take his simple statement without further corroborating testimony. Your Lodge should await the action of the Lodge in which he still holds membership as a suspended brother.

C. F., of Cincinnati, inquires: "The Secretary of a Subordinate Lodge in Ohio sent a communication to the Grand Secretary, notifying him of the expulsion of a member. In the quarterly list of suspensions and expulsions, the Secretary's name was substituted for that of the expelled brother, and sent to every Lodge in the jurisdiction, under the seal of the G. L., and read in open Lodge. Should that brother visit a Lodge in which the circumstances are understood, must the Lodge refuse him admission, notwithstanding they know him to be still a worthy member?"

A communication from a higher body, *under seal* (none other is admissable), must be acknowledged as authority. It is a recognized principle, that all laws, even when made under a misapprehension, are binding until annulled, and the brother aggrieved, having a remedy through his own Lodge, it would be incumbent upon the Lodge to refuse him admis-

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sion until officially notified of the mistake, either from the Grand Secretary or the Lodge of which he is a member.

Lodges should jealously guard against the evil of exercising discretionary powers in cases where they have positive law for their guidance. All experience attests the importance of yielding implicit obedience to regularly constituted authorities. No one blames the commander of the famous six hundred for leading on his division to that bloody charge at Balaklava, though he knew that the order was given under a misapprehension: a precedent of disobedience would have been more disastrous to the army than the destruction of this heroic corps.

A. J. G., of Lawrenceburgh, Ind., writes: "Is an Encampment member entitled to wear the Royal Purple Degree regalia, when visiting a Subordinate Lodge?"

We answer by quoting the authority from the Digest, G. L. U. S.:

Past Officers and members in possession of Encampment degrees, and all other members of the Order, when visiting Grand or Subordinate Lodges or Encampments, are entitled to wear the regalia and jewels pertaining to the highest degree, which they have taken.

The Encampment regalia, except by visitors, can be worn only in an Encampment; but members of a Grand Lodge who have received the Royal Purple Degree may wear the colors of the Encampment in Grand Lodge,

J. L., of Minnesota Territory, inquires: "I see from one of the publications of the Order, that a Lodge in Massachusetts had admitted ladies and others into the Lodge-room, to witness the ceremony of Installation. Is not the law prohibiting public Installations binding upon every jurisdiction?"

There is no direct enactment in reference to public Installations in the Digest. Efforts have been made by State Grand Lodges, and in the Grand Lodge of the United States, for enactments to permit public Installations, but they always failed. In 1852, in the latter body, a resolution was reported by the Committee on the State of the Order, to "permit invited guests to be present at the installation of officers, provided that no other business should be done during Installation," etc.; but the resolution was rejected by a very large majority. In 1854, an effort was made in the same body to permit the Daughters of Rebekah to be present at Installations, but this was also rejected.

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts—acting on the assumption that the G. L. U. S. had vested all authority not reserved to itself by the Constitution, in the various State, District, and Territorial Grand Bodies, and having never forbidden public Installations (a refusal to enact a law *permitting* them is not a *prohibition*), it is reserved for State Grand Bodies to exercise their discretion about the matter—has enacted a local law,

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providing for the mode in which public Installations might be conducted. It is contended in that jurisdiction that the permission of the G. L. U. S. has been asked to do what they had a right to do without asking; and that the G. L. U. S. had no right to legislate upon this subject, having delegated that right to State authorities.

For ourself, though we can see no objection to public Installations, and are decidedly in favor of them, we could not think of countenancing such an innovation, without the sanction of the G. L. U. S. There is no law laid down in the Digest prohibiting public *initiations;* does it, therefore, follow that it is optional with State jurisdictions to make them public or not, as they may desire? The same law and the same reasoning holds good in both cases.

T., of Cincinnati Encampment, No. 22, says, "The Trustees of our Encampment, in ordering a new set of Regalia, procured a sash for Past officers in addition to the usual regalia. Was that correct?"

No. A brother having passed through the Sublime Degrees, has attained the highest rank in the Order, and is, consequently, entitled to all its honors and privileges. All the Royal Purple Degree members of the Encampment, not in official station, are on an equality, and there should be no badge of distinction. This is an innovation on one of the old land-marks of the Order that should not be permitted. We quote the following from the Digest of the G. L. U. S. in relation to the proper regalia for members of a Subordinate and Grand Encampment:

The regalia for members of Subordinate Encampments who have not received the Royal Purple degree is black aprons and gloves; and members who have obtained the Royal Purple degree wear purple collars, black aprons, and black gloves, the aprons and collars to be trimmed with yellow lace or fringe.

The regalia for an officer of a Subordinate Encampment is, in addition to the black gloves, a purple collar and black apron trimmed with gold-colored fringe or lace, or both.

The regalia for members of a Grand Encampment is the same as that last described.

All officers of Lodges and Encampments should wear the regalia prescribed for them by the laws.

All Past Officers of Grand and Subordinate Encampments are entitled to wear the regalia and jewels appertaining to the offices they have passed.

D. S., of Indiana, says, "Are Royal Purple Encampment members, when in processions, clothed in appropriate regalia when they are without gloves?"

The regalia of the Encampment Degrees is incomplete without *black* gloves. It adds greatly to the impressiveness of the sight for all the Patriarchal members in a procession to wear the *complete* regalia. Officers and Marshals of processions should enjoin this upon the brotherhood.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

Debate in the Lodge Room.—Nothing can be more proper than courteous and gentlemanly discussions of the questions arising in the course of Lodge business. It is the privilege of *every* member of the Lodge to take part in these deliberations, and all who feel so disposed, should not hesitate to take the floor—not for the purpose of mere debate or love of opposition, but with the two-fold object of rendering themselves useful to the Order, and of improving themselves in the command of language and the expression of their sentiments. In no other manner (unless, indeed, in the manifestation of sympathy for a brother in distress) can a member more readily prove his zeal for "the good of the Order" than by an active participation in Lodge business; and no better school for the cultivation of elocutionary talents can be selected than the Lodge-room of a zealous and prosperous working Lodge. Our membership is composed of persons of every calling; professional men, mechanics, and even *editors* may there be found, uniting in works of brotherly affiliation; and in such an assembly, where human nature and talent are manifested from every phase of society, we glean the thoughts and opinions of the members, and more new ideas are generated thus than ofttimes emanate from societies that lay claim to much higher talent.

Scarlet members should not leave the debate to be conducted by Past Grands exclusively, as is too frequently the case in old Lodges where they have a great many past officers, but should step forward boldly when they can shed new light upon the subject under discussion, and present their own opinions without hesitation. Of course, the rules of order governing debate should be understood by every brother who rises to address the chair, and the merits of the subject should be carefully canvassed in his mind before he ventures upon an expression of his sentiments, lest he may ultimately become convinced of his error, and by retreating from his position, if several times repeated, may acquire a reputation for fickleness and instability. As your opinions are entitled to respect among the members, you should, in like manner, avoid even the appearance of disrespect for the arguments and opinions advanced by others. Avoid raising points of order, unless the brother having the floor is wandering very widely from the question under debate. The settlement of points of order frequently requires more time than the brother would have occupied in closing his remarks were he left in the undisturbed possession of the floor.

By practice alone can we attain excellence in any pursuit. To acquire the faculty of expressing our ideas in a fluent style and pleasing manner,

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we must exercise the talents with which we are endowed. All may not attain eminence, even with continued perseverence, but none are entirely void of ability. Charles Fox, the eminent English orator, when he first entered Parliament, was almost without reputation, yet he resolved to become the leader of the House, and to this end exercised himself in debate every day, until he acquired a skill and dexterity in debate that left him without a rival in that body, and all on account of a judicious cultivation of his natural talents. We know not what fires of genius may lie slumbering within our souls till we have given an expansive force to our thoughts. It is related of America's illustrious statesman, the sage of Ashland, that being a member of a debating society, soon after his admission to the bar, he was yet so diffident that he could never trust himself to take part in the discussions. One evening, however, he was much interested in the debate, and just before its conclusion remarked to a gentleman sitting near, that he did not think the subject was yet exhausted. His friend immediately announced that Mr. Clay would speak to the question, and being thus forced into the ar[illegible] arose, very much embarrassed, and commenced—"Gentlemen [illegible] Jury!" thus disclosing the fact of his having spent long hours of preparation for the forensic portion of his profession, while patiently awaiting the call for his first brief. To this earnest diligence in practicing elocution may we attribute much of the subsequent success of the great statesman whose memory the American people venerate.

The Grand Lodge of the United States will meet in annual session at Baltimore, on the third Monday of September, the 15th inst. The regular biennial election of officers will take place at this session. We could scarcely venture a conjecture as to the successor to the Grand Sire's chair, now that Bro. Colfax has signified his intention not to be a candidate at the coming session. He would doubtless have been the successful competitor for the honor, had his engagements admitted of his assuming the duties, and all our readers will regret with us, that the illustrious brother, so worthy and well qualified, should deem it necessary to decline entering the lists. The Grand Lodge is composed of brethren, many of them of national reputation in Odd-Fellowship, from whom an able and zealous officer will doubtless be selected. We do not approve of electioneering, and feel that the interests of the Order are safe in the hands of the G. L. U. S.; but we can not refrain from suggesting our preference from among its many talented members for our worthy friend and brother, I. D. Williamson, now of Ohio. He has represented every section of the Union in its Councils, having appeared from five different States, and being thus appreciated where he is best known, we feel confi-

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dent that the Order at large would be gratified with his election. His services in behalf of Odd-Fellowship are matters of history familiar to every member of that body, and his reputation and character are such as to require no eulogy from us. We will only add that we are not informed whether Bro. Williamson will consent to become a candidate, having never conversed with him on the subject; but knowing it to be one of his principles neither to seek or to decline official stations, we, without his knowledge, suggest his claims to the attention of those in whom the appointing power is vested.

FREE MASONRY IN TURKEY.—We extract the following account of Masonry in the Orient from the *London Daily News*. It must be gratifying to every Odd Fellow to learn of the beneficial effects of the establishment of a sister society in a half-civilized land:

"Although Free Masonry has for more than thirty years been generally supposed to exist among the Mohammedans, and traces of it were found in Turkey by the Russian officers, after the campaign of 1829, yet they were too slight to prove the fact; and it is only within the last few years that it was satisfactorily demonstrated by a German Free Mason chancing to pass through Belgrade, where he discovered a Masonic Lodge, to which he was invited, and where he received a hospitable reception. It appears now to be proved beyond all doubt that the Turkish brothers, who exercise their Masonic duties in the name of dervishes, are to all intents and purposes the same as our own Order of Free Masons, with but very little difference in their customs and ceremonies, and making use of exactly the same signs, words and grips, to recognize each other.

"The Turkish Free Masons appear to be in a more elevated state of civilization than is usual among Orientals generally; their views of religion are far higher than those imposed by Islamism; they reject poligamy, contenting themselves with one wife, and at the Masonic banquets the women appear unveiled—a striking proof of the mutual confidence the Masonic brethren repose in each other.

"The Belgrade Lodge, called Aikotsch, is composed of about seventy members. The Master of the Lodge whose name is Djani Ismail Mohammed Sæde, is at the same time Grand Master of all the Lodges in European Turkey, and is directly connected with all those of the whole of the Ottoman Empire, Arabia and Persia, in which latter the Free Masons amount to more than 50,000 members. In Constantinople there are not less than nine Lodges, the most numerous and important of which is that of the dancing dervishes, called Sirkedeshi Tecka.

"The Turkish Free Masons wear a symbol of the brotherhood, besides a small brown shawl embroidered with mystical figures, a flat, polished,

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twelve-cornered piece of marble, with reddish brown spots about two inches in diameter, suspended by a white silken cord around the neck. These spots represent the drops of blood, and are symbolic of the death of Ali, the founder of the Order in Turkey, who was barbarously put to death by the then Sultan, for refusing to reveal the secrets. The above-mentioned Djani Ismail, a Grand Master of the Lodge of Belgrade, a venerable Turk of the old school, is honorary member of "Baldwin under the Lime-tree" at Leipsic, several members of which Lodge have received diplomas from the Aikotsch at Belgrade."

Bro. J. Griswold.—We regret to announce that this worthy and esteemed Patriarch, late R. W. Grand Scribe of the Grand Encampment of Ohio, has resigned his post, and removed from this jurisdiction. Bro. Griswold will carry with him the hearty good will of a host of warm friends, who will remember him with regard for his manifold services to the Order, and for his consistency and uprightness in business dealings. He now resides at Emporium, Pulaski county, Illinois, where he has gone as a pioneer, to assist in building up a new city which its projectors are sanguine will ultimately become the Emporium City of the Mississippi valley.

Bro. Wm. M. Hubbell, of Cincinnati Encampment, No. 22, has been elected to fill the vacancy in the office of Grand Scribe, occasioned by Bro. G.'s resignation. We can congratulate the Encampment Branch in Ohio, on this selection; no member of the Grand Encampment is more competent to discharge the duties of the station, or more deserving the honor. We have known him for years—always a zealous Odd Fellow, attentive at the meetings of his Lodge and Encampment, and faithful and prompt in the discharge of all business intrusted to him. The office of Grand Scribe is one of great responsibility, requiring a man of business habits, a correct accountant, and one well posted in the work of the Order. These qualifications the present Grand Scribe possesses in an eminent degree.

Odd Fellows' Charts.—Bro. J. Sherer, of Cincinnati, has just published two Charts, containing the Emblems of the Order. One is a Chart of the Subordinate Lodge Degrees, the other an Encampment Chart. They are lithographs, executed by Messrs. Klauprech & Menzel, in good style and in two colors. The Emblems for each Degree are separated by division lines, and the whole is surrounded by an outline border. We have not examined the Charts critically, but from the rep-

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utation of Bro. Sherer as a publisher of Masonic and other Charts, we presume the grouping is correct. Specimens may be seen at our office, and can be obtained at the Regalia Depot of Bro. Addis, on Sixth street. Also for sale by the publisher, No. 69 Pike street, Cincinnati. The Charts are twenty by twenty-six inches in size, and are designed either for Lodge or parlor ornaments.

Adelphian Institute.—We would direct the attention of parents selecting a good Boarding School for their daughters, to the claims of this Institution. It is located on the Schuylkill, at Norristown, Pennsylvania, sixteen miles from Philadelphia, in a section of the country justly noted for the beauty of its scenery and the healthfulness of the climate, accessible from several points by railway, and but one hour's ride from the city. The Misses Bush, Principals of the Institute, are personally known to us, and we can recommend them as accomplished and experienced teachers, fully competent to give satisfaction to their patrons. The course of study is as thorough as in any young ladies' Institute, and the spacious grounds surrounding the buildings, together with the exercises in calisthenics, will give ample opportunity for the cultivation of physical vigor in connection with mental improvement.

Miami Medical College.—We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Announcement for the Fifth Annual Course of Lectures of this Institution for the session of 1856-7, commencing Oct. 15, prox.

The Faculty, which has continued, we believe, without change, since the inauguration of the college, is composed of the first medical talent of the West, embracing Profs. R. D. Mussey, Judkins, Mendenhall, Murphy, and others widely known to the profession. The facilities for instruction in Practical Anatomy and Clinics, are unsurpassed by any medical college in the country. Prof. Geo. Mendenhall, Dean of the Faculty, will respond to all inquiries relative to the course.

The indirect overture of the editor of the Ark, in the August No., to merge that establishment into the Casket, is respectfully declined. We have read the fable of the man being stung by a certain animal of venomous instincts, which he had restored to life by nestling it in his bosom, and have no desire to try the experiment ourselves.

A large Celebration of the Order was held at Rochester, Indiana, on the 12th ult.

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Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TURNER.

VOL. VI. OCTOBER, 1856. NO. 4.

Sketch of an English Queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following sketch of Queen Elizabeth, of England, is from the able pen of John Hill Burton. It gives, in a forcible style, the main points of her character. The popularity of Elizabeth during her reign, and the celebrity which she has ever since enjoyed, are due to her ability as a sovereign; but by no means to her character as a woman. By identifying herself with the prosperity and glory of England, she caused her reign to be designated by posterity as "the glorious days of good Queen Bess."

"Elizabeth, Queen of England, was born at Greenwich on 7th September, 1533. She was the daughter of Henry VIII, by Anne Boleyn, and her position in reference to the descent of the throne was peculiar, since the accession of her sister Mary, conveying the inference that Henry's marriage to Catharine of Arragon was valid, rendered the issue of the second marriage illegitimate. An act had, however, been passed

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in Henry's reign, which, fortunately perhaps, cut the knot by settling the crown on the two princesses successively. During the reign of her brother, King Edward, she spent a very happy life, following her natural disposition for hard study, and not only acquiring many accomplishments, but practically applying them to the acquisition of a profound knowledge of mankind. During the reign of her sister the scene changed, and she underwent five uneasy years, of difficulty and danger. Her conduct was marked with extreme sagacity, courage, and caution. She proved that her adherence to the principles of the Reformation was not so much in her mind a matter of essential belief as of preference between a good system and a bad system, for she submitted in some measure to the ritual of Rome. On the other hand, when we know the extreme rigidness of Mary's bigotry, it is necessary to believe that nothing but a considerable amount of sisterly affection could have prevented her from sacrificing one who was likely so far to undo all that she had herself done at the sacrifice of so many lives.

"Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne dates from 17th November, 1558. Her glorious reign is matter of history. A contrast to that which followed, it was marked alike by prudence and decision. The ecclesiastical revolution, which every one saw must follow her accession, went on so gradually, and at the same time so distinctly, that the Romish hierarchy had abandoned their cause before it was finally decided against them. A main character of her reign is, that from the first she chose wise advisers, and through all her personal caprices, kept them to the end. Another eminent feature of her policy was to watch the growth of discontents, and appease them ere they became dangerous. Thus, when such complaints as shook the throne in the next reign, and overturned it in that of Charles, began faintly to appear, she stepped forward and redressed the grievances as from her own princely beneficence to her suppliant people; hence she preserved her prerogative untarnished, while she appeased discontent. How sovereigns of such ability are advantageous to a free country may be questioned. England certainly never came so near arbitrary power as in her reign. With all her political capacity, her personal feelings were signally preposterous. Her desire to be considered lovely and to be loved approached a monomania. She appears to have had a singularly unpleasing aspect for a woman—harsh features, a rough yellow skin, dim eyes, irascible indented mouth, and sandy hair—yet no one could too grossly flatter her beauty, and it was impossible to make a portrait with the slightest degree of truth which she could tolerate. Sir Walter Raleigh speaks of the pictures of Queen Elizabeth, 'made by unskillful and common painters, which, by her own commandment, were knocked into pieces and cast into the fire.' On more than one occasion she was allowed, and allowed herself, to exult

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in the notion that she was the object of the despairing love of her servants—but she never permitted either vanity or affection to disturb the policy of her reign. To the jealousy arising out of her peculiar weakness we may attribute the great blot on her name—her harshness to Mary of Scotland. It has now been proved that she distinctly indicated how good a service she would count it secretly to put the captive out of the way; and it is creditable to the English public men of the day that none of them would take her hint as a warrant 'to break into the bloody house of life.' Elizabeth died on 24th March, 1603."

Thus far Mr. Burton. The following summary of events of the latter years of Elizabeth's reign we transcribe from another cotemporary writer:

Philip of Spain had added the kingdom of Portugal to his other dominions, on the death of the king of that country without issue (A. D. 1580). When Elizabeth, departing from her cautious policy, espoused the cause of the revolted Netherlands, and assumed the proud place of head of the Protestantism of Europe, Philip was preparing an expedition which had for its purpose no less an object than the conquest of England. In all his dominions, Spain Portugal, Naples, and such parts of the Low Countries as still recognized his authority, he caused ships of uncommon size and force to be fitted out; naval stores were bought up at great expense; provisions amassed; armies levied, and quartered in the maritime provinces; and plans laid for such an embarkation as had never before appeared on the ocean. An immense fleet of transports was being built to carry thirty-five thousand men, under the Duke of Parma, who was to join what national vanity fondly denominated the Invincible Armada, and with it enter the Thames, land the Spanish army near London, and decide the fate of England at one blow. All Europe apprehended that Elizabeth must be overwhelmed; but, undismayed, she boldly prepared to meet the danger. She gave the command of her fleet to a gallant Catholic nobleman, Lord Howard, of Effingham, under whose command were the most renowned seamen of Europe,—Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher. To awaken the courage and patriotism of her subjects, she made her personal appearance at the head of her troops. At Tilbury, she appeared on horseback, riding through the lines and speaking to the soldiers. The effect of her harangue was commensurate with the sound judgment and consummate knowledge of mankind which dictated such a display.

On the 30th of May, 1588, under the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Armada sailed from Lisbon, but on account of stormy weather it did not reach the English channel until the 19th of July. While he waited for the Duke of Parma to join him with the transport ships, the Spanish Admiral was attacked by the Earl of Effingham, who, after seven days

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QUEEN ELIZABETH AT TILBURY.

of warfare, forced him to abandon all hopes of accomplishing his purpose, and to turn his thoughts towards an escape. Dreading again to encounter the English fleet, the Duke of Medina Sidonia resolved to lead his squadron round the British Islands. He was followed closely by his enemy, and would perhaps have been compelled to surrender, but for the failure of the contractors to supply the English fleet with ammunition. The event, however, was scarcely less fatal to the Spaniards. The Armada was attacked by a violent storm in passing the Orkneys, and many of the vessels were driven on the westerly isles of Scotland, or on the coast of Ireland. Less than one-half of the fleet, and a smaller proportion of the soldiers and sailors, returned to Spain. The defeat of this great enterprise destroyed the decisive influence which Spain had acquired in the affairs of Europe, and ever since the shipwreck of the Armada, the Spanish, State and people, seem to have lost all energy, and sunk into almost hopeless decay.

The close of the brilliant reign of Elizabeth presents few remarkable features. The attempt of the Armada was retaliated by the English, who made descents on the Spanish coast under their great commanders, Raleigh, Howard, Drake, Cavendish, and Hawkins. The handsome and accomplished Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, distinguished himself in

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these expeditions, and won the favor of the English queen. The unrivaled place in her affections, and the chief authority in her councils, became his by the death of her former favorite, Leicester, and her minister, Burleigh. His pride disgusted the nobles, who took advantage of his failure in quelling a rebellion in Ireland to undermine him in the favor of the queen. In the excitement of his disgrace, and confident of his great popularity with the people, he proposed to possess himself of the person of the queen, compel her to remove his enemies, and acquiesce in all his measures. This treasonable enterprise led Elizabeth to sign the warrant for his execution, and he was led to the scaffold.

While Essex was in high favor with Elizabeth, she had given him a ring as a pledge of her affection, and had accompanied the gift with a promise that into whatever disgrace he might fall, or whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him by his enemies, he might depend on her forgiveness if he produced that ring. In his final extremity, Essex resolved to try the efficacy of this precious gift, and he committed it to the Countess of Nottingham, in order that she might deliver it to the Queen. But the husband of the Countess was one of the most implacable enemies of Essex, and he persuaded her to act an atrocious part: neither to deliver the ring to the Queen, nor return it to the Earl. Elizabeth imputed the omission of this appeal to her clemency, to the disdainful pride of her favorite; and the resentment which this caused her to feel, was one of the chief reasons for assenting to his execution. The Countess of Nottingham, falling sick after the death of Essex, was struck with remorse on account of her perfidy, and desired to see the Queen in order to reveal to her a secret, without disclosing which she could not die in peace. When the Queen entered her apartment, she presented Essex's ring, related the purpose for which she had received it, and begged forgiveness of her crime. All Elizabeth's affection returned, all her rage was roused. "God may forgive you, but I never can," she cried, as she shook the dying Countess in her bed. She then rushed out of the room.

Few and miserable, after this discovery, were the days of Elizabeth. Her spirits left her, and existence itself seemed a burden. At length, when her death was visibly approaching, the Privy Council sent to know her will in regard to her successor; she named her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots. She soon after expired, her body being totally wasted by abstinence and anguish.

While her death teaches us a striking lesson of the unsubstantial nature of human greatness, the history of her times shows to what a degree of wealth and consequence a nation may be raised in a few years by a wise and vigorous administration, and what powerful efforts may be made by a brave and united people in repelling or annoying an enemy,

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however superior in force. The reign of Elizabeth, says Chambers, saw the commencement of the naval glory of England. Down to the reign of Henry VII, there was no such thing as a navy belonging to the public, and the military genius of the people was devoted exclusively to enterprises by land. The rise, however, of a commercial spirit in Europe, which in 1492 had caused the discovery of America, and was again acted upon by the scope for adventure which that discovery opened up, had latterly caused great attention to be paid to nautical affairs in England. Englishmen of all ranks supported and entered into enterprises for discovering unknown territories; and under Drake, Cavendish, Raleigh, and Frobisher, various expeditions of less or more magnitude were sent out. The Colonies of North America were now commenced. Amongst the exertions of private merchants, our attention is chiefly attracted by the commencement of the northern whale fishery, the cod fishery of New Foundland, and the slave-trade in Africa. When hostilities with Spain became more open, the English commanders made many successful attacks upon her colonies in the West Indies, and also upon the fleets of merchant vessels which were employed to carry home the gold, and other equally valuable products of the New World, to the Spanish harbors. These attacks were now made in a more systematic manner, and with more effect, as a revenge for the affair of the Armada. It may almost be said that the dominion of Britain over the seas was perfected in one reign; a power which has been of such advantage to that country, both in protecting its commerce and keeping it secure from foreign invasion, that its origin would have conferred everlasting luster on this period of English history, even although it had not been characterized by any other glorious event.

Farewell to the Brook.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever, and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder-tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee, shall hum the bee,
Forever, and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
Forever, and forever.—*Tennyson.*

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The Regalia:

A STORY OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE.

"What concentrated joy or wo in blessed or blighted love!"—*Tupper.*

It was a bright morning in the early part of June, and all seemed busy at Glendale. Blythe and gay figures could be seen through the open windows, hurrying to and fro, busy packing their trunks, and making arrangements for the exercises of the day. It was Commencement Day. That great mansion, concealed by a net-work of luxuriant foliage, humming with the noise of its hundred fair students, seemed like a vast hive of bees. Some petulant and ill-tempered maidens, in whom passion was too strong for the softening influence of education, miserable in themselves, and rendering all others so with whom they came in contact; young and gentle natures, who had passed through the labors of the year at the expense of their health and constitution, sitting meekly down to utter thanks that the session was over; proud, strong minds, driven to strife by a cankering ambition, having contended for the mastery through the year, wore their laurels with haughty air, or bore their defeat with defiant look, while the soul looked confidently beyond the narrow confines of the college, and built air castles of triumph in the dim domain of the future. Some thought only of home and friends, the happy fireside and its surrounding joys; while others wept over the thought of parting with those with whom years of association had united them as sisters; and yonder tall womanly girl, whose graduation brings her on the verge of twenty, remembers, with a flushed cheek, a moonlight walk, years ago, a whispered vow, and a long embrace, with one whom she loves more than life. In a few weeks she will be his wife!

Scattered about in the broad park, culling flowers, and twining them into luxuriant wreaths, were a few of the younger students, whose duties for the day were not so engrossing and extensive. Among these was Lulu, whose happy spirit and genial disposition had rendered her a favorite among her classmates.

"Well, Lulu, I'm sorry we are going to part," said Fanny Wilson, a mild, blue-eyed girl; "but I hope we will meet again next session."

"If nothing unforseen intervenes, I will be here with you again, Fanny," said Lulu, putting her arm around her waist.

"And we will correspond during vacation?"

"Certainly."

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"And you must write to me, Lu," cried Clara Dumott, in a loud voice.

"O, yes; I will write to all my friends," said Lulu, pressing Fanny closer to her.

"But, Lulu, who is coming for you—you are not going home by yourself?" said Fanny, solicitously.

"There will be a friend here for me to-day, or to-morrow," was her answer.

Just at that moment, a hack from the railroad station near by, drove up to the gate, and a young man of eighteen or twenty years alighted and came walking up the graveled pathway, near which the girls were sitting. As he approached the embowered spot where they were concealed, he started back for a moment, in surprise, and then, recovering himself, politely bowed, and said:

"Ladies, can you inform me in what part of the college I can find Miss Leslie?"

"That is my name, sir," said Lulu, stepping forward, and making a polite courtesy. She gazed in his countenance, and drank in the wild beauty of his yet boyish face—his massive forehead half-concealed by black curls, great staring black eyes, and round, regular features; she surveyed them at a glance, and then stood modestly before him with downcast eyes and modest mien.

The young man did not speak for some time. He was surveying that superb figure, with its round full contour and exquisite mould; the radiant loveliness of that chiseled countenance; those wonderful eyes, absorbing in their brilliant darkness every impulse of the soul within; and those glossy, midnight curls, waving over a queenly brow. He had never beheld such beauty before; he was entranced. Feeling, however, that his position was becoming awkward, he ventured to say:

"My name is Maurice Stanley, Miss."

"I presumed as much," said Lulu, politely, "and am glad to see you as the son of my noble benefactor. Let us go into the college, and I will present you to the Principal."

Maurice politely offered his arm, which Lulu accepted, and a few moments afterward he was chatting with the Principal. Lulu, during the day, endeavored to make herself agreeable, without familiarity, though she felt in her young heart, that a new and profound interest was awakening. She was captivated, with a power beyond her control, by the strange and unnatural beauty of her friend. She had never before seen one whose appearance and manners so impressed her with the power of genius. She felt, when with him, that she was in the presence of a great, fiery soul, which, like her own, was ambitious in its grasp, and sanguine in its attachment. Her heart beat quick at the thought of

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this congeniality, and then a shadow passed over her soul, making her very cheek pale; it was the shadow of her mother's warning.

And Maurice—that youth with a great, fiery, grasping soul—could now do nothing but gaze in silence into the lovely face of Lulu, wondering that Heaven had made a thing so beautiful, to struggle with a rugged world, and at last become food for the grave-worm. Maurice was young and inexperienced, but he was a philosopher. We do not mean that he was perfect in the metaphysics of the old masters, or that he perfectly understood their obtuse problems; but he had delved deeply enough into their mystic lore to awaken the dim philosophy of his own soul, and lead him to comprehend much that to others remained obscure. We often wonder what peculiar germ it is, that sprouts up, takes root, and springs into the living tree of prolific genius. Men of poor education, limited resources, and bound by the chains of poverty, stand among us like giants bearing their fetters, teaching wisdom that confounds the learned. We shall not attempt to describe this power of genius, but certain it is, that some souls—a Mohammed, a Napoleon, a Bunyan—will rise in their own great strength, through the misty bars of the Prison of Circumstance, and dazzle the world with their splendor. And this mystic power is often seen struggling up through the crudeness of youth, like jets of flame from a smoldering coal fire, lighting up the dim darkness of surrounding space.

Maurice was a philosopher. His young mind had received the magic touch of spring-growth, and had suddenly shot into the light of premature greatness. He was wildly ambitious; he had reached that period when conscious embryo power prompted him to build high air-castles in the future, radiant as the swinging gardens of Babylon. The mystic sound of a far-off trump came indistinctly to his soul, and he dreamed of fame, honor, immortality. In the enjoyment of this wild dream, he had often sat alone in his college room—his feet on the window-cill, and his eye fixed out upon the jewel-crowned night—until the candle flickered in the socket, and the old college clock tolled the small hours.

And now—after he had been with Lulu a day, had heard her perfect recitations, and seen her wear the honors of her class—becoming better acquainted with each other, he ventured to converse with her upon the lore she was acquiring, the dreams she was cherishing, and the plans she was laying out for the future. He was soon gratified, soon enraptured. The innocent young girl ran over the *role* of her studies with the grace and ease of perfect knowledge, recited the glowing dreams that filled her mind,—dreams of action, strife, reality,—and confessed her only plan for the future was, to render herself *useful in the world*. She no longer seemed a school-girl to Maurice; she was a woman in ambition, mental power, and innate experience. He worshiped her.

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In the middle of the afternoon the young, ambitious students were driven to the depot, and taking seats in the "lightning train," soon reached the "Queen City" of the West. There was a joyful meeting between mother and daughter, parents and son, brother, sister, and friends; a hasty recital of past incidents, and each gathered in their old accustomed seat around the family table, to partake of refreshment.

That night there was another party at the mansion, including about the same guests as the last. Mr. Walton was there, but he seemed abstracted in his manner, and occupied more time in gazing vacantly into Mrs. Leslie's face—now clouded with a shade of sadness—than in adding to the liveliness of the occasion. His face seemed slightly bleared, and he appeared to have lost that refined intellectuality which had formerly distinguished him. Jane Hall was still by the side of Mr. Bernard Carlton, who was sillily echoing her every word, or causing her to blush at not very refined or well-timed compliments; and Mrs. Hall was dodging round in no very *recherche* manner, retailing worldly compliments to her general friends. Old Mr. Dunkirk was also there, with his round, shining forehead and genial countenance, keeping up the spirits of the young and old by his jovial laugh and cheering humor. There, too, was Charles Saunders,—his eye a degree brighter, and his cheek paler, seated by the side of a fairy form and an angel face—Aldine Stanley. But his gaze was not on her; it was fixed upon Lulu, on the opposite side of the room, where she sat in conversation with Maurice. She had just shaken hands with him, just stood before him with her face of wild beauty, and eyes that revealed the mystic world within, and then left him with Aldine. But he could not speak; he could only gaze abstractedly, through the misty light of the room, upon that child's face—and dream.

"Charles, Charles!" whispered a soft anxious voice in his ear.

"What, Aldine?" in a quick nervous voice, without turning round.

"The old dream coming back again!" she exclaimed, in a tone of reproach.

"Pardon me, Aldine; I—, I—am — thinking." Abstractedly.

"You promised to forget it, Charles."

The artist turned from the object of his gaze, and looked upon Aldine. It was like turning from the starry vault of heaven, to look upon a pale spring sky. But there were tears in eyes of heavenly blue, and a mild, spirit-like face was stamped with agony.

"Let us leave the room, Aldine," he said, with a clouded brow. She mechanically obeyed.

They entered the large hall, and, ascending the wide stair-way, soon emerged into the pure air, on the piazza which circled round the back of the house. The stars were shining brightly, tranquilly, in the clear sky

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overhead, and seemed to tremble in their lovely homes, as they saw the round full moon rise up o'er the horizon, like a blazing world, as though to mock the feeble glimmer of the stars, and drive them from their spheres.

Charles looked up into the sky for a moment, with his usual air of abstraction. Aldine drew nearer to him, placed her head on his shoulder, and looked anxiously into his troubled face. His arm stole unconsciously around her waist, and drew her closer still, as his gaze slowly lowered to the distant moon. The sweet perfume of the June flowers rose up from the downy beds beneath them, and filled the air with odor. It was a sweet hour for the communion of genial souls.

"Aldine?" said the artist, abstractedly, and in a deep quiet tone.

"Charles." Her head rested against his shoulder.

"Do you see how beautiful is the meridian sky, with its milky-way, and countless gems of stars?"

"Yes." In a soft trembling voice.

"It is very lovely."

"It is, Charles."

"And that moon,—how wild, terrible, and grand it looks!"

"Yes."

"But is it not beautiful too?"

"It is."

"But do you not love this quiet, beautiful meridian the best?"

"I think I do." In a husky whisper.

Charles Saunders turned and gazed into the anxious face of the beautiful girl. "And so do I, Aldine," he said, in a deep, firm voice. "You are my jeweled night, with your mild, varied beauty, and I love you beyond all power of utterance; but Lulu is, to my wild, dreaming soul, that great full moon, that dazzles the beholder with its light. Hers is a wild beauty, that entrances the genius of mind, but does not reach the heart. I cannot refrain from gazing upon her, and drinking to my soul's fill, the transcendent beauty of her face, but I do not, can not, love her."

"I believe you, Charles," murmured Aldine. with tearful eyes.

"Then why are you jealous?"

"Pardon me, Charles; but you know that there can be no jealousy without deep love," said Aldine, trembling.

"But jealousy does not necessarily follow as a consequence of love."

"No,—but —"

"But what, Aldine?" tenderly.

Aldine covered her face with her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud on his bosom.

"I can not help it."

And yet she knew, by the gentle embrace, the hand removing the

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'kerchief from her face, and the warm, chaste kiss upon her lips—seen only by the stars, and, perchance, the angels beyond—that she was resting on a bosom that was true to her only, whose heart throbbed only in unison with her own.

"Dry your tears, Aldine, and let us forever forget this. You know that I love none but you."

"Bless you, Charles!"

The stars twinkled their bright eyelids, as though to clear them of tears, and soon closed their casements, as the moon rose towards the zenith. It looked in with a queenly glance, as though to administer reproof, but it found no one on the piazza.

CHAPTER IX.

DOING GOOD.

"There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition."—*Shakspeare.*

"Gen'lmen of the jury: I present the case to you in form. Is it rig(hic)ht, it is proper, (hic) that the defen — defen'ant should (hic) give up the pur—pursuit of (hic) of his fair Dulci (hic) Dulcinea? (hic) I say, is it right and (hic) proper?"

"Hillo! yer covay; what are you makin' this noise about, hey? I'll take you to the station, sir. Zounds, sir! you must be a lawyer, and 'magine you'r 'dressin' a jury, eh? Shame, sir; shame; but I allers knowed lawyers 'ud git drunk."

This first speech was made by a middle-aged, respectable-appearing gentleman, who seemed under the influence of liquor, and was displaying his friendly regards for a lamp-post, on the corner of Sixth and Vine streets. It was about ten of the clock, on a June night, some ten days after the incidents of the last chapter.

The individual who addressed him was a fat, burly man, in a linen coat and felt hat, that came down over his eyes. In his hand he bore a short mace, like those which the watchmen of a city usually carry. He grasped the collar of the respectable gentleman, as he spoke, thereby knocking his hat into the gutter, and very nearly staggered him to the pavement.

"Who are you?" growled the intoxicated man, in a tone of indignation.

"I'll show you, precious soon," said the watchman, roughly, still holding him by the collar.

"Pick up my hat, (hic) sir. You've knocked my hat in the (hic) gutter, you (hic) unmannerly cur."

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"No names, sir; no hard names. I'll have you fined for resistin' the watch, sir: there's your hat, sir: now come along."

"Come along! Why, (hic) do you think I'd drink with you, vagabond? I am (hic) a respec—respect-a-ble lawyer, (hic) sir. I don't associate with such clients as you (hic)."

"None of your nonsense, Rummy; you shall go with me to the station, sir; I'll learn you who's respectable, sir. Come along, sir." And the rough watchman grasped him tightly by the throat, and was proceeding to drag him onwards.

"What is the difficulty?" said a mild, earnest voice, and a friendly hand was extended to save the drunken man from falling down. It was Mr. Stanley, who was passing at the time.

"Why, sir, it's a drunken feller who's been brawlin' hur for the last half hour, sir, and when I wanted to take him to the station, he resisted me, sir. It 'ill go hard with him, sir."

Stanley drew the man towards the lamplight, and catching a glimpse of his face, suddenly started back in astonishment.

"My God, Walton,—can this be you!"

"Why, hillo, Stanley!" said the inebriated lawyer, in a silly tone, as he lifted his hat from his eyes and beheld his friend. "Devilish glad to see you; let us (hic) go and smile, as the boys (hic) say."

"You know I never drink, nor did you; how is it that I find you in this disgraceful state?" said Stanley, in deep solicitude.

"What's that you say? O (hic) I understand; O (hic) circumstances, Stanley; only cir—circumstances, I (hic) assure you."

"Come, sir, you must go along, sir," said the watchman, again stepping toward Walton.

"Stay," said Stanley, extending his hand, deprecatingly. "What is your name, officer?"

"Adolphus Thunderlungs, if it pleases you, sir," said the serviliant officer, bowing.

"Ah," said Stanley, thoughtfully, "you are an auctioneer, if I mistake not?"

"Yes, sir, I does little jobs o' that kind sometimes, sir; got a job, sir?"—with an impudent leer in Stanley's face.

"No, sir; only I will be responsible for this gentleman's behavior, and shall take him to his room."

"Sorry, sir; but orders are strict, sir; must take him to the station now, sir; he's been very noisy, sir." And Thunderlungs chafed his hands as an accompaniment to his apology.

"Hark you, Mr. Meddler!" said Stanley, with some earnestness; "we have met before—some months ago—when you were trying to cheat a poor widow. I then saved *you* from an officer's hand; and if

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you don't clear out on the instant, I shall put you in another's." So saying, Mr. Stanley took Walton's arm, and led him off to his room, leaving Mr. Thunderlungs gazing vacantly from the corner.

Walton made several foolish remarks as he went staggering up the street, but gaining no responses from Stanley, who was deeply mortified at his friend's condition, he sank into a dogged silence, and so continued until they had reached the lawyer's office.

"Now tell me," said Stanley, having struck a light, and placed the lawyer in his office chair; how is it that I find you in this condition to-night. You have never, to my knowledge, been so before, and it is something unusual for a man to commence drinking at forty."

The last few moments of silence had enabled Walton to collect his vague and scattered faculties, and he was now subdued with a sense of shame. He was, however, silent.

"I believe, Walton," continued Mr. Stanley, "that our long friendship entitles me to your confidence. If you are in any difficulty, pecuniary or otherwise, you have friends enough to help you out. Come, tell me what is the matter."

"I am in love," said Walton at last, in a maudlin state of consciousness.

"That is a singular disease for a bachelor," said Mr. Stanley, with a smile; but that should not make a man risk his high reputation by becoming a drunkard."

"No," said Walton, with an effort to clear his faculties; "but when your love is not reciprocated, it is."

"Not even then," said Mr. Stanley, his brow now clouded with a shade of melancholy; "but who is the strange person who has so great an influence over you?"

"My dear Stanley," said Walton, with tolerable distinctness, after several moments' pause, "I will freely confide in you this matter, though I do not desire it known. The person to whom I have become so strangely attached is no other than Mrs. Leslie. She seems to be a woman of experience, and that experience, blended with the natural goodness of her heart, has made her a paragon. She is still very handsome, and possesses peculiar power ever those with whom she moves. My attachment for her is as strange and inexplicable to me as it doubtless is to my friends; but I sincerely love her."

Mr. Stanley thought for a few moments, and then said:

"Have you told her of your passion?"

"Yes; I annoyed her somewhat with my attentions, and she dropped a gentle hint some weeks ago. I could not excuse myself, and so avowed my feelings."

"And what was her reply?"

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"Not a positive rebuff; but such a reply as only such a woman could make. She asked me if I knew how long her husband had been dead."

"And your answer?"

"That I had learned, about half a year."

"And what then?"

"She asked me if I thought love could die in six months."

"Well?"

"I took my hat and left."

"Right. And now listen to me. Mrs. Leslie is nearer to me than you may imagine. Yet I take deep interest in what you have told me, nor do I despair that barriers are insurmountable. But if you were to persist in drunkenness, you could certainly never hope to win her hand. As it is, she has not refused you, and you need not be so hasty in the consummation of a marriage. A year hence will be as well for you as now. Promise me that you will drink no more liquor, and meet me at my house to-morrow evening."

"I promise," said Walton, now somewhat cheered up. "And by my soul, Stanley, if you consummate this dream—the only one of my life—I shall ever be your best friend."

"I make no rash promises, but assure you I shall look to your happiness. Good night."

Walton was soon alone, and being now sobered considerably, he went to bed."

The next evening he found his way to the mansion of Mr. Stanley, and he was shown by the servant into the parlor. But he did not find Mr. Stanley there; he was alone with Mrs. Leslie.

"You have been waited for," said the widow, smiling, as she rose to meet him.

"Indeed! By whom?" said Walton, evidently pleased with his reception.

"Why, whom did you expect to meet?" said the widow, archly.

"My engagement was with Mr. Stanley."

"Oh, then I had better call him," said the widow, rising, with a smile on her lips.

"O, by no means, madam," said Walton, blushing. "I assure you present company is far preferable."

Mrs. Leslie again sat down upon the sofa beside the lawyer, and laughed with a *naivete* air that piqued him to confusion. She soon, however, became more serious, and looking in his face calmly for a moment, she said, with an intensity that startled the lawyer:

"What demon, what mad hallucination took possession of you last night, to drive you to disgrace?"

"And is it possible that Stanley has communicated *that* event to

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you!" said Walton, with the greatest mortification depicted in his countenance.

"And why should he not? He told me for your good, and he did right."

"Mrs. Leslie," said Walton, slowly, as he gazed steadily in her eyes, "since you are aware of my folly, I can do nothing now but confess my shame and repentance for such disgrace. But it was the first time; and, as you say, a demon drove me to it."

"In what shape or form?" asked the widow, calmly meeting his gaze.

"Love."

"Love never assumes a demon's shape," said Mrs. Leslie, with a touch of sarcasm.

"No; but unrequited love is, you know, the blackest demon of the human heart."

"And I suppoee you hurl on *me* the cause and odium of this act," said Mrs. Leslie, after a moment's pause. Her voice was very sad, and her glance dropped to the floor.

"No, madam," said Walton, earnestly; "I blame you with nothing. If you can not love me, it is not your fault; and it was oniy my isolated misery that drove me to the act."

"And a very foolish act it was," said Mrs. Leslie, her gaze still fixed upon the fioor.

"I acknowledge it as such; but you can not tell the misery I feel."

"O, don't you believe it," said the widow, with a laugh broken by emotion. "There are other hearts to feel beside yours."

"I hope so," said Walton, despondingly.

The widow sat in painful reflection for a few moments, and then began to speak in a quivering voice.

"Mr. Walton, you have done me the honor of asking my hand in marriage; how worthy I may be of this distinguished honor, is a question that must demand my earnest consideration. The recent death of my husband—whom I loved more than life, and were it not for the for the future of my child, by whose side I would desire to sleep death's sleep—renders it utterly impossible for a present marriage to take place. You are, if I am correctly informed, an excellent lawyer, an honor to your profession, the possessor of fine talents, and many noble qualities of character. I admire you for your geniality, and am, of course, not indifferent to those nobler attributes of your heart and mind. I am held responsible by the world for all consequences following the rejection of your suit. I feel it is my duty to remove a cause that may produce so terrible an effect. But I must be candid with you. I can not give you my love, that—all that ever my heart contained is buried in the tomb! But if respect, devotion to your interest, and the fulfillment of a duty

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which a heart of experience well knows would be sufficient echo to your love—I would say, as there is a future—hope!"

The emotions of the pure-hearted widow well nigh overcame her in her speech; and as she looked earnestly in Walton's face at the concluding part of the sentence, a tear stole into either eye, and dimmed its luster.

"Bless you! bless you! my dear madam; you have made me the happiest of mortals!" exclaimed Walton, enraptured at the confession she had made.

"Nay, do not be so rapturous, Mr. Walton. I have learned the sad lesson of life, that many a flower is blasted ere it blooms, and thus with hopes. But let us talk of something else."

"What other theme could half so engross my heart as this?" said Walton, at the same time taking her hand and kissing it. She did not withdraw it, and he retained it in his own.

"You are not an Odd Fellow, I believe, Mr. Walton?" said the widow, after a moment's pause.

"I am not," said Walton, nervously.

"And why?"

"Well, I have never been convinced of its importance, or the efficacy of its operations."

"Have you ever thought seriously upon it?"

"I can not say that I have."

"Mr. Walton," said the widow, in a thoughtful manner, "the world has a great many good people in it, despite the degeneracy of mankind, and every city has its worthy citizens; but it has not enough. You, my friend, and many others like you, have devoted yourself to your profession, its honors and emoluments; it is a selfish, thoughtless, and, what is worse than all, aimless mode of life. No man or woman was ever put into this world for the sole purpose of individual existence. We must operate on each other, and for each other's good. Yours is a noble profession, founded on the cause of humanity; but it is not enough, my friend, to win justice to the side of your client, in lieu of considerations accruing from the act; but there is a world surrounding you which is influenced, either for good or evil, by every action of your life, and one in your position should tremble at the thought of that influence being swayed for evil."

"There is much truth in what you say," said Walton, thoughtfully.

"I knew you would say so," said the widow, smiling approvingly. "And now let me give you some advice. You are not thoroughly acquainted with the operation of the Order of Odd Fellows, and are doubtless mistaken in many of your objections; join the Order, and try it; if you do not like it, I am informed that you can receive an honor-

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able discharge. But you will find there associations that will brighten your life, and give you new aims for good. I am sure that you will never regret it. Come, promise me now,"—looking with a wistful smile in his face.

"Well, I will think of it," said Walton, smiling in return.

Mrs. Leslie withdrew her hand from his, and rising, approached the table, and took therefrom a beautiful Regalia. It was the same that Lulu had declared sacred in the first chapter. She returned to her seat, and playfully put it round his neck.

"It becomes you amazingly," she said, with a smile, and then growing serious, she continued: "That Regalia was worn by my husband—than whom Heaven never made a nobler man; and certainly, none but a husband can ever wear it again, nor can any one be my husband without wearing it." As she spoke the last sentence, she looked earnestly in his face.

Walton returned her gaze for a moment, and then said:

"Is that your serious determination?"

"Fixed and immutable."

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

Too Thoughtful.—There is no fault which men of business need more studiously to shun than such a habit of severe reflection and abstraction as will prevent them from mingling in what is useful and innocently pleasant in the world, even to the trifles which please little children and little dogs. We have seen somewhere a story of that charming writer, Goldsmith, that when he was sought by a pompous person at his lodging, in the village of Islington, and was expected to be found in study, wrapped in thought and surrounded by his books, he was in fact descried in the midst of a group of children, making their hearts leap with delight while he was instructing a docile dog to beg for gingerbread and halfpence. The life of the excellent Sir Thomas More affords another example of a turn of mind fitted for all that is amiable as well as all that is strenuous in the ordinary business of life. In one of his letters he is acquainting a friend, that after the grave business of his Chancellorship was over he went home to his house in Chelsea, deeming it a duty to unbend himself and be pleasant with his household. "For," says he, "when I come home I must converse with my wife, chat with my children, and talk with my servants; all of which things I reckon and account among business, forasmuch as they must needs be unless a man will be a a stranger to his own house. And in any wise, a man must so fashion and order his condition, and so appoint and dispose of himself that he will be merry, jocund, and pleasant among those whom either nature has provided or he himself chosen to be the companions of his life."

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The Moral Interests of Odd-Fellowship.

We take the following extract from the report of the late Grand Master of Kentucky, J. M. Mills, made at the Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, July, 1856:

Our motto of Friendship, Love, and Truth, is one, the adoption of which acknowledges the necessity and enforcement of duties of the highest morality; and when an individual is admitted within our doors, it is taken for granted that he not only obligates himself to abide by the ordinary rules and regulations that pertain to mere organization, but that he also is willing to receive, and take as a guide for his general conduct, those exalted principles that are rehearsed to him in our various lectures and charges. We should, therefore, guard most sedulously against anything like infringement upon the obligations we voluntarily assume. But, unfortunately, some are too prone to step aside from the path of rectitude, and amongst some few of the evils that occasionally manifest themselves may be mentioned—

First. Intemperance. It is unnecessary to dwell for a moment upon the baneful effects of such a habit: all admit it, and if the human family had never felt its blighting curse, the condition of society in all ages of the world would have been better off. And although Odd-Fellowship cannot be strictly denominated as a temperance institution, yet I would ask the question, What right have Odd Fellows to get drunk? The excessive use only of intoxicating liquors is the point now dwelt upon, as this is the practice prohibited by our laws. In other words, whenever a Brother goes so far as to indulge sufficiently to make it evident that he is at all under the influence of the poisonous draft, that moment he has run counter to his plighted vows. How emphatic is the language of one of our lectures, that declares this to be "one of the vilest and most pernicious of human vices." Far better would it be if we acted on the high and manly resolve, to "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

Second. Gambling. This vice is one that has ever been prohibited by legal enactment in all civilized portions of society. The laws of the land have placed their ban upon it; and yet it is sometimes the case that members of this Fraternity acknowledging the justice of this as citizens, will so forget their high moral obligations to this noble Order, and now and then engage in it secretly, when they would blush to have it known in their families or among their respectable associates. Now, if it is wrong for the private citizen, it is wrong for the Odd Fellow,—if it is a practice dangerous to the social and common interests of a commu-

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nity, it is certainly dangerous to the interest of an organization like ours, which professes to elevate the character of its members, and inspire in each a feeling of good will toward the other.

Third. Profane Swearing. An Odd-Fellow should be decorous in his language. By the general tenor of a man's conversation, it is an easy matter to tell the secret promptings of his heart; and how can we be true to ourselves, in the expression of honest sentiments in our intercourse with each other, if we give way to frequent imprecations or emphasize our opinions with unnecessary oaths? If called upon to assign a valid reason for so doing, we could not give one; nor could it be justified on any other grounds than a habit contracted without a cause.

It is not to be inferred from the sentiments here advanced, that the Order in general is composed of unworthy men. On the contrary, it is matter of pride that we point to the names of hundreds who have distinguished themselves by a pure and elevated character in all the relations of life. But who can deny that too many cases have occurred, where a prompt investigation of the standing of Brothers was absolutely required, where their conduct was such as to bring reproach upon the cherished principles and professions of the Institution, and yet a degree of apathy existed in reference to taking any step in the premises? These subjects have been dwelt upon with a view of calling the attention of the entire jurisdiction to the necessity of watching most vigilantly the moral features of the Order, and preserving them free from stain or blemish. It cannot be said that too high a standard of morality has been advocated, for what is more extended in its meaning than the admirable declaration, to an initiate, just on the threshold of our retreat, "We war against vice in all its forms." This plainly holds out, and expresses the idea, that our aims, and purposes, and objects, are all high; and if, "with pure hearts and clean hands," these elevated aims and purposes are to be carried out, let us see to it that we are competent to the task and intend to accomplish it. Unworthy individuals are, therefore, out of place in our ranks, and it is our highest duty to prove the truth of this assertion by freeing ourselves of all such, and exercising the strictest caution as to whom we admit. There can be, and doubtless is, such a thing as a hasty and malicious enforcement of law, but that is not now approved of. A kind and gentle admonition, given from motives of disinterested friendship, may often save an erring Brother in his downward career; and this course should be the one first pursued, "but if thy Brother neglect to hear thee, then let him be unto thee as a heathen man and publican."

Is it not, therefore, an object of importance to establish and carry out the precedent in every Lodge, that the laws of the Order relative to the moral standing of its members should be promptly enforced? These

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considerations have all been actuated by the plain requisitions of our avowed principles; and in setting them forth, I would urge the consistency of not allowing these principles to exist with us merely in name, but to put them in practice, and illustrate their truthfulness in our intercourse with each other, and society at large. Then shall our conduct exert a happy influence upon those not connected with us. Let us watch well the ballot box, and reject every applicant unless he have sufficient stamina to make him a true man. Recollect, that we do not need numbers so much as men of the proper cast, and unless an applicant can be of some actual service in advancing the moral interest of the Order we had better do without him.

In all instances let us be inspired with a laudable determination to pursue the right, to act honorably in all our transactions with our fellow-men, maintain the dignity of our laws—in short, do what we have promised, and we shall not only be wiser and better men, but fitted for a more lasting happiness in the life to come.

The Scriptural Fame.

BY R. E. H. LEVERING.

AN ODD FELLOWS' SONG.

AIR: *Wallace.*

Not for earthly fame we move
Onward in the cause of love,
But the glory from above
Is our only aim!
That's a fame both true and sure,
Like its GIVER to endure,
Swelling, bright'ning, evermore,
Rising whence it came!

Not the warrior's bloody wreath,
Gathered on the fields of death,
Trumpeted by Ruin's breath,
Down to latest time,—
But the fame of doing good,
In the path our Savior trod,
Scat'ring life, not death, abroad,—
Duty most sublime!

Not Ambition's path to climb,
Often through the blackest crime,
Death to ev'ry thought sublime,
Life to every sin—

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But to stoop, and, stooping, raise,
Sorrow from its sorrowing ways,
And to get the heart's own praise
For each soul we win!

Not the fame of hoarding gold,
Rich as Crœsus was of old,
Riches which their wings unfold,
Flying swift away,—
But a fame no folly dims,
And a treasure more than gems,
More than royal diadems,
Laid up in the sky!

Not the Pharisaic guile,
Panting for applause, the while,
And with avaricious smile,
Seeking a return,—
But the secret deed that brings,
Joy without the conscience-stings,
As the heart approving sings,
Blessing those that mourn!

Brethren of the Mystic Tie,
On that glory fix your eye,
Like a Star of Destiny,
Gilding all our path,—
Symbols of the earth and sky
Mark its heavenly brilliancy,
And the immortality
It shall give in death!

As a Mystic Brother-band,
Heart to heart, and hand in hand,
Friendship, Love, and Truth, commend
In each thought and deed!
Grasp the fame without alloy,
Gilding all our blest emdloy,
Present and eternal joy,
The Odd Fellows' Meed!

All natural objects have
An echo in the heart. This flesh doth thrill,
And has connection by some unseen chain
With its original source and kindred substance.
The mighty forest, the proud tides of ocean,
Sky-clearing hills, and in the vast of air,
The starry constellations; and the sun,
Parent of life exhaustless—these maintain
With the mysterious mind and breathing mould
A co-existence and community.—Sir A. Hunt.

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A Bill from the Town Pump.

[Many years ago, when a school-boy, the following piece was a favorite in our Reader. Those who first met with it at school, will read it with a newly-awakened interest, such as only the remembrance of what we have loved in boyhood can inspire. It is from the pen of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.—*Ed.*]

SCENE.—The corner of two principal streets in Salem, Mass. The Town Pump talking through its nose.

Noon—by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties, as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "Town Treasurer" is rightly mine, as a guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain: for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike: and at night, I hold my lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and to keep the people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice—"Here it is gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price. Here it is by the hogshead, or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!"

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and quaff again, so as to keep

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yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and a fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he derived from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam in the miniature Tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of dram shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye; and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand

Who next? O! my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, if is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid

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diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank it, from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cool fountain. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet was then of birch-bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years, it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterward—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glossy bosom, and vanished from earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corners of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth-place of the waters, now in their grave. But, in the course of time, a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; when the first decayed, another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as the wasted and long lost fountain is known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster, and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two a-piece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of the monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of

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modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women you will find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing-days; though on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick, or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No: these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountain of the still. In the mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The *Town Pump*, and the *cow!* Such is the glorious co-partenership that shall tear down the distilleries and breweries, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, trasmitted from sire to son, and rekindled in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly at its close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such torments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpracticed orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers

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undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honor of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place on the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next. * * * * * *

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your own sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!"

Laws and Decisions of Kentucky,

MADE AT THE ANNUAL SESSION, JULY, 1856.

COMPILED BY GRAND SECRETARY WHITE.

GRAND LODGE.

A Subordinate Lodge has the right, where she may deem it necessary or expedient, to employ a nurse for the sick; pay him for his services out of the funds of the Lodge, and charge the same proportionally to the account of her members. The same to be collected as fines.

It is in the province of a Subordinate Lodge to fine her elective and appointed officers for failure to attend a special or called meeting.

It is necessary for members of an inferior degree to leave the Lodge room when a ballot is taken for a degree superior to the one they have attained.

All propositions to change or amend the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, must be submitted to Subordinates, for their consideration, in a special circular, the printed proceedings containing the proposed amendment not being sufficient to comply with the law.

A Subordinate Lodge, having obtained permission of the Grand Lodge to hold a public procession, may, by a two-third vote, defray the expense of the same out of the funds of the Lodge.

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The Grand Lodge will meet hereafter on the first Tuesday in November of each year, provided the change is approved by the R. W. Grand Lodge of the U. S.

It is not legal to denote for a future period or term of years.

A brother, being in arrears for a day, or fraction of a day, more than thirteen weeks at the time he is taken sick, is not entitled to benefits therefor.

The matter and manner of notifying members is discretionary with the Lodge.

When a Subordinate does not confer degrees on its members, it is necessary that it should regularly close and open in the degree about to be balloted for.

A Subordinate Lodge has not the right to exclude from benefits those of her members who have not attained to the Scarlet or Fifth Degree. Such a By-Law can not be recognized as coming under the head of graduation, and can not be enforced.

A brother being sick, and owing more than thirteen weeks' dues, and holding an account or claim against the Lodge, can not use the same as an off-set against his dues unless such account or claim has been passed upon by the Lodge.

It is proper, in notifying neighboring Lodges of applications for membership, to insert in such notice the names of the Investigating Committee.

A presiding officer of a Subordinate or Degree Lodge is not justifiable in conferring a higher degree upon an applicant without satisfactory evidence of his having received the degree next preceding the one applied for.

A Subordinate Lodge is not justifiable in electing to a higher degree a member who can give no evidence, and where there is none on the records of his Lodge, that he has applied for or received the preceding degree.

A brother joining a Lodge from a foreign jurisdiction, should be charged no more for degrees than is charged to members of the Lodge to which he applies, unless by By-Law previously approved by this Grand Lodge.

A brother, after being admitted by card, is charged with fraud in procuring his admittance, and on trial the charge fails to be sustained; charges of the same nature can not again be preferred against him.

A child adopted by a member of the Order, does not, at the death of such member, become an orphan of the Lodge to which the brother had belonged.

A brother applying for a degree, and in the ballot is black-balled, can not apply again for such degree for six months thereafter.

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Past Grands are entitled to vote for grand officers, though they may not have received the Grand Lodge Degree.

A Lodge can not defer action in the trial of a member, until such member shall have run off the books for non-payment of dues, after the Committee of Investigation has reported the evidence adduced in the case.

Judgment can not be passed on a brother by a Lodge on the night on which the evidence was reported by the Committee.

It is not in the power of a District Deputy Grand Master to grant a dispensation to initiate an applicant for membership on the same night his petition is presented.

A plurality vote only is required to invest the funds of a Subordinate Lodge.

A new Lodge has the right to adopt the By-Laws of another Lodge which have been approved by the Grand Lodge, and work under them until the next sitting of the Grand Lodge thereafter.

Subordinates are recommended to take out a policy of insurance on their Lodge room, furniture and effects, against accident by fire.

The following resolution, submitted by Rep. Wm. Maxwell, designed to enforce the law requiring Subordinates to transmit their semi-annual reports with more effect than heretofore, was declared out of order by the chair:

Resolved, That any Subordinate Lodge, failing to have her report, together with the certificates of P. G.'s and Representatives, mailed within five days after the end of the regular term, the same shall be considered delinquent, and the Representatives of said Lodge shall not be admitted to seats as Representatives during that session.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

A Patriarch loosing membership in his Subordinate Lodge is also deprived of membership in his Encampment, and reinstating or restoring him again to membership in his Subordinate, does not restore him or reinstate him in his Encampment.

A Patriarch drawing a final card from his Subordinate Lodge, severs his membership in his Encampment (unless he deposits again within the time prescribed by law), though he may be in advance for dues on the books of his Encampment.

Keep your views of men and things extensive, and depend upon it a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one, and, as far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false.—*Dr. Arnold.*

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Peru, the Peruvians, and their Conquest.

BY L. D. MANWING.

The history of no part of God's footstool is more imperfect than the history of the great American Continent. More than five thousand years of her existence is a blank. During this long period history records none of her deeds. She lived; but *how*, no one can tell. Hers may have been an heroic existence—a *golden age*. Years have swept over her in their ceaseless flow, but there is no record of them. Her rivers; her plains, strewn with ruins of art; and her mountains, alone echo, silently as it were, her *age* and her *history*. That she has been long peopled there can be no doubt—that many of her tribes have been active, progressive, and, to a considerable degree, *cul ivated* in the arts, there can be but little doubt. These facts are alike loudly and eloquently proclaimed by those venerable monuments that are now found scattered over her plains. They tell their own story. Time has stamped upon them her venerable image. They have grown hoary with age—have withstood the fierce conflict of unknown ages. Time has sprinkled them with the dust of centuries. She has laid her desolation upon them—has bowed them down in the pride of their strength, as she has done to the works of Thebes and Palmyra; and these magnificent monuments of a past age proclaim loudly for themselves an age as ancient as do the remnants of those desolated cities of the Old World. Surely that age in which these Indian monuments have been reared has been an *heroic age;* and that people by whom they have been reared must have been an *heroic people.*

The eye of the historian can look back but a few centuries into the past of America. What took place on these two great Continents during the five thousand years previous to their *revealed* existence to the white man, is a blank to historic ken. What nations have sprung up here from time to time—what mighty empires have risen, flourished, and fallen here, is an unsealed and unsealable mystery.

Certain it is, that when the Spaniards landed upon the shores of America, two empires, of lofty pretensions, were found in the zenith of their magnificent glory. But, alas! these two empires soon went down beneath the cruel strokes of a ruthless invader, and disappeared forever; and now they only live in the romantic past, and exist but to call up the admiration of posterity for the faded glories of their real existence, and to solicit a tear for their sad and speedy downfall. The tide of their existence has been rolled back into the dark caverns of the past—the full-orbed moon of their prosperity has waned, and the deep shades of oblivion are fast gathering over the scene of their desolation.

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The Andes, like a huge leviathan, stretch through the whole length of South America, and seem to be but a continuation of that lofty chain that looms up and extends along the Western borders of North America. Between these mountains and the Pacific that gently bathes the shores of that great Continent lie vast sandy plains, parched and dried by a vertical sun, seeming as if they once might have been the bed of the ocean. The Andes present to the ocean a picture rivaling description. Like a background to a landscape, they loom up in their solemn grandeur, dark and majestic—at whose base lie sandy wastes—upon whose rocky sides impenetrable forests stand, waving like a vast ocean of eternal verdure, and whose lofty peaks, upon which "icy winter" rules eternal and omnipotent, shoot up like stately silver spires, telling the distant mariner who guides his bark on the "blue Pacific" of the vast mines hidden in their bosoms. Loathsome insects, in countless thousands, swarm through these mountain solitudes—huge serpents, as terrible as the kingly Boa, coil themselves in hidden caves—wild and ravenous animals bay in the deep defiles, and the kingly Condor sits in his hideous pride upon the lofty peaks of the Cordilleras. Rivers of pure water pour down from the lofty crystal fountains, and, undisturbed, sweep on to the ocean. Fruits of every clime hang in ripened clusters throughout the vast orchards planted here by the hand of Nature, each in its own native atmosphere, beginning on the sandy plains below, where perpetual summer blooms, and ascending the mountains gradually to their loftiest altitudes, where a climate reigns like that found mid Polar icebergs—where everlasting snow-storms beat, and freezing tempests moan.

Peru, though situated in the heart of the tropics, is a land teeming with the fruits indigenous to every clime, and the native rejoices, as it were, to live in a new Eden. Fearful storms sometimes sweep through these tropical regions, when Jupiter hurls his thunderbolts, and breathes his wrathful sheets of fire over the land in terrific volumes. Terrible earthquakes often spread gloomy desolation far and wide. Chimborazo trembles to its foundation, and Cotopaxi breathes out, and scatters wide, a terrific stream of smoke, ashes, rock, and fire. It is a land of sublimity, and a land of beauty. The awfully sublime is everywhere blended with the pleasingly beautiful. Snow-capped mountains, bleak and barren, run up their towering summits, and frown down frigidly upon the beautiful and extended valleys smiling in perennial and tropical luxuriance beneath. Eternal winter reigns mid eternal summer—earthquake and storm mid peace and plenty—wild and widespread desolation in the midst of increasing abundance. Dame Nature, nicely dressed in her summer robes, appears side by side with Dame Nature stripped of her beauties and her smiles—barren and desolate. She appears here in all her variety, in all her sublimity—sublime in her youthful abundance

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and beauty, but doubly sublime in her aged poverty and deformity. She seems alike attractive, whether enthroned upon the mountain's bleak summit or in green vales, dark with citron groves—whether her countenance is ruffled with wrathful frowns, or dimpled with pleasing smiles. In the midst of an Eden, planted in these fertile valleys, has she introduced the earth *cursed*.

From the fertile soil in the sunny vales, perennial flowers bloom at monthly intervals, and breathe out an ethereal odor on the mountain breeze as it dances up and down the vale, fanning the parched soil. Beautiful birds fill the groves with delightful melody, and the imperial owl, whose plumage was used only to deck the crown of the Inca, lives with his mate in some secret and beautiful valley, cradled in by lofty mountains.

Ocean gales ever fan those desert plains that extend from the coast to the Andes, and mountain breezes continually sweep the temperate uplands, and blow down a cooling draught upon the warm interior valleys. Indeed the land of Peru is one almost of enchantment. Overspread with the genial skies of the sunny south, her fertile bosom teeming with nature's luxuriant fullness, a spontaneous and perennial growth, she appears to us, of the hardy North, a "land flowing with milk and honey," as did the land of Canaan to Moses, when from Mount Nebo he beheld the glorious prospect of the Promised Land. She is a peculiar land—a land peculiarly blessed with natural advantages, and seems to have been thus blessed as if designed for the inheritance of a chosen people.

Such is a brief glance at the natural and physical aspect of that land inhabited by the people of *Tavantinsuyu*, or Peruvians, as they were called by the Spaniards. But we will try to show how much this bright picture was improved by the industry of the Peruvians. They made a land whose natural beauties stagger the imagination, still more beautiful—whose natural richness would delight the most avaricious husbandman, still more fertile and productive.

The tribes that made up the Peruvian nation, were, perhaps, the most civilized of all those tribes that three centuries ago inhabited the vast American Continent. And certainly none claims our attention and admiration so much as that peculiar people governed by rulers called Incas, the favored but fabled "Children of the Sun." Inhabiting a land in every way adapted to the happiness and prosperity of man, this people, under equitable laws, sprung up strong and healthful, and established for themselves a vigorous nationality. We may follow man in his wanderings from Babel to the present day—we may search well the history of nations, but in no instance will we find a heathen people destitute of letters and science, prosper and make such advances toward a lofty civilization as did the ancient inhabitants of Peru. If we compare

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them with their neighboring tribes, all enjoying the same natural advantages, we see on the one hand a barbarous, and on the other a semi-civilized people. On the one hand we see hordes of wild savages sweeping the woods, gathering from the bounties of nature a scanty subsistence, warlike and bloodthirsty, robbing neighboring tribes, lazy and indolent, and entirely destitute of all mechanical skill. On the other hand, we see a mighty nation bound together by common ties—the ties of religion and a common nationality—the strongest bonds that can bind man to his fellow man, and those alone that indissolubly knit together the various members of a society. We see a laboring, an active, and an energetic people, tilling the soil, erecting mighty temples to their deity, building majestic and populous cities—peaceful and industrious, and enjoying all the luxuries the earth can afford. Between the Peruvians and other heathen nations we see greater marks of difference, yet none enjoying such continual and ceaseless prosperity as they. For this prosperity we must look for a cause. Since all national prosperity flows directly from religious and political institutions, the prosperity of the Peruvian Empire must have sprung from her religious and political institutions. Her streams of prosperity flowed plainly and broadly from her institutions, which seem to be a model government for an unlettered heathen people. We know of no heathen nation, and but few civilized nations that ever lived, or now live, under more equitable laws than governed Peru in her golden age. We know of no agrarian laws and regulations more popular, and better calculated to keep plenty in the land—to banish the miseries of famine, that curse that so often blights the tender offspring of the poor, and brings upon man such hideous and lingering diseases—than the agrarian laws of the "empire of the Sun." It was a happy regulation of that people that cut off the giant motives that impel the human passions to kneel at the altar of crime, by exiling wealth from the land, banishing poverty, and at the same time caressing and mellowing, by a happy abundance, those avaricious and misery-breeding desires of the human soul. The government of Peru was a despotism, but a mild and beneficent, though stern despotism—or rather, it was what might be called a despotic theocracy, that is, it was a heathen theocracy. All power was vested in the divine Inca. He was the lawgiver, and really the law-executor, and his word was the law. They had no written code. The laws issued directly from the mouth of the Inca, and every Peruvian knew them, and obeyed them. It was a very rare thing to see an ordinance of the Inca broken—never knowingly or purposely. Though death was the punishment for almost every offense, yet perhaps no nation ever existed that had fewer instances of capital punishment than Peru. It is a curious fact that throughout the vast empire there appeared to be but one desire, and that was to obey the Inca—but one delight, and that was

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the prosperity of their empire. The Peruvians had no selfishness but national selfishness. Under their peculiar rule the human heart lost one of its darkest attributes, and one before which the nobler qualities of man bow in their weakness and disappear. The individual lost entire sight of himself, and thought only of the nation. The Inca was his God, and the empire was his idol. Of the nobleness of man they were all ignorant; of the dignity of human nature, they had never dreamed; but thought only of their heaven-descended nobility, and felt a happy pride only for their country. Their ideal of happiness was contentment, and their ideal of virtue was loyalty. Golden clouds of misty superstition hung about them concerning the origin of their Incas, whose strange fascination blinded them to almost every noble reality. They were taught to live not for themselves, but for their fellow-men—to seek not their own happiness, but that of their neighbor. This spirit, this forgetfulness of self, was the grand arch-key to their political fabric. Without it, it would have fallen. Unconsciously almost they imbibed, cultivated, and practiced one of the noblest teachings of Holy Writ—"Love thy neighbor as thyself"—and it was upon this foundation that their mighty empire was reared.

The most remarkable and fascinating of all her institutions was her religion. It is the one which chiefly claims our attention and elicits our admiration. The religious institutions of a nation make up a principal part of its internal history. The boast of Spain for centuries has been her Catholic religion. Previous to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the Jewish religion was her pride. And the glory of our own country is her white church-steeples that shoot up like divine watch-towers from every village in the land. And so the boast, pride, and glory of Peru was her religion. Hers was a strange, a fascinating worship. A legendary superstition hung its golden charms around it. An imaginary inspiration seemed to breathe out from it, and bless its devotees. It was all a mystery—a grand and inviting mystery, a mystery that gratified the loftiest aspirations of that people. It was a colossal system of romantic conceptions and creations, strangely and wildly blended, up to which the loftiest imagination could scarcely reach.

The mind, unassisted by revelation, never conceived of a sublimer worship. No heathen ever bowed before more worthy objects of adoration. The pilgrimage of the Mohammedan of the present day to Mecca—the Bethlehem of their creed—must be looked upon with surprise, if not with indignation, while the pilgrimage of the Peruvian to their "Holy City" must be looked upon with some degree of complacency. Of the various systems of worship in the world, that of the Peruvian stands second to none save the "religion of the Cross." The Grecians deified men (and very naturally too, for a great man is truly godlike), and had them to

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dwell in the romantic hights of Olympus, beneath the shady bowers of Parnassus, or in the cool shades of Helicon. The Peruvians deified the Sun—the very expression of Deity himself. Heathen nations generally deify stones, rivers, etc., or works of their own hands, but the Peruvians deified the Universe—suns, moons, and stars were their gods. Theirs was a religion of Nature. Whatever was sublime or beautiful met with their adoration. They erected temples to the muttering thunders and flaming lightnings, deeming them the manifest expressions of their infuriated deity.

The Grecians had a Jupiter who wielded these terrific instruments of Nature, but the Peruvians looked upon them as the wrathful outbursts of the Great Unknown Pocachamac—the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. They believed in a Supreme Being, and worshiped the great Day-god as his direct image. Though unlettered, the simple native read in that great Book of Nature all around him the footprints of an Omnipotent Creator, and led to believe the sun to be the visible form of the "Great Spirit," he bowed before his altars as humbly as ever Christian bowed before the Cross. And can we say aught against such a worship among heathens? Is it not a natural worship—one upon which the human mind, prone to have some idol around which to cling, on which to rest, would naturally cling, would naturally seize? We see here the mind, ignorant of God and revelation, mount up and deify the sun, the grandest object in nature, and that in its expression the nearest allied to Deity himself. Is there not in the human heart a natural religion? If so, the Peruvian religion must stand above every other heathen religion, for it agreed precisely with man's natural religious desire, and it only needed revelation to have made them a very Christian people.

The Peruvians presented to their conquerors many proofs of their advancement toward a lofty civilization. They took many upward flights that call forth the admiration of the world, and of which the most civilized nations of the world might be proud. Radiant in the romantic sublimity of their religion—proud, rich, happy, and prosperous, under their peculiar form of government, they kept onward and upward, until a band of outcast Spaniards, the refuse of their nation, sacrilegiously pulled down the lofty pillars of their institutions. They had redeemed sandy deserts to fertile fields, where waved in luxuriant beauty and abundance golden acres of Indian corn. They had caused the desert plains to bloom as a garden—of the bleak hill-sides had made green pastures for the white flocks of Peruvian sheep—had reared populous cities in the place of the primeval forests—had watered the whole land from streams that flowed from the melting snow on the mountain tops—had overleaped the Andes with fine turnpikes—had spanned mighty rivers with giant arches—had established "posts" long before they were known in Eu-

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rope—had penetrated the flinty veins of the earth, and unlocked the rich treasures of the Andes at Curimcago, Pares, and Potosi—had learned to hew stone from its native bed almost as fine as that buried at Pentelicus, and of it had reared temples that were the wonders of the world; and, in fine, they had built up a mighty empire which was destined to last, had it not been for the avaricious European.

Poverty had no home in Peru. The public granaries were kept constantly full, and this constant abundance was to supply the needy. The Spaniards found, housed up in these public granaries, an abundance for the whole empire for a period of ten years, all of which they brutishly destroyed. With this abundance the Peruvians could mock at famine as it strode through the land, and could endure it unharmed through one of its most lengthened reigns. Idleness was a crime—labor one of the highest virtues; and this furnishes us a key to what would otherwise seem a mystery—the building of such roads, the rearing of such temples, the full redemption of sterile wastes to green pastures, etc.; and all this done by a people entirely ignorant of the use of those instruments which, in civilized lands, lighten so much the Primeval Curse.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.)

Forget the Past.

Forget the past with sadness fraught,
Which like a fitful dream has fled,
Since all the cares or joys it brought
Are numbered with the dead.

Yes, gone its hours of peace and love,
Of misery and dark despair,
That taught the soul to look above
These scenes of earthly care.

What dark clouds have cast their shade
Across the troubled path of life!
They only have thy spirit made
More mighty for the strife.

Then let the past forgotten be,
And to the future turn thine eyes;
What seemed as evils unto thee,
Were blessings in disguise.

And thou shalt find in all thy woes
A hand that will assistance lend,
A breast on which thou canst repose,
A never failing friend.

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The Beauty of the Woods.

During the space of one year, the woods present to the eye of the spectator five different aspects, corresponding with the infancy, the youth, the maturity, the tinting and the dropping of the foliage. The first is the appearance assumed by the woods, when putting out their tender plated leaves and blossoms in May, up to the time when they are fully expanded; the second when nearly all the trees have attained their brightest verdure, as in June, but exhibit a nearly uniform shade; the third in midsummer and later, when their verdure is less brilliant, and when each species and individual have acquired that particular shade of green that respectively characterizes them; the fourth is the appearance they assume when the leaves have acquired those variegated tints that precede their fall, and which are erroneously attributed to the action of frost; the fifth and the last is the naked appearance of the winter forest, when the evergreens alone retain their verdure. These ever-changing aspects of the woods are sources of continual pleasure to the observer of nature, and have in all ages afforded themes for the poet, and subjects for the painter.

Of all these phases, the one that is presented to the eye in the month of May is by far the most delightful, on account of the infinite variety of tints and shades in the budding and expanded leaves and blossoms, and poetic relations of their appearance at this time to one of the most agreeable sentiments of the human soul. I allude to the idea of progression combined with the image of hope and activity. Nothing adds so greatly to the charms of a scene of nature, as anything which is palpably suggestive of some pleasing moral sentiment. It is this quality that gives half their beauty to certain flowers: and the unfolding leaves and ripening hues of vegetation require no forced effort of ingenuity, to make apparent their analogy to the period of youth, and the season of hope; neither are the fading tints of autumn any less suggestive of life's decline. There are not many, however, who would not prefer the lightness of heart that is produced by these emblems of progression, and these signals of the reviving year, to the more poetic sentiment of melancholy, inspired by the scenes of autumn.

Among the different trees and shrubs, there is a notable difference in their habits of leaving and flowering; some wreathing their flowers upon the naked branches, before the expansion of the leaves, like the peach-tree, the elm and the maple: others putting forth their leaves and flowers simultaneously, like the apple-tree and the cherry: others acquiring their full green vesture, before the appearance of their flowers, as the lilac, the alder, the rose and the viburnum. When we observe

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these multiplied and beautiful arrangements, we cannot avoid associating them with the benevolence of nature; and we are prone to regard her as an affectionate parent who has instituted these phenomena, in order to present at all times the greatest amount of beauty, to the eye, and to guard us from all that weariness that is sure to follow the long continuance of one unchangeable source of pleasure.

There is manifestly some connection between the tints of the half developed spring foliage, and those we observe in the decline of the year. The leaves of nearly all the trees and shrubs that are brightly colored in autumn, present a similar variety of tints in their tender plaited foliage in May. This is very remarkable in the different species of the oak, whose half developed leaves are deeply marked with purple, violet and yellow stains, that fade entirely out as the leaf ripens and expands. Similar hues may be observed in the tender branches of many shrubs, as as in those of the sumach, before they are hardened into wood. The young leaves of whortleberry bushes, of the cornels, the sumachs, and viburnums, all brightly tinted in autumn, with purple, crimson and orange, exhibit lighter shades of the same colors in their half-expanded foliage.

The locust, on the contrary, unmarked by a single tint in the autumn, is seen arrayed in a light verditure at this season, unmixed with any other hues. The poplars and willows that incline to yellow after the harvest, show the same yellow in the tinges of their vernal leaf, that gives them a remarkably lively hue. Their golden and purple aments add to this brilliancy, which is also in harmony with their light green and silvery spray. The birches have the same brilliant verdure, contrasted with the dark purple of their small branches, that renders their hues the more distinct and beautiful. It is all these different tendencies in the hues of the expanding foliage, that affords the woods such a charming variety of shades during the month of May; and it seems to be the design of nature to foretoken, in the infancy of the plants, some of those habits that mark both their maturity and their decline, by giving them a faint shade of those colors that distinguish them in autumn.

If we take our stand on an elevation that overlooks an extensively wooded country, which is diversified with wayside trees and orchards, we may witness the full charm of this variety. The elm, which in this part of the country are chiefly found by our roadsides, and in the enclosures of our dwellings, have shed their brown and purple blossoms; and their light green foliage, varying greatly in individuals, is mostly observed in solitary masses, or in occasional rows along the streets. The elm is in the perfection of its beauty at this time, when its verdure is marked by a brilliancy that fades before midsummer. After June, the foliage of the elm is dull and lifeless in its hues; and the tree is

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beautiful only on account of the flowing outline and graceful sweep of its branches.

If we next turn our eyes upon the woods, we may behold a spectacle of infinitely varied splendor. Masses of purple and cinereous foliage are presented by the oaks, enlivened by the bright green aments that hang luxuriantly from their branches. Among them are interspersed the purer and more lively green of the beech-trees, rendered still more light and airy by their pale ashen stems; also the slender, spiry forms the birch, whose purple sprays afford by contrast, a peculiar luster to their shining verdure, from the lofty black birch that overtops the other forest groups, to the graceful coppices of white birch, whose leaves already exhibit their tremulous habit, when fanned by the passing winds.

Though we cannot find in May those brilliant colors among the leaves of the forest trees, which are the crowning glory of autumn, yet the present month is more abundant in contrasts than any other period. These contrasts increase in beauty and variety until the first of June. In early May, set apart from the general nakedness of the woods, may be seen, here and there, a clump of willows full of bright golden aments, maples with buds, blossoms and foliage of crimson, and interspersed among them, junipers, hemlocks, and other evergreens, that stand out from their assemblages, like the natives of another clime. As the month advances, while the contrasts remain, new ones are continually appearing, as one tree after another assumes its vernal drapery, each exhibiting a tint peculiar not only to the species, but often to the individual and the situation, until hardly two trees in the whole woods are alike in color. As the foliage ripens, the different shades of green become more thoroughly blended into a single uniform tint. But ere the process is completed, the fruit trees have expanded their blossoms, and have brought a new spectacle of contrasts into view. First of all the peach-trees, with their bright pink flowers, that appear before the leaves, and cause the tree to resemble a single and uniform bouquet: then the pear-trees, with corols of perfect whiteness, internally fringed with brown anthers, like long dark eyelashes, that give them almost the countenance of life; then the cherry-trees, with their pure white blossoms, thickly enveloped in green foliage; and last of all, the apple trees, with blossoms of every variety of shade, between a bright crimson or purple and a pure white, all come forth, one after another, until the whole landscape seems to be wreathed in bloom.

During the last week in May, were you to stand on an eminence that commands an extensive view of the country, you would be persuaded that the prospect is far more magnificient than at midsummer. At this time you look not upon individuals, but groups. Before you lies an ample meadow, nearly destitute of trees except a few noble elms,

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standing in their blended majesty and beauty, combining in their forms the gracefulness of the palm with the grandeur of the oak; here and there a clump of pines, and long rows of birches, willows and alders bordering the streams that glide along the valley, and exhibiting every shade of greenness in their foliage. In all parts of the prospect, separated by square fields of tillage of lighter or darker verdure, according to the nature of their crops, you behold numerous orchards, some on the hillside receiving the direct beams of the sun, and others on level ground, exhibiting their shady rows with their flowers just in that state of advancement that serves to show the budding trees, which are red and purple, in beautiful opposition to the fully blown trees, which are white. Such spectacles of flowering orchards are seen in all parts of the country, as far as the eye can reach, along the thinly inhabited roadsides and farms.

The effect produced by the flowering of trees is less conspicuous in our forests than in our orchards and gardens: but the dazzling whiteness of the Florida cornel, rising up amidst the variegated masses of forest verdure, attracts the attention of every traveler. The flowering trees of our forests are chiefly of the amentaceous tribes, whose flowers serve rather to add gayety and variety to their tints, than any positive beauty of colors. Among the shrubbery, however, there are many species that are made attractive by their blossoms, and yield to the pastures and coppices a more beautiful appearance than anything we have observed in the woods. While the woods are still gleaming with the variegated tints of the sprouting foliage, you may behold, rising up in solitary brightness, arrayed with a profusion of white flowers and silvery green leaves, the tall branches of the swamp pyrus, a shrub that bears the earliest flowers and fruits of the forest. The pyrus is the forerunner of many beautiful flowering shrubs. After this appear in succession the common thorn, with its white rosaceous flowers in lovely circular clusters; the barberry, with its golden racemes fringing the branches from their extremities, almost to their roots; the wild dwarf cherry, with its spikes of gaudy but delicate blossoms arranged fantastically at right angles with the twigs that support them; all these appear one after another, until at length, as if nature was desirous of concentrating all our admiration upon a single plant, appears the beautiful Canadian rhodora, which marks the era of the departure of spring, and the commencement of the reign of summer.

In striking opposition to the scenes I have described, we may observe in different parts of the country a densely wooded swamp, with the tops of the trees hardly towering above the level of the surrounding landscape covered with the dark green sombre foliage of junipers and cypresses. Even this renders the remaining prospect more cheerful, by acting as a

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foil to the pleasant scenes that everywhere surrounds us. The very notes of the birds seem to harmonize with the character of the wood, and serve to enliven the contrasts that are presented to the eye. In the open flowery plain we hear thousands of chattering and musical birds—the wren in the gardens, the merry bobolink in the grassy meadows, and the oriole among the blossoms of the fruit-trees, while from the dark cypress groves we hear the scream of the jay, the cawing of the raven, blended occasionally with the liquid notes of the *sylvias* and solitary thrushes.

A Wrong Conclusion.

BY J. L. M.

Many Odd Fellows believe that when they have passed through the rite of initiation and have taken all the degrees, they have attained a knowledge of the entire superstructure, whereas, as we propose to show, they have merely crossed the threshold. This delusion has been the means of depriving the Order of the services of many who might have been distinguished for their zeal had they properly understood the intrinsic excellencies of the institution. We mean by this, not positive withdrawal from the ranks, but an apathetic indifference and want of zeal that renders them rather a clog to the Order than otherwise. "He who is not for us is against us," may be said with truth of Odd-Fellowship.

The feeling of indifference is natural with us all when we think we are thoroughly conversant with any subject. Those who consider the mere Lodge attendance and order of business all that constitutes Odd-Fellowship, are almost sure to lose their zeal in the work—and this, because Odd-Fellowship is not properly understood. Were the simple ceremonies of our Lodge room all that Odd-Fellowship could boast, the Order would have little claim to its proud title of a "Fraternal Institution." Let me say to the members of the Order, that we need more *working* members to place it on the prosperous footing it so eminently deserves. Workers, not only in the Lodge room, but at the sick brother's couch; at the home of the widow and the fatherless, ministering to the wants of the needy—at the last sad rites of the departed brother. Many members are very efficient and regular in their attendance until they have advanced through all the degrees, and as long as there is something to be expected, but no sooner do they receive the Scarlet Degree than they think they have graduated, and like many scholars when they receive their diploma, lose all interest in what they have been striving for. We repeat, this is a very mistaken idea, for Odd-Fellowship, if properly appreciated and

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studied, presents a constantly expanding field for action and progression in the cause of fraternity and humanity.

The lectures and charges of our Order are full of beautiful and impressive lessons, many of which require study and reflection to a proper appreciation of them; and the more attention is bestowed upon them, the more beautiful and impressive they will appear, and the better they will be liked. Few Odd Fellows can justly lay claim to a thorough understanding of the entire work of the Order. It takes one longer to "go through" (using a common phrase) than many would imagine, even were he successful in meeting with no obstacles to detain him on the way. At his initiation, the duties of an Odd Fellow are rehearsed to him; he is taught a proper appreciation of his fellow-man, and enjoined to labor with a hearty good-will in the cause he has voluntarily assumed. After a reasonable probation, he is permitted, if found worthy, to advance, step by step, through all the degrees, in each of which he learns a more ample exemplification of the beauties of our fraternity, which we denominate *Odd* Fellowship on account of its oddness in gathering within its orbit men of all nations, sects, parties, and creeds, to bow at the same shrine of Friendship and Love. New obligations and duties are imposed on him, such as we have already described, and he is finally placed in the complete possession of our work, which he, as a child with an outline map, must put together in the most approved manner. The work ends not with the mere ceremonials through which he has been conducted.

We offer these suggestions through a good motive. If any of our readers should feel that they, too, have been deceived in thinking themselves thorough Odd Fellows while they have failed to take part in the out-door work of the Order, we shall be gratified to feel that we have awakened them from their apathy. In conclusion, brethren, wake up—go to work with a will—put on the armor, and start anew with the determination of becoming thorough Odd Fellows in the true sense of the term.

WELLINGTON, Mo., July, 1856.

FILIAL LOVE.—It has been remarked that almost all illustrious men have been distinguished by love for their mother. It is mentioned by Miss Pardoe that "a beautiful feature in the character of the Turks is reverence for their mother. Their wives may advise or reprimand unheeded, but their mother is an oracle, consulted, confided in, listened to with respect and deference, honored to the last hour, and remembered with affection and regret even beyond the grave." "Wives may die," say they, "and we can replace them; children perish, and others be born to us; but who shall restore the mother when she passes away?"

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Thoughts which are Thoughts.

SELECTIONS.—BY JOHN T. BANGS.
Georgetown, D. C.

Addison, on his death-bed, sent for Lord Warwick, his pupil, a youth of dissolute habits, and said to him, "I have sent for you, young man, to show you with what calmness a Christian can die. A brother poet, in allusion to this circumstance, says,

> He taught us how to live, and oh! too high
> The price of knowledge—taught us how to die.

Cicero, when in exile, writing to his wife Terentia, said, "Remember that my days have all been honorable; and that I now suffer, not for my crimes, but for my virtues."

During the reign of Tiberius, a prefect of Egypt, having augmented the annual tribute of the province, and doubtless with the view of making his court to the Emperor, remitted to him a much larger sum than was customary. That prince, who, in the beginning of his reign, thought, or rather, spoke justly, answered, that it was his design, "not to flay, but to shear his sheep."

A great or comprehensive mind is seldom connected with good judgment. It is equally true that memory and wit are often conjoined—solid judgment seldom with either.

> The current that with gentle murmur glides,
> Thou knowest, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
> But when his fair course is not hindered
> He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
> And so by many winding nooks he strays,
> With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold yourself to work what thing you have the faculty for. It is a necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence.—*Carlyle.*

> There are some happy moments in this lone
> And desolate world of ours, that well repay
> The toil of struggling through it, and atone
> For many a long, sad night and weary day;
> They come upon the night like some mild air
> Of distant music, and we know not where
> Or whence the sounds are brought from, and their power,
> Though brief, is boundless.—*Halleck.*

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Jaques L. David was the first painter of Napoleon. It is related that the greater part of the preceding day and night had been spent by Napoleon in arranging the final operations of the campaign which terminated in the battle of Waterloo. When now past midnight, the Emperor sent for David, to whom he had promised to sit, and who was waiting in an apartment of the Tuileries. "My friend," said Napoleon to the artist, "there are yet some hours to four, when we are finally to review the defense of the city; in the meantime do your utmost while I read these dispatches." But exhausted nature could hold out no longer, the paper dropped from the nerveless hand, and Napoleon sank to sleep. In this attitude the painter has represented him; the pale and lofty forehead, the care-worn features, the relaxed expression, the very accompaniaments bear an impress inexpressibly tender and melancholy. With the dawn Napoleon awoke, and springing to his feet was about to address David, when a taper just expiring in its socket arrested his eye. Folding his arms on his breast, a usual posture of thought, he contemplated its dying struggles, when, with its last gleam, the rays of the morning sun penetrated through the half-closed window curtains. "Were I superstitious," said Napoleon, a faint smile playing about his beautiful mouth, "the first object on which my sight has rested this morning might be deemed ominous; but," pointing to the rising sun, "the [illegible] is doubtful; at least, the prayer of the Grecian hero will be recorded, '*We shall perish in light.*'"

The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If Heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lips of Phœbus.—*Talfourd.*

Johnson says of Pope (what had been said of Pindar) that "the bees swarmed about his mouth in the cradle." If so, they left their stings as well as their sweetness.

Silence is the deep fountain of eloquence.

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and, it may be added, of good feeling, too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others which is the foundation of good manners.—*Locke.*

I am a lone stray thing, whose little life,
By strangers' bounty cherished, like a wave
That from the summer sea a wanton breeze
Lifts for a moment's sparkle will subside
Light as it rose, nor leave a sigh in breaking.

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I will call this Luther a great man, great in intellect, in courage, affection, and integrity; one of our most loveable and precious men. Great, not as a huge obelisk, but as an Alpine mountain—so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting up to be great at all; there for quite another purpose than being great. Ah, yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the heavens—yet in the clefts of its fountains, green, beautiful valleys, with flowers. A right spiritual Hero and Prophet; once more a true son of Nature and fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to Heaven.—*Carlyle.*

O Milton,
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The loneliest duties on herself did lay.—*Wordsworth.*

There is a comfort in the strength of love,
'Twill make a thing endurable which else
Would overset the brain or break the heart.—*Wordsworth.*

As to the matter of gratitude and ingratitude, there never [illegible] any man yet so wicked as not to approve of the one and detest the other, as the two things in the whole world the one to be the most esteemed, the other the most abominated.

That is love
Which chooseth from a thousand only one
To be the object of that tenderness
Natural to every heart; which can resign
Its own best happiness for one dear sake;
Can bear with absence; hath no part in hope,
For hope is somewhat selfish: love is not,
And doth prefer another to itself.—*Miss Landon.*

VOLTAIRE'S RIDDLE.—What is the longest, and yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest and most slow; the most divisible and the most extended; the least valued and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours everything, however small, and yet gives life and spirits to every object, however great?" Answer—Time.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.—Dr. Johnson, once being at a concert, was observed by a musical friend to be extremely inattentive while a celebrated solo player was running up the divisions and sub divisions of notes upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him how extremely difficult it was.

"Difficult do you call it sir?" replied the doctor; "I wish it were impossible."

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VARIETIES.

A JEALOUS WIFE.—A correspondent relates an ancedote of the jealous wife of a worthy Odd Fellow, which is too good to be lost. One evening, a bundle came to the house for her husband, and labelled "Private." Of course this was sufficient for female curiosity, and therefore she indulged in an inspection. Horror of horrors! blankets, baby's linen, birds'-eye, etc., greeted her astonished gaze, and dreams of two families floated through her brain. The husband soon came home, and, after tea, taking up the bundle, again went out—but not alone, for the jealous wife was closely at his heels.

The faithless husband little imagined that she who supposed herself so foully wronged, was hovering after him. He stopped at the house of a friend, who also joined him, carrying a similar bundle. The wife became doubly excited, for the idea of having a companion in misery did not impress her with the idea of a division of her grief, but only an addition to it. She followed closely, and soon they halted before a small tenement which they entered. Here she paused to hold a council of war. What tactics to follow, she was in doubt, but determined to storm the citadel. She knocked, and hastily brushing by the little child who opened the door, burst upon her astonished husband, the embodiment of injured innocence.

A poor woman on a sick bed, a babe not old enough for christening, a child in a crib, and two little girls in bed, met her eye. She read the story at a glance, and returned home under the escort of her lord and his friend, who assured her that she had discovered one of the grand secrets of Odd-Fellowship. She never arrived at a false conclusion from appearances again.

IF we would perpetuate our fame or reputation, we must either do things worth writing, or write things worth reading.

IF a cause be good, the most violent attack of its enemies will injure it so much as an injudicious defense of it by its friends.

BE always at leisure to do good, never make business an excuse for declining the offices of humanity.

A man who cheats in short measure is a measure less rogue. If he gives short measure in wheat, he is a rogue in grain. If in whisky, he is a rogue in spirit. If he gives a bad title to land, he is a rogue in deed. If he cheats whenever he can, he is, indeed, in spirit, ingrain—a measure-less scoundrel.

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A SMART BOY.—When Lieut. Gov. Patterson was Speaker of the Legislature, some dozen boys presented themselves for the place of messenger, as is usual at the opening of the House. He inquired their names, and into their condition, in order that he might make the proper selection. He came, in the course of his examination, to a small boy, about ten years old—a bright looking lad.

"Well, sir," said he, "what is your name?"

"John Hancock, sir," replied the boy.

"What!" said the Speaker, "you are not the one that signed the Declaration of Independence, are you?"

"No, sir," replied the lad, stretching himself to his utmost proportions, "but I would, if I had been there."

"You can be one of the messengers," said the Speaker.

THE VALUE OF JOKES.—As gold becomes refined by passing through the ordeal of fire, so truth is the purer for being tested by the furnace of fun; for jokes are to facts what melting pots are to metal. The utterer of a good joke is a useful member of society.

"[illegible] LAD," said a lady to a boy carrying out an empty mail bag, "are you a mail boy?"

"You don't think I'se a female boy, doz ye?"

THE CONJUROR'S STROKE.—Take a ball in each hand, and stretch both your hands as far as you can one from the other; then inform the company that you will make both balls come into which hand they please to name, without bringing your hands any nearer each other. If any one doubt your ability to perform this feat, you must lay one ball on the table, turn yourself round, and then take it up with the hand which already contains a ball. Thus both balls will be in one of your hands, without the employment of both of them.

DAY begins in darkness, grows bright, strong, and glorious, and in darkness closes; and so man commences life in weak childhood, attains to the meridian of manhood, and in second childhood ends his day's career.

TRUE MODESTY is beautiful, because it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection of mind, and at the same time gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.

ALL FOR THE BEST.—As all the rivers on the face of the globe, however circuitous they may be in their progress, and however opposite in their course, yet meet at last in the ocean, and there contribute to increase the mass of waters: so all the seemingly discordant events in the life of a good man are made to preserve, upon the whole, an unerring tendency to his good, and concur and conspire for promoting it at last.

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HIBERNIAN SIMPLICITY.—An amusing instance is afforded by the following little story, told us by a friend, in whose words we give it:

Molly, our housemaid, is a model one, who handles the broom-stick like a cepter, and who has an abhorrence for dirt and a sympathy for soapsuds that amounts to a passion. She is a bustling, busy, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed Hibernian, who hovers about our book-shelves, makes war upon our papers, and goes about thirsting for new worlds to conquer, in the shape of undusted and unrighted corners.

One day she entered our library in a confused and uncertain manner, quite different from her usual bustling way. She stood at the door with a letter between her thumb and fingers, which she held at arm's length, as if she had a gunpowder plot in her grasp. In answer to our inquiries as to her business, she answered:

"An' plase your honor, I'm a poor girl, and han't much larnin', an' ye sees, plase ye honor, Paddy O'Reilly, and the betther than him does'nt brathe in ould Ireland, has been writin' of me a litther,—a love litther, plase ye honor; an' — an' ——"

We guessed at her embarrassment, and offered to relieve it by reading the letter. Still she hesitated, while she twisted a bit of raw cotton in her fingers.

"Shure," she resumed, "an' that's jist what I want, but it isn't a gintleman like yeself that would be likin' to know ov the sacrets between us, and so (here she twisted the cotton quite nervously) if it i'll only plase yer honor, while yer rading it, so that ye may not hear it yeself, if y'll *jist put this bit ov cotton in yer ears an' stop yer hearin' an' then the sacrets 'ill be unknown to yer!*"

We hadn't the heart to refuse her, and with the gravest face possible, complied with her request; but often since, we have laughed heartily, as we have related the incident.

The Boston Post says, "a deacon who became rich in a grocery, not [illegible] from the State House, used to boast how much he had done for the cause of temperance, by mixing at least a gallon of pure water with every gallon of liquor he sold."

NEVER employ your authority in its full extent: temper whatever is severe in it by an air of sweetness and good-nature. Neither abuse the fear and respect which your dignity and rank inspire. It will do you honor to adapt the exercise of your power to the circumstances and situation in which you are placed.

How difficult it is to live in the world and to preserve irreproachable manners. It is nevertheless possible; but for this end one has need of a continual attention and watchfulness over one's self.

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A Lovely Incident.—What parent, on reading the annexed extract, can fail to reflect on the lesson it suggests? How important that, when the parent has departed, the example left behind may be such as the child may be thankful for! To watch for and train the budding thoughts of an artless child is one of the noblest offices that father or mother can fill. Truly hath it been said, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings strength hath been obtained." What could give greater strength to that widowed heart than such a scene with her little daughter?

"She knelt, at the accustomed hour, to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for care through the coming night; then, as usual, came the earnest 'God bless dear mother and ——,'" but the prayer was stilled! the hands unclasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye, as the words of hopeless sorrow burst from the lips of the kneeling child. 'I cannot pray for father any more!' Since her lips had been able to form the dear name, she had prayed for a blessing upon it; it had followed close after mother's name, and now to say the familiar prayer and leave her father out! No wonder that the new thought seemed too much for the childish mind to receive. I waited for some moments, that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and, with a voice that faltered too much for utterance, she said:

"'O, mother, I cannot leave him all out; let me say, thank God that I had a dear father once! so I can still go on, and keep him in my prayers.'

"And so she always does, and my stricken heart learned a lesson from the loving ingenuity of my child. Remember to thank God for mercies past, as well as ask blessings for the future."

Interpretation of Dreams.—There is a new guide to the interpretation of dreams. An English paper thus puts it: To dream of a millstone round your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble. When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue tight-lacing, and also go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. If you dream of a clock, it is a token that you will gain credit—that is, tick. To dream of a fire, is a sign that if you are wise you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water. To dream of walking barefooted, denotes a journey that you will make bootless.

Open your heart to sympathy, but close it to despondency. The flower which opens to receive the dew, shuts against the rain.

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BABY LIFE.—Who has not slept on a mother's lap? Who has not loved a mother's smile? Who has not looked to that mother for kind words, for sympathy, for guidance through life? Yet who knows the mother's task work? Only a mother. There lies her darling, smiling, and apparently happy. Its cheeks are round, peach-color, and beautiful. Its dreams we may imagine are sweet, but they are beyond comprehension. The mother, however, can interpret them. She speaks to her child in a language which no philosopher can translate. Her smiles and her talk to that gift from God can electrify the coldest heart. Baby-life is a great as well as solemn lesson. It teaches more than books. It shows us that innocence and happiness and love are to be found in this task work. The mother will risk all for her child. She has courage to do any great deed to save its life. Sublimity can not go beyond her thought and high daring. But after all, it is but a short jump from the cradle to the grave. We may dissect human character with our scalpel-pen to-day, but O great truism! the carcass is gone to-morrow. Cradled amidst joy, we depart amidst tears. Yet how sweet is baby-life? Would not we who are beyond it, give all that we possess to return to it once more? It is the golden year of our existence, as the angels of heaven well know.

READ not much at a time; but meditate as much as your time, and capacity, and disposition, will give you leave. Always remember that little reading and much thinking—little speaking and much hearing—is the best way to become wise.

A GREAT MAN'S MOTHER.—When Washington arrived at Fredericksburgh, Virginia, where his mother resided, on his return from Yorktown, in October, 1781, the people came in crowds to greet him, but his mother, though proud of her son, was unmoved by the honors paid to him. When the triumphal procession entered the town, she was preparing yarn for the weaver of cloth for her servants, and was thus occupied when her honored son entered the house. "I am glad to see you, George; you have altered considerably," were her first words, and during the whole interview, not a word was said by either of his glorious achievements. The next day she was visited by Lafayette, who spoke to her in glowing terms of the greatness of her son. Her simple and memorable reply was, "I am not surprised, for *George was always a good boy.*"

I KNOW of but one remedy against the fear of death, that is effectual, and that will stand the test either of a sick bed, or of a sound mind; and that is a good life, a clear conscience, an honest heart, and a well-ordered conversation; to carry the thoughts of dying men about us, and so to live before we die, as we shall wish we had when we come to it.

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INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.

OHIO.

Grand Secretary Glenn has kindly furnished us with the following summary of the state of the Order in this jurisdiction, for the year ending June 30, 1856:

Number of Lodges, 294; initiations, 2,589; rejections, 309; admitted by card, 743; withdrawn by card, 1,101; reinstated, 98; suspended, 164; expelled, 726; deaths, 178; Past Grands, 2,940; members, 20,653; brothers relieved, 2,865; widowed families relieved, 205; amount paid for relief of brothers, $35,790 10; amount paid for relief of widowed families, $3,659 68; amount paid for education of orphans, $53 31; amount paid for burying the dead, $6,245 77; amount of annual receipts, 120,702 33.

As usual, a number of Lodges are behind with their reports. Some twenty or twenty-five are not included in the statement I send you, although I waited until after the time the report should have been made out. The Grand Master and myself made every effort to obtain all the reports.

The returns of Subordinates show the Order in a highly prosperous condition. We have now (Aug. 30) three hundred and twelve Lodges in the State. Fraternally, ALEX. E. GLENN, *Gr. Sec.*

Grand Encampment.—The state of the Patriarchal branch may be gathered from the following report handed us by the R. W. Grand Scribe, Bro. Hubbell:

Initiations, 354; admitted by card, 21; withdrawn by card, 84; reinstated, 13; expelled, 61; suspended, 7; rejected, 15; contributing members, 4,136; Past Patriarchs, 1,025; deaths, 16; Patriarchs relieved, 209; widowed families relieved, 9; Patriarchs buried, 12; paid for relief of Patriarchs, $2,712; paid for relief of widowed families, $87; paid for burying the dead, $224; amount of receipts, $11,762 53; cash in treasury, $8,719 42; widow and orphans' fund, $390 89; amount invested, $20,973 45.

The above embraces all the Encampments except Mohiccon No. 13 and Huron No. 36, who have paid no attention to the repeated calls of the Grand Scribe for their reports. This is the most accurate and complete report we have had for a number of years. The great confusion in which the affairs of the Grand Encampment were left by Brother Griswold's predecessor entailed much labor upon both him and Brother Hubbell, and it was only by untiring perseverance that the books have

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been finally brought into a satisfactory shape. Bro. Hubbell has entered upon his duties with a determination to render the services expected of the Grand Scribe in a satisfactory manner.

IOWA.

We are under obligations to Grand Secretary Garrett for the following summary of the Order in Iowa, for the year ending June 30, 1856:

Lodges.—Initiations, 830; rejections, 103; admitted by card, 334; withdrawn on card, 205; reinstated, 20; suspended, 103; expelled, 22; deaths, 9; members, 3,736; Past Grands, 526; brothers relieved, 150; widowed families relieved, 16; amount paid for relief of bro's, $1,662; amount paid for relief of widowed families, $416; amount paid for education of orphans, $24; amount paid for burying dead, $280; receipts, $23,437.

We have no report this year from two Lodges, and last term eighteen failed to report.

Encampments.—Initiated, 57; admitted by card, 10; withdrawn by card, 5; reinstated, 4; suspended, 6; expelled, 1; died, 1; members, 243; amount paid for relief of members, $16; receipts, $948.

Three Encampments failed to report this year, and two last term.

There are now 94 Lodges and 14 Encampments in Iowa.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment both met in annual session at Boston on the 6th and 7th of August last. We glean our report from the Emblem.

Grand Encampment.—The Grand officers were all present, and the attendance of Representatives was unusually large. The number of Patriarchs has diminished during the year to less than one thousand. An effort was made to restore the semi-annual sessions of the Grand Encampment, but it was unsuccessful. Grand officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:

Enos H. Tucker, Jr., G.P.; Samuel W. Hodges, G.H.P.; Aram Youlen, G.S.W.; Horatio N. Gunn, G.J.W.; Charles D. Cole, G.S.; Wm. H. Cook, G.T.; Chas. E. Buckingham, G. Rep. to G.L.U.S.

Bro. Alfred Mudge for several years Grand Scribe, declined re-nomination. Very complimentary resolutions of thanks, and testimonials as to his worth and usefulness to the Order were adopted by the Grand Encampment and also by the Grand Lodge, he having served the latter Grand body for seven years as Grand Secretary. We are pleased to see that both posts have been assigned to one equally able and devoted to Odd-Fellowship.

Grand Lodge.—From the report of the Finance Committee, it appears that the expenditures for the last term were $626 83, and that there is

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now on hand $785 75. The expenses for the current year are estimated at $1,300. There is now due the Grand Lodge $340 98. It was not considered advisable to change the per capita tax, which is fifteen cents a year upon each contributing member.

A resolution was adopted requesting the Grand Representative to bring to the notice of the G.L.U.S. the subject of suspension for non-payment of dues, and to urge a repeal of their previous action upon the subject.

Several important amendments to the Constitution were laid on the table, for consideration at the next session, which promises to be one of much interest.

The Constitution was amended in accordance with the instructions of the G.L.U.S., so as to allow Past Grands to be eligible to the office of Grand Master who have not received the Royal Purple Degree.

The Grand officers elected we give below:

Caleb Rand, G.M.; Chas. E. Buckingham, D.G.M.; William Marble, G.W.; Chas. D. Cole, G.S.; Wm. H. Cook, G.T.; Samuel B. Krogman, Rep. to G.L.U.S.

VERMONT.

West Poultney, Aug. 14, 1856.

Editor of the Casket:—Dear Sir: The annual session of the Grand Lodge of Vermont was held at Rutland on the 13th. Harmony prevailed in all our deliberations. From the reports from some parts of this jurisdiction, the work seems to be inactive; but each one of ou Representatives went forth from our session with the full determination to bring the work up to its former standard. Amid all the discouragements to Odd-Fellowship in New England, there is much of promise and hope for the future.

But little business of importance was transacted. The following is the board of Grand officers for the ensuing year:

Henry Clark, G.M., West Poultney; J. H. Richardson, D.G.M., Northfield; H. T. Dorrance, G.W., Rutland; Thos. L. Sheldon, G. Sec., West Rupert; R. R. Brewster, G. Treas., Middleburg.

Frederick E. Woodbridge, Esq., of Vergennes, was re-elected Representative to the G.L.U.S. He is among the first lawyers in our State, a gentleman of high standing and talent, and peculiarly fitted for the position. His course during the preceding term reflected honor upon himself and his Grand Lodge, and it is with the greatest pleasure we announce his re-election.

It will give me pleasure to forward you at an early day a printed copy of the proceedings, from which you may glean much information that I am unable to communicate at the present writing.

Yours fraternally, Henry Clark.

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GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

This worthy body met in annual session at Baltimore, on the 15th ult. The Grand Sire was prevented by a lingering illness from being present, and D.G.S. George W. Race, of Louisiana, presided. The Grand Secretary reports the Order in a prosperous condition, though, excepting in a few jurisdictions, not increasing in membership. The Grand Sire's report is such a document as would be looked for from that worthy officer, able, eloquent, and terse, breathing the spirit of a true Odd Fellow in every line. We make the following extracts:

"The iron wheels of time, in their never-ending revolutions, find you again, my brethren, at this post of honorable duty, forsaking for a time the cares of business and the comforts of home, to give such direction to our united labors as will continue to strengthen the bonds and increase the usefulness of our beloved fraternity. Coming as you do, from the subordinate tribunals and working Lodges of our jurisdiction, familiar with all the details of our organization, knowing each throb and pulsation of the great heart of our Order, animated by the spirit of love and fraternity, the result of your official labors must of necessity continue to strengthen the bonds that unite us together as one happy family. And God grant that your labors may not be in vain. The conflicting and discordant elements of society can only find repose and safety in the conservative spirit of philanthropic institutions which have in themselves no inherent element of discord, but whose mission it is to teach us that 'no one liveth to himself,' but that we are created and placed here to labor for our fellow-men, to improve our social condition, to strengthen the bonds of our union, to elevate our country, and to advance our race in all the essential elements of a healthy civilization. In aristocratical governments, where freedom and civilization rest with oligarchies, forging fetters for both mind and body, instead of paving the way for individual amelioration, the influence of philanthropic institutions is lost in an atmosphere where freedom of opinion exists only in name. But in this young republic, the home of liberty, where freedom of opinion, and freedom of speech, and freedom of the press are the natural and inalienable rights of all, our association has a great and important work to perform. It can never soil its spotless robes in the dust and discord of the political arena. We have no fears of it ever being converted into a political or sectarian engine, for it ranks among its members men of all parties and creeds and opinions, eminent for intellect and piety, and love of country, whose nationality knows no geographic lines, but is as broad and universal as humanity itself.

"We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that in our own country events

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are ever on the wing, which, like the storm cloud, when meeting an opposing force, sends its messenger of destruction, leaving only a withering and blighted foot-print to mark its career. When sectional hatred is intensifying itself—when men's minds are darkened by strong passions and fierce conflicts—when the spirit of disaffection is growing stronger, and the bonds of our social compact correspondingly weaker, it is then that our institution may go forth in its robes of universal love, with its diadem of friendship and its cincture of truth, going behind the distinctions of sect, and party, and nation, teaching man that his own comfort and welfare are interwoven with the well-being of his race. It is true, as our beautiful ritual teaches us, that our Order holds no fellowship with the divisions and classifications of human society. Of local ideas we may be at times tenacious, but when they seal our vision to other and more comprehensive truths, we should remember that our relations and duties are exceedingly broad and far-reaching. We should not forget that all men are of one family; that to the Odd Fellow there is but one country—the earth; but one nation—the human race. Let these great truths make our institution a solid landmark, amid the waves of faction, the storms of passion, and the conflicts of error. Thus will it become the palladium of our liberties, the ark of our national safety; and on the rainbow of Hope, which encircles us, let there be inscribed, in golden characters, UNION, which shall be the crowning beauty and safeguard of the whole. It is by a generous diffusion of these sublime principles on the part of its members, in their daily avocations, that will stamp upon our institution, in legible and enduring characters, the constituent elements of existence and perpetuity."

The Grand Sire then pays a beautiful tribute to the memory of Past Grand Sire Griffin, P.G.M. Jas. C. Ninde, of Maryland, P.G.M. Joseph L. Silcox of Indiana, and D.D. Grand Sire H. L. Dickinson, of New Mexico, all of whom have been called from earth since the last session of the Grand Lodge. Of Bro. Silcox he says:

"In this connection, I may be pardoned for mentioning an incident connected with the celebration of the advent of our Order in this country by the Odd Fellows of Ohio. It was my privilege and pleasure to be present on that interesting occasion, and among the first to greet me with a fraternal welcome on my arrival in Cincinnati was Past Grand Master Joseph L. Silcox, of Indiana. He came, as he expressed it, introducing himself, to pay his respects to the Grand Sire. On the 7th of May following, by a melancholy accident, he was gathered to his fathers, and Indiana mourns the loss of one whose activity and usefulness, by his pen and his example, has left a void in our Order not easily filled."

He offers suggestions in reference to the laws regulating suspended

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members, presents the importance of legislating in regard to the financial system of the Grand Lodge, and suggests, as a means of reducing the expenses, that a change be made in the Grand Lodge Representation by allowing one Representative from each department of the Order. His views in regard to the amendment to the Constitution providing for biennial sessions may be gathered from the following extract:

"The existence and continuance of the sessions of this body seem to me to be the life of the Order; it may truly be considered the outpouring of the great heart of the Institution. The North and the South, the East and the West, the remote extremes of our confederacy, mingle here together under the shade of this great tent, and sit down in harmony and love. Let not the economist and reformer, in their efforts, however well intended, to reduce expenditures, disturb the social relations, or change the social features of our affiliation, which are strengthened by frequent intercommunions. Radical and frequent changes in our system of government are not in harmony with the well-being and perpetuity of the Institution."

Many questions were submitted to him for his decision during the year, but as they come before the Right Worthy Grand Lodge for confirmation before becoming laws, they will be found in their appropriate place with the other decisions of the session.

The Grand Sire thus alludes to the grand National Celebration of the Order, held at Cincinnati, on the 24th of April last:

"An official visit, during the month of April last, to the jurisdiction of Ohio, gave me the greatest pleasure. The occasion was the celebration of the anniversary of the advent of Odd-Fellowship in this country, and since my connection with the Institution I have never witnessed so splendid a pageant, and so grand and noble a collection of the bone and sinew of the community, as were gathered together on that interesting occasion. The city of Cincinnati itself was transformed into a grand gala day, for every one to make merry and be glad, and it required not the strong arm of military power, nor even the baton of the civil authority, to prevent disorder. Peace reigned throughout her borders, and tranquility was within her gates. Odd-Fellowship in Ohio, since its advent in 1830, has known no retiring ebb, but keeps due on to a high and brilliant career. The occasion was highly honored by the presence of the distinguished founder and father of Odd-Fellowship in this country, Past Grand Sire Thomas Wildey, whose presence gave unalloyed satisfaction to the brotherhood there assembled."

A communication was received from a committee appointed by the Grand Lodge of Virginia, at its last session, expressive of gratitude to the

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brethren of the Order in other jurisdictions for the aid and sympathy extended to the afflicted brethren of Norfolk and Portsmouth during the time that the dire pestilence was raging in those cities.

A resolution offered by Rep. Eckel, of Delaware, requesting the Legislative Committee "to report a plan for merging the Subordinate branches of the Order, by such jurisdictions as may desire mergement," was not agreed to.

The election of Grand officers was held on the second day of the session, with the following result:

Grand Sire—Geo. W. Race, of Louisiana.

Deputy Grand Sire—Timothy G. Senter, of New Hampshire.

Grand Cor. and Rec. Sec.—Jas. L. Ridgely, of Maryland.

Grand Treasurer—Joshua Vansant, of Maryland.

The Grand Lodge of Oregon, which was organized in June last, was represented by A. Holbrook, of Oregon City.

The amendments to the Constitutions of the Grand Lodges of Massachusetts, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Kentucky were approved. The last-named jurisdiction having prayed the Grand Lodge for an extension of the term of service of her present officers and Grand Representatives to the time prescribed by the amended Constitution (first Tuesday in November, 1857), the Legislative Committee submitted the following report which was adopted:

"Your Committee do not clearly perceive whether the change in the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky contemplates a suspension of the annual meeting of that Grand Lodge until November, 1857. They infer such to be the result, but have not a copy to refer to, to enable them to give their own construction to the language of the instrument as amended. Assuming this construction to be the proper one, the Committee report that the term of Grand officers is subject to the regulation of the local body—but Grand Representatives are members of this body as well as the State Grand Lodge. The Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States provides that the term of Grand Representatives shall be two years. This body has no power to extend such term without some modification of its fundamental law. The Grand Lodge of Kentucky must hold a special session to elect a Representative, or provide for the filling of the vacancy which will occur before the next communication, in some other mode recognized by law."

At half-past four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the members of the Grand Lodge assembled at the Hall, and moved in procession, arrayed in their neat and appropriate regalia, to the Norfolk steamboat, to which city they went, by special invitation, to dedicate the new Hall now under process of erection by the Order of that city. Previous to this, however,

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the following resolution, submitted by Rep. Dwinelle, of California, was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That although this Grand Lodge, in view of the calamities with which our brethren in Norfolk have recently been afflicted, has thought proper to accept their invitation to attend the dedication of their new Hall in that city on the 18th inst., still this action is not to be construed as a precedent, as this Grand Lodge, being assembled for the dispatch of business, feels itself bound to discourage such and similar invitations, and always, except on peculiar and extraordinary occasions, will decline accepting them."

The ceremonies at Norfolk took place on Thursday, the 18th, in consequence of which the Grand Lodge did not re-assemble until Friday morning. No elaborate reports from committees of importance had been submitted up to that time. The Grand Lodge did not close its session until Monday morning. The printer having exhausted his supply of type, was unable to furnish the daily journal of the last two days of the session, hence we are compelled to defer the remainder of our report until next month. Several important decisions were made, which will be laid before our readers in the November number. We hope, also, to have the statistics of the Order by that time, though, if as unsatisfactory as usual, they will shed little light upon the true condition of the Order.

Having held our October number back much later than usual for these Proceedings, we regret that they are so incomplete; but we prefer giving all the enactments and decisions under one head, that they may be more convenient for reference, and thus our report will prove more useful to the patrons of the Casket.

QUERISTS' DEPARTMENT.

BY P.G. GEO. B. JOCELYN.

"Has a Subordinate, which employs a brother to collect the dues of delinquents, a right to charge a per centage for collection in addition to the sum due, or must the Lodge pay the expense of collection from the treasury?"

That depends upon the By-Laws. Each Lodge has the control of its own funds in such matters.

"The Constitution of the Grand Encampment of Ohio requires a service in either the High Priest's or Senior Warden's chair of Subordinates before becoming eligible to the Chief Patriarch's office. Should a Patri-

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arch serve as High Priest, and remove from the jurisdiction before becoming a member of the G. E., under the Constitution of that State, would he be entitled to enrol himself a member of the G.E. of another State, which recognized P.H.P's as members, or must he be governed by the laws of the jurisdiction in which he filled the office?"

He must be governed by the laws of the State which receives him into the Grand Encampment.

"District Deputy Grand Masters are appointed by the Grand Masters of each jurisdiction. Has the Lodge a right to refuse recognizing a Past Grand so appointed, or must the nomination be concurred in by the Lodge before he can assume his authority?"

District Deputy Grand Masters are the representatives of the Grand Master, and a Subordinate Lodge has no more right to "refuse recognizing" a D.D.G.M. than they have to "refuse recognizing" the G.M. They may request a change, but until changed he is their Deputy.

"A Lodge passes a resolution to the effect, 'That Bro. A. B. have leave to withdraw a resolution submitted.' The brother declines withdrawing it. Is it still before the Lodge for discussion?"

Of course; and remains so until disposed of by the Lodge.

"In the semi-annual report from our Lodge (—— Lodge, No. 166) for the term ending January 1st, 1856, we reported four brothers suspended for non-payment of dues—time, until paid. The Grand Lodge, at its February session, pronounced our report incorrect—four members suspended indefinitely for non-payment of dues. The question is: How should we have reported them, for the blank report to the G.L. asks the time?"

You, of course, reported as the facts were. You could not report otherwise. The G.L. pronounces that report incorrect, I suppose, upon some local law. Hereafter you must affix some other penalty.

We are opposed to suspensions for non-payment of dues. In our jurisdiction (Indiana) we do not suspend for that cause. If a brother is in arrears—that is, not square or ahead upon the books at the end of the quarter (not term)—he is deprived of benefits. If he permits the delinquency to run six months, his benefits are withheld for three months after he settles up. If he permits himself to become a year in arrears, we give him due notice, by mail or otherwise, and if he still neglects to pay, his name is stricken from the roll, and he is no longer an Odd Fellow. We should like to see the law universal, for it works "like a charm" in Indiana.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

PROSCRIPTION IN DEBATE.—In the September number of The Casket, in an article on Lodge debates, we urged the members to take a more active part in the discussions before the Lodge. We have received a letter from a Scarlet degree brother, alluding to this article, from which we take the following extract:

"You say, in the course of your article, 'Scarlet members should not leave the debate to be conducted by Past Grands exclusively, as is too frequently the case, in old Lodges where they have a great many past officers, but should step forward boldly when they can shed new light upon the subject under discussion, and present their own opinions without hesitation.' Now, Mr. Editor, while I agree with you in your position, I cannot be unmindful of the fact that the Past Grands too frequently frown down every proposition that does not emanate from a Grand Lodge member, and that Scarlet members are not accorded that degree of attention and respect in debate that is justly their due. It is very discouraging to those who are not of the 'aristocracy,' to be met with rebuffs from the leading members of the Lodge, merely because we have not walked the higher paths to honor in our Order. You should read the Past Grands a lecture for discouraging the younger members from taking an active part in Lodge business, and not condemn the younger ones for keeping silent when any attempt at debate will be met with unpleasant rebuffs."

We must admit that our brother has spoken very candidly, and, we confess, with good grounds, in many instances, against this evil. In many Lodges, particularly the older ones, which have a large number of past officers, the Past Grands arrogate to themselves the privileges of the floor, and are unwilling to accord to the opinions of Scarlet members even courteous attention. This proscription is, of course, loudly condemned by the young and ambitious members. Odd-Fellowship is not such an intricate problem as to require years to learn the routine of business, and an attentive member is fully competent to discuss every subject likely to come up in a subordinate Lodge by the time he has taken all his degrees. Why then this proscription? We have even seen this carried so far as to vote down a motion to order a supply of the General Laws of the Order, when moved by a Scarlet member, after an explanation that the supply was completely exhausted, while at the next meeting, the same motion, without any explanatory remarks, made by a Past Grand, would be carried. This unjust proscription is productive of great evil to the Order; it is the primary cause of the cliques which divide many Lodges, and make politics at our Lodge elections run almost as high as in a political contest. We earnestly enjoin those who have passed through the chairs, and have thus acquired a title to respect

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and consideration, to do their utmost to remove this firebrand for hard feelings and divisions, by encouraging the younger members to prove their devotion to the principles of the Order by an active participation in its legislation.

THE PITTSBURGH CELEBRATION.—The following letter from the "Iron City," will be read with interest by our readers:

PITTSBURGH, September, 4, 1856.

Bro. Turner: The Independent Order of Odd Fellows of this city have this day had a celebration and reunion that will long be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to participate. The corner-stone of an edifice to be dedicated to "Friendship, Love, and Truth," was laid with appropriate ceremonies by the Grand Master, and it was to assist in this ceremony that the members poured forth their numbers from the country districts, and some few from adjoining States.

The day was a beautiful one, bright and cool. Between nine and ten o'clock the various Lodges were to be seen, in regalia, and with music and banners, wending their way to City Hall, in the Diamond. The immense City Hall was soon filled, and the whole Diamond was crowded with men in glittering regalia. The streets were crowded with men, women and children, everybody seeming to have resolved to make a holiday of it. At the hour appointed, ten o'clock, the procession commenced moving under the direction of the Chief Marshal, D. Wearts, and his aids, on horseback. A fine band of music led off, followed by a carriage and four, in which were seated Oliver H. Rippey, Esq., and Rev. Bro. Wedeshousen, the Orators of the day, with the Chaplain and P. D. D. G. P. M' Gee. The members of the Order, two and two on foot followed, dressed in splendid regalia and bearing banners and other insignia of the Order. From the City Hall, the procession proceeded according to the programme through the principal streets of the two cities, which occupied the time until about one o'clock, when they arrived at the ground on Fifth street. The lot to be occupied by the Hall had been covered with heavy planks, and the open space was at once thronged. The banners were placed against the wall above the speaker's stand, and all around was one mass of hats and parasols, for a large number of Daughters of Rebekah were present. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone was then gone through with. A copy of the daily papers of the city, and a wooden box containing a great variety of books, documents, list of Lodges, etc., as is usual on such occasions, were deposited under the stone. After the ceremony of laying the stone, which was performed by D. F. Condie, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State, Oliver H. Rippey, the orator of the day, took the

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stand and eloquently delivered a well conceived and well written address, which was listened to with great interest by the vast assemblage. [We have been kindly furnished with a copy of the address, which we design publishing in our next.—*Ed. Casket.*] He was followed by Rev. Bro. Wedeshousen, who spoke in German. After the exercises were concluded, the members of the Order were dismissed by the Grand Master at the City Hall.

In the evening, I visited the Mechancis Lodge, where I met the Grand Lodge officers, and heard them speak, from the fullness of their hearts of the pleasure they had this day enjoyed at meeting with their brethren of the Third District on an occasion fraught with so much interest as that of laying the corner-stone of a temple to be dedicated to Odd-Fellowship. Each one of the Grand Lodge officers made a few remarks to the brethren. The hall was crowded, which made it rather unpleasant for this season of the year. At ten o'clock the Grand Officers withdrew, and the Lodge was closed. Many went to Apollo Hall to participate in an entertainment given by Bro. Dan. Barnard, among whom was your correspondent, who, as usual on such occasions, did ample justice to the bountiful repast so plentifully spread before him.

A description of the plan adopted by the Building Committee, for which I am indebted to Mr. C. Bartberger, the architect, may be interesting to the readers of The Casket. The site is on the old Alleghany Engine House and adjoining lots, Fifth street, near Wood.

The new building will have a front of eighty-five feet and a depth of one hundred and thirteen; in the rear seventy-one feet wide. The entire hight, eighty-eight feet; the building will be divided into four stories. On the first floor three stores, seventeen feet high, and eighty feet deep; on the second the Concert Hall, twenty-six feet high, sixty feet wide, and eighty-six feet long, exclusive of the stage, which is seventeen feet deep by thirty feet wide; on the sides of the latter are dressing rooms—the one set apart for ladies' use connecting with the Stage, Concert-room, Dining-room, and, by a separate staircase, with the outside of the building.

The two upper stories are subdivided into a spacious reception-room, Library, and five Lodge-rooms of thirty by fifty feet each, and fourteen feet high; and an Encampment room fifty by fifty-three feet, and fifteen feet high; all with the necessary ante-rooms, committee rooms, etc. The front of the building, which will be very imposing, to consist of stone, pressed brick and iron; the cornices and all ornamental trimmings will be of the last named material.

I have enjoyed several very pleasant reunions with the brethren of various Lodges of this and the adjoining cities, since my arrival here. As a manufacturing emporium, Pittsburgh still remains supreme. I

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called a few days since at the foundry of Messrs. Knapp & Wade, and found them preparing to cast two very large cannons. Bro. M'Kay, the foreman who politely conducted me through the establishment, informed me that one would be cast with a cylinder filled with water, the other in the usual way. These guns when finished will weigh 15,000 pounds each. They are being cast for an experiment and when finished will be loaded and fired until bursted. I give you this as a sample of the progress of enterprise among the manufacturers of Pittsburg.

Yours fraternally, O. P. G.

FRATERNAL ITEMS.—The Lodges of the American Protestant Association at Pittsburgh and Allegheny City, paraded through the principal streets of those cities on the 6th ult., presenting an imposing appearance. The procession was arranged into four divisions with their appropriate Marshals, and numbered about one thousand. In the evening, several distinguished members addressed the Order, at the City Hall, on the principles, objects, and progress of the Order.

The Masonic fraternity at Altoona, Blair county, Penn., have purchased a handsome three-story building, formerly known as Campbell's Exchange, which they will occupy, in connection with the Odd Fellows, for Lodge purposes, each Order having the exclusive use of one floor. The ground floor will be rented out for other purposes.

A COPY of the Report of the Committee on Dues and Benefits in Ohio Lodge, No. 1, has been laid on our table by the Chairman, Bro. M. T. Williamson. It appears to have been prepared with great care, and presents, lucidly and forcibly, the importance of the adaptation of the rates of mortality as deduced from statistics, to the payment of dues and benefits. We propose making some extracts from the Report next month. It comes up for action at the first meeting in December.

THE authors of "Little Amy," and "The Library," must bear with us for a season. Both articles are very acceptable, and will appear in due time. We will conclude our serial in the next number, when we shall be able to devote more space to our other friends. We are anxious to oblige our readers by an early conclusion of "The Regalia," for, although the author made no attempt at exciting denouements or highly-wrought pictures, he has produced a very pleasing story.

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Literary Notices.

THE PIONEER HEROES OF THE NEW WORLD, from the earliest period (982) to the present time. By HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL, A. M. Cincinnati: Mack R. Barnitz, No. 40 West Fourth street. pp. 736.

The unexplored world that was opened to christendom by the discovery of America in 1492, gave rise to numerous expeditions and innumerable enterprises for the exploration and settlement of colonies in the Western Hemisphere. Cortez, Pizarro, Ponce de Leon, Capt. John Smith, Raleigh, the Cabots, and scores of other adventurers who sought and won undying fame by traversing the wilds and seas of America, afford ample material for a library of works fascinating in the extreme. Gold was the idol of some; fountains gushing with the elixir of life, by bathing in which perpetual youthful vigor was secured, was the goal of others; while some, with the chivalric spirit of the age, sought the hardships and perils of the pioneer because it was heroic and manly. A thirst for fame spurred them all on, and nerved them to deeds of daring, aye, and many to deeds of infamy, from which the brave heart of this more enlightened age recoils with horror.

In such a field, from the ample materials so profusely spread before him upon the pages of history, has our author gleaned the more exciting events, and woven them in a form of absorbing interest to every reader. Confining himself in his statements to the most authentic historical authorities, accuracy has been studiously sought, and the style in which it is related, commends the author as a peculiarly agreeable writer.

The work opens with an account of the discoveries of the Northmen in America, 982. Columbus's expeditions, his difficulty in procuring the royal patronage, his various discoveries, etc., are related at length. The voyages and discoveries of Sebastian Cabot, Americus Vespucius, Balboa, Magellan, and others, are related; the Conquest of Mexico by Cortez; of Peru by Pizarro, the manners, customs and habits of the aboriginees; the adventures of the founders of the American Colonies, with the romantic incidents in the pioneer history of the new world; are all graphically portrayed. Following the advance of civilization to the far West, and toward the frigid seas of the north, we have a picture of the pioneer life of Daniel Boone, of the expeditions of Lewis and Clarke, John C. Fremont, Dr. Kane's voyage to the Arctic regions, and the opening of Kansas and Nebraska to the enterprise of the Anglo Saxon race, thus rendering the chain of the Pioneer History of the New World complete.

The publisher has presented the work on good paper and clear type. It is illustrated with numerous wood cuts, plain and in colors. All of Bro. Barnitz's publications are sold exclusively by subscription.

WELLS'S NEW MAP OF THE WORLD. Mack R. Barnitz, 40 West Fourth street, Cin. Western Publisher.

This map combines the world on the Equatorial Projection and on Mercator's Projection. The principal routes of the ocean steamers, and the channels of commerce, constituting the great highways over the waters, are delineated. Dr. Kane's route to the Arctic regions, and the discoveries in the Polar Seas, are also shown. It also contains tables or charts, showing the relative proportion of rain falling on different portions of the earth, the distribution of winds, and the principal mountains, rivers, and cities of the world. The flags and costumes of the various nations of the earth are displayed in the border. Sold only through agents.

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Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TURNER.

VOL. VI. NOVEMBER, 1856. NO. 5.

The Regalia:

A STORY OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

CHAPTER X.

FAME.

O Fame! Fame! Fame! next grandest word to God!
I seek the look of Fame; poor fool! so tries
Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands,
By shouts, to gain the notice of the Sphynx,
Staring right on, with calm, eternal eyes!—*Alex. Smith.*

A week had elapsed since Maurice and Lulu had returned home, and that week had been passed pleasantly in each other's society. Lulu had acted in accordance with her mother's wishes, and manifested no other regard for the devoted young student than that compatible with intimate friendship. And yet she felt her heart growing warmer in its regards, more tremulous in his presence, more solicitous of his happiness. Maurice did not understand the motives that governed the child-woman's actions; he was ever impetuous and sanguine, and he could not understand why his kiss was coldly met with her cheek only, and why, when he ventured to associate his dreams with her, she gently chid him for his rhapsodies.

Mrs. Leslie kept a watchful eye upon the young couple, and endeavored, by all the means in her power, to estrange the warmer sentiments of their nature. Her watchful eye did not fail to detect the fond, half-suppressed glances of Lulu, as her gaze rested on Maurice, nor could she fail to perceive the undisguised devotion paid by the latter to his heart's choice. What troubled her more than all, was the apparent pleasure which the

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growing attachment seemed to give the Stanleys. Aldine would smile graciously when she would see Lulu with her brother, and pressing her head of downy curls to her bosom, would cover her brow with kisses. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley often smiled approval as they witnessed some demonstration of their youthful passion, and seemed to look upon it as a matter of course.

This would have relieved Mrs Leslie of the burden of her fears had she not remembered the supreme goodness of their hearts, and believed they had determined to allow it as a consequence of their first step, rather than mar her happiness by intervention.

"Lulu," said she one day, when she was alone in her room with her child, "I fear you are too intimate with Maurice. I know it is not your wish to disobey me, but I fear that you do not sufficiently understand our precarious situation."

"Yes, I do, mother," said Lulu, in a trembling voice, her gaze fixed thoughtfully on the floor.

"Then, my dear, I fear you are not careful enough of your actions."

Lulu still gazed on the floor in silence, but her lips trembled, her frame began to quiver, tears soon struggled into her eyes, and throwing herself wildly into her mother's arms, she wept bitterly.

"What is the matter, my child? Why this sudden grief?" asked Mrs. Leslie, anxiously.

"O mother, I love Maurice *so* much!" exclaimed the distressed girl.

"Great heavens! this can not be! O Lulu! what have you done! Will you, can you, blast the happiness of the future, and bear the odium of the world? Why did you not guard your heart against this childish passion?" Mrs. Leslie became terribly excited.

"Ah! mother; you may talk of guarding the heart," said Lulu; "but that is impossible. I know that this is all very foolish; that I am but a child; but mother, I do not *feel* like a child; my thoughts and energies are strong and woman-like; when I am among my schoolmates, *their* enjoyments seem only simplicity to *me*, and nothing in me seems child-like but my gentle nature. Have I not, mother, inherited from you these strong qualities of character—this womanly disposition and feeling so early developed in my heart? And if so, O do not make it a curse to me, to blight forever my cherished dreams. Only let me love Maurice; I will not tell my love; I will pass his protestations by unanswered—will never consent to be his wife, not even in years to come: but, O mother, I must love him!" She again buried her tearful face in her mother's bosom.

Mrs. Leslie was amazed. She had looked upon Lulu as a precocious child—unusually so for one of her years; but she was not prepared for such a revelation of her heart's depths. That fond confession revealed a

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problem of nature beyond her power of solution—it was a coruscation of intelligence that bewildered even her. And as she folded her child to her bosom, she felt the truth of her remarks. It was no child she pressed to her heart; that round, full form, the intelligence of those tear-dimmed eyes, upraised to her's, through which a strong soul revealed its wealth of gems, all convinced her that Lulu was right in her conscious wisdom, though she wished it had been otherwise.

"Lulu," she said at last, "I feel that I can trust you. Your intelligence and high sense of right may teach you how to walk, and may Heaven add its guidance to your steps!"

From that day Mrs. Leslie no longer interfered, or even allowed herself to be troubled about the young lovers. She felt an inward consciousness that her child would do right—that Heaven had implanted in her heart a monitor that would never fail to direct her steps in every hour of trial.

But Lulu became more thoughtful in her manner, more studied in her demeanor. She threw off all appearance of the child except her girlish curls, and moved about the house like one ever enwrapt in thought. True, her eye would sparkle intelligently as she met that of Maurice—ever burning with the light of passionate devotion—and when near him she was even tender and solicitous; yet the most of her hours were spent in the library, haunting the old tomes which lay upon its shelves. Book after book was perused during the long vacation, and volume after volume of the old masters were taken from their dusty places in the case, and pillaged of their contents by the youthful student.

In this pursuit Maurice often joined her, though there was a marked difference in the taste exemplified. Maurice selected the gloomy works in philosophy and science, the old classics, and the abstruse in logic. Lulu seized, as it were, the key of the human heart: history, romance, poetry—Scott, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Byron, Shakspeare, and Shelley, the lovers of the beautiful and the interpreters of Nature. Her's was a search after thought. She cared not for a knowledge of the universe, and the laws that governed its action; the stars were as beautiful to her as though she knew the distance between each orb and the velocity and gradation of their motions. She could appreciate the beauty of the hills and plains without knowing the formation of their strata or the elements of their entire composition. But her young mind was lost in the wilderness of Man. Humanity was a problem which she wished to solve—the intuitive relation of being to being, and of man to God, as exemplified in the history of the world, was now the study of her young mind, and she pursued it with the avidity of a recluse.

All remarked the change her character had undergone, and many fears were expressed that her health would give way under such intense

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and abstracted study. Lulu smiled at their solicitude, and assured them that there was to be no danger apprehended from her precocity. They knew not the cause of this change, nor did they dream of tears shed in lonely hours, when none but Heaven could see, from those dark beauteous eyes, the windows of the soul.

"Yes," she would murmur, when alone, "God has given to my girlish frame a woman's heart; these curls but mask a woman's mind. I am made in my youth to cherish a woman's love—a love that is to exist only in a dream. The future *may* remove all barriers—*may* open up a way to joyous light and happiness; but such is not a probability; Maurice will never be mine. But I have a mission to perform; my preceptor has often wondered at my deep thoughts and my capacities for writing while my elementary education is yet crude; I have not completed my grammar studies yet, and can write volumes without an error. Yes, I have a mission to perform. This wild world of human passion must be swayed for good; mine must be a helping hand. I shall be an authoress, and dedicate my life to God and humanity. Earthly fame must have some sweets, and I will drink its cup. Nothing shall thwart me; I will explore the mines of learning, dig up the lore of the old masters, store my mind with their gorgeous wealth, and with the innate power that God has given me, dispense it to the hungry multitude."

Such was the dream that lingered in the brain and heart of Lulu. It was ever with her, ruling her desires and governing her actions, like a fiat from the mouth of the Eternal. And now she would incite Maurice to follow her example, though she hinted not at her own wild dream. She rather invested him with it, and painted for him that future of glory and fame. But Maurice was intuitively ambitious; he needed no incentive to prompt him to labor, but his motives were widely different from Lulu's. Maurice, as we have said elsewhere, was a devotee to fame. His ambition was selfish; he had no other purpose but to make his mark in the world, for the sole gratification of his pride, and the sanction of his dearest and best friends.

The vacation was about to close, and each of the students were making preparations to return to their respective colleges, when an invitation was received from Charles Saunders for the family to visit his studio, as he had something of interest to show them. A great many surmises were made, but all seeming improbable as the cause of the invitation, there was nothing but to answer the note to ascertain the expected pleasure.

When they entered the studio, they found the artist busily painting on his picture of the Good Samaritan. He appeared glad to see them, and began to show them all the improvements and novelties that had been added to his collection since their last visit, all of which received no common meed of praise, especially the picture of Aldine, which, how-

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ever, all save Lulu had seen before. When they had finished their survey, Mr. Stanley said:

"But, Charles, have you you nothing *particular* to show us, in which our interest may be more deeply involved? I imagined so much from your note."

The painter blushed slightly; then stepping to the door by which they had entered, he caught hold of a string near the top, and suddenly pulled aside a green curtain which faced the inside of the door. The revelation was enchanting. A female figure of exquisite contour and perfect mold, a face angelic in its chiseled beauty, surrounded by clustering midnight curls; beneath lids of gentle pensiveness, looked out dark orbs of light, full of love, and tenderness, and genius, while on that brow of Parian whiteness there seemed to sit the signet of supernal power. The whole picture was mellowed by a spiritual light, which rendered its beauty more wild and fascinating. There was a moment of deathly stillness in the group, and then an exclamation burst from all lips but one—

"Lulu!"

The painter looked into the delighted countenances of his auditors, and beheld with joy their supreme gratification. He turned his eyes to Lulu. She stood pale and immovable, her dark eyes apparently absorbed by the picture, but her lips trembled, and he thought her eye glistened with a tear as she turned away.

"How truthful, and how beautiful!" murmured all.

"Father," said Maurice, in his father's ear, "do buy the picture."

Mr. Stanley looked tenderly in his son's face, and read the deep emotion there. He smiled, and said:

"Well, Charles, that is evidently your masterpiece. How much shall it be?"

"Pardon me, sir," said Charles, respectfully; "but painters are sometimes foolish enough to have other desires than money. I wish, with your consents, to exhibit the painting to the public, and after that to present it to the fair original."

"Lulu started as she heard this, and her cheek grew paler still.

"But the publicity, Charles—" began Mr. Stanley.

"None but her friends need know who it is. Read the line below the painting." He beckoned to Aldine.

She stepped forward, and deciphered the words drawn in small letters by the painter's pencil. She read them aloud—

"THE ARTIST'S DREAM."

The color returned to Lulu's cheek, and all gave their consent to its exhibition, returning to their home with hearts the happier for their visit to the painter's studio.

A few years ago, it will be remembered, the name of a young artist

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was rung in the ears of the world for having painted the portrait of a beautiful child equal in conception, touch, and finish, to the old masters of the other hemisphere. "The Artist's Dream" was the general gossip of *connoisseurs*, and Fame took up the humble painter's name, and added it to the list of her favorite sons, while exorbitant sums were offered for the prize. But suddenly it was missing from the gallery, and never seen after. Speculation was made of the happy purchaser, but none dreamed that it now adorned the private chamber of the original.

Yes, Charles Saunders had plucked the wreath of fame upon his brow. He now understood the wild dream that had haunted his soul, and could fully appreciate the inspiration of genius. The picture had resulted from the necessity of action. No gold hastened its execution; no mercenary influence guided his pencil. His dream of fame was realized, and as Aldine kissed his forehead with fond devotion, he felt a content and happiness that were not his before.

CHAPTER XI.

TIME BRINGS CHANGES.

Think kindly of your fellow-men,
Have none but gentle thoughts,
For there's a wealth in trusted friends
That riches never bought;
Kind thoughts may be of little cost,
And deemed of little worth,
Yet lose but these, and ye have lost
The *angels* of the earth.—*Jolley.*

Maurice and Lulu had departed to their respective colleges, bearing with them their argosies of untold love, still existent only in the dream of their hearts. Each seemed to look into the future as a period of hope, though the present was marred by the barrier of circumstance; for Maurice, though he knew nothing of the influence which swayed Lulu, yet he felt confident of her attachment; but was in no haste to avow his own. He had a dream lingering in his heart of coming years. He would graduate, win the honors of his class, start out in the world, with a fair prospect before him, and then invite her to share his honors.

With these dreams in their hearts, they separated, and soon found themselves lost in the mazes of study, in their sanguine research after knowledge.

Mr. Walton now found great pleasure in visiting his friends, the Stanleys, and his place was ever by the side of Mrs. Leslie. She seemed to grow more interesting to him every day, and, as the cares of life passed slowly from her heart, the cloud of sadness from her brow, she also

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found pleasure in his society, and began to look for his coming with joy. There is something in the knowledge of being loved that answers as an elixir to our deepest woes. To feel there is one heart in the world that has singled us out for its worship, whose every throb is in sympathy with our fate, and every desire solicitous of our welfare—is a pleasure which lifts the soul above life's turmoils, and gives it a glimpse of the harmony of heaven. How we love to meet with the being loved, and mingle our feelings and sympathies together! How natural it becomes for us to think alike, believe alike, and worship with a kindred faith! The sympathy of the one becomes the devotion of the other; and though the stronger mind will rule the weaker, yet it is a volition of pleasurable sensation, and only tightens the bonds of affection.

Mrs. Leslie had still her hours of anguish as she retrospected the past, but she found a relief in the enjoyment of the present. She felt that she was doing good by giving her confidence to another, for she saw him, through the power of her influence, emerging into a new life. Walton began to wonder that he had been so long isolated from the tenderer influences of woman, but he steadily persisted that chance had only thrown him in the way of one worthy of his regards and association. As he would sit and converse with her upon themes of social advancement and human progress (themes chosen expressly by her), he was often astonished at her deep thought and observation, so different, so widely different from his own.

And this set Harry Walton to thinking. Often, after spending the evening with Mrs. Leslie, he would return to his gloomy and lonely room, and lighting his segar, and reclining in his chair, as he watched the smoke-wreathes circling in the air, he would ruminate upon his past and present life, and form new resolves for the future. He had lived comparatively a useless life, he thought. It was not enough for him to answer the purpose of his profession, and do the best he could for his client, be the cause what it may. He now felt, for the first time, how his profession had been perverted for wrong; how he, by superior attainments, had frequently screened villainy, and wronged Justice. Fancy mounted its prospective tower, and took a survey of the world, here reveling in the halls of luxury, there groping in the cellars of vice; now contemplating gilded crime, then tearing the mask from the tomb of decayed vice. He soon began to comprehend his true relation to his fellow, and the true design of his vocation. These thoughts led to alternatives and means of reformation, and he soon became convinced of the expediency and judiciousness of those benevolent Orders which already graced society, and ameliorated the condition of man. He was likewise convinced that it was his personal duty to lend his own influence to the wheels of progress, and the institutions of benevolence.

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But Harry Walton was slow in his convictions, and careful in the steps he took in changing the course of his life-stream. The unfortunate fall he had made in succumbing to the power of the tempter, and the deep humiliation consequent upon it, had served to make him chary and watchful, and it was only by the force of overwhelming conviction that he could be induced to depart from one of his long-cherished views.

Nearly a year thus passed ere Mr. Stanley succeeded in winning him into the brotherhood of Odd-Fellowship. And yet, when he had crossed the threshold of that sacred Order—its first mysteries learned, and a glimpse of its beauties revealed—he felt all his prejudices give way, and his heart soon became enlisted in the cause. He was pleased with the friendship that existed among them, and at the sound of that magic name—Brother—addressed to rich and poor, friend and stranger, he was suddenly impressed with the magic power it wielded.

"This," he said, "is the true principle of human redemption. Christianity may rear its churches and form its congregations, and men thereby may be induced to receive the truth of the Gospel, but unless you put its doctrines into *practical* effect, all this is nought. I have attended church for forty years, have mingled with professed Christians for a lifetime, but this is the first illustration of that great command which forms the basis of religion—'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

He found it not only the medium of benevolent enterprise, but another of its features impressed him with singular power. It was a grand social reunion, where cold conventionality was thrown aside, and brother could talk with brother without the fear of treachery or betrayal. Literature and morals could be discussed among them without the wrangling of party strife or the petty jealousies of sectional feeling. Walton was fully satisfied with the step he had taken.

"Well, Mrs. Leslie," he said, the next evening, as he sat by her side in the parlor of Stanley's mansion, "I passed through the terrible ordeal last night, and came forth unscathed."

"What mean you?" said Mrs. Leslie, with a mischievous smile.

"I have joined the Odd Fellows."

"Indeed! That is the best news you have brought me for a year. But did you find that such a terrible ordeal?"

"I had been taught to look upon it as such," said Walton, smiling.

"And instead of finding it the most ridiculous, it turns out to be the most agreeable of all institutions?"

"It is, indeed; and I thank you sincerely for your efforts to induce me to become a member. I only regret that I did not do it long ago."

Mrs. Leslie felt a secret gratification at the news. She felt as if half her burden was removed, for there was another power now thrown around the heart of Walton, to lead him into that higher, holier life in

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which she desired to see him. She knew the qualities of his heart, and believed it susceptible of the highest culture. There were latent feelings of sympathy hidden beneath the dark strata of prejudice, which, when brought into the light of affection, would blossom into beauty and strength.

Vacation was again near at hand, and she began to look anxiously for Lulu.

"A year has made great changes," she murmured; she will not return a child."

But the widow was destined to meet with disappointment. In a few days, she received a letter from Lulu, asking permission to spend the vacation with one of her schoolmates.

"I do not ask this for my own happiness, my dear mother," said Lulu in her letter; "no, I would be much happier with you; but you have warned me against encouraging the passion existing between Maurice and myself. Then it is better that we do not meet. I know my own heart, and I know his. Scarcely a letter does he write me that is not filled with the deepest breathings of his love, the wild attachment of his heart. I am forced to reply on different themes, and avoid even the mention of love. Were I to allow my lips or pen to approach that theme, I could not avoid pouring out the deep passion of my heart. It is for this reason that I have determined to sacrifice my own happiness, and forego the pleasure of seeing you for another year."

Mrs. Leslie checked the tear that rose to her eyes, stifled the maternal love that struggled upward to her bosom, and replied in a cool, calm letter, granting her daughter's request. She was proud of that daughter, who thus, at the cost of her own happiness, obliged her every wish. She knew the terrible struggle it had cost her young and sanguine heart, and she appreciated the filial obedience of so devoted a child.

When Maurice returned home, he was morose and dejected. He had called at Glendale on his way, and found that Lulu had left the day before to spend her vacation with a classmate residing in another State. His parents, who, of course, were aware of it, though not of the real cause, endeavored to soothe his mind, and advised him to visit some of his relatives in Kentucky. But Maurice remained at home, spending his vacation as he did before, with his books. Only once did he go into society, and that was to attend the marriage of Jane Hall to the exquisite Bernard Carlton. A grand *fete* was given on this occasion, and the young philosopher gained from it enough material to write a large volume on the follies of society. But we do not say he did it.

Mr. Bernard Carlton now thought his happiness complete. He twirled his gold-headed cane with an air of joyous delight, as he thought he was at last free from the coquetries of his dear Jane. Another evil he had

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always deprecated, and that was the despotic rule of his amiable mother-in-law. To escape this, he took a house in Broadway, in order to be as far away as possible from this sad despoiler of his domestic joys. But he was destined to be mistaken. Jane could not be taught the difference of propriety between the married and single lady, and still insisted upon the fashionable *role* of her youth. And although it would have been the most foolish thing in the world to be jealous, her admirers being as "far between" as "angels visits," yet Mr. Calton could not be persuaded to believe this, and was kept constantly in the greatest excitement. Beside this, the distance between his mansion and that of Mrs. Hall did not prove a sufficient barrier to rescue him from the long-deprecated annoyances. Each day found her carriage at the door, and every time he entered the house, his ears were saluted with her discordant voice. But Mr. Carlton had not the heart to demur. He had only to bear it with sacrificial resignation, as the natural sequence of married felicity.

Poor Maurice! Alone in his father's study, he pondered over the books that lay piled up on the library shelves and scattered over the table, with little taste for the pursuit, and little hope of escape. Student as he was, those volumes which he loved most now seemed distateful to him, for his mind and his thoughts were far away upon another theme—Lulu. That name was now the watch-word of his destiny. Amid the solitude of his study, he had mingled with the labors of the day the bright image of Lulu. No dream flitted across his mind, whose consummation was a glory of the future, but what her name was mingled with its enjoyment. He had anticipated a happy vacation with her, among the joyous trystes of home, and in his heart had framed something like a confession of his love. He little dreamed of the true cause of her absence, and when the vacation closed, he returned to his *Alma Mater* with a heavy heart.

Meanwhile, the remainder of the household were happy and buoyant. Aldine, with her truthful, sinless heart, felt happy by the side of her Artist lover, and Charles was now contented with her calm, quiet beauty, and trusting soul, whose every wish he knew to be his own.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were happy in the association of those around them, and the brilliant prospects that hung over all. Each of them were cherishing their own happy dreams of the future, and each expected a blissful realization. Strange as it may appear, they each looked forward to the end of another year as the moment when their happiness was to reach its repletion, and each gilded dream its realization.

Let us pass over that year.

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CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

And now, old man, you've listened to my tale,
Something of sorrow, and no little joy—
A part the lovely turtle's solemn wail,
The rest made up of bliss without alloy.—*Sand.*

Lulu and Maurice had both returned home, bearing the honors of graduation thick upon them. Each had won the highest honors of their institutions, and came off victorious in their collegiate contests. They returned, then, with the confidence of meriting, and the assurance of receiving, the blessing of those they so deeply loved. Nor were they deceived. Mr. Stanley had always been proud of his son, not only for his high tone of morality and circumspection of conduct, but for the brilliant mind that he gave evidence of possessing, and he resolved within himself that the future of Maurice, so far as he could effect it, should be a bright and successful one.

Mrs. Leslie was no less glad that her daughter had similarly triumphed, for as she looked into her fine intellectual face, made more lovely by the polished intelligence it expressed, she felt that she was now equal to any station of life.

Lulu Leslie was no longer a girl. At fifteen, tall, majestic, and well-formed, the possessor of unequaled beauty and superior intelligence, she might have been mistaken for twenty; not that she seemed prematurely old, but that the majesty of her appearance and intellect appeared unnatural for one younger. There was a subdued sadness lingering in her smile and ever resting on her meek brow, which spoke of heart-experience and love; and seldom did her eye rest upon the now manly and attractive form of Maurice, but a cloud of anguish shot across her brow, seeming almost to scathe it as with lightning.

"O how beautiful!" exclaimed Aldine, the next day after her arrival, as she sat reading a book.

"What, sister?" asked Lulu.

"The poetry in this book you brought home. I have seen several notices of it, and intended to buy it, until you laid it upon the table this morning."

"O yes; I forgot it," said Lulu, blushing.

Aldine proceeded to read several passages from the book of poems, which all were delighted with, and especially Maurice. To him there seemed to be a beating pulse of anguish throbbing through the verse which won upon his sympathetic heart.

"Who is the author?" he asked of Aldine, as she concluded reading the book.

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"There is no name but the initials L. L. on the title-page," said Aldine.

At that moment the street-bell rang. A servant entered, and announced:

"A gentleman to see Miss Lulu."

The rest were about to retire, when Lulu checked them.

"Stay, my friends," she said; you will be happy to meet him. Show the gentleman in, James."

Lulu stood in the middle of the floor, her face slightly colored and her lips perceptibly trembling, but resolution beamed in her eye, and her frame was calm and composed.

The door opened, and a middle-aged and respectable looking gentleman entered the room, apparently with slight embarrassment. Lulu stepped forward:

"Mr. Farnwell, I presume," she said, bowing with an easy grace.

"The same," said the gentleman with dignity, his eyes rivited upon the beautiful girl.

Lulu turned and introduced him to the company as Mr. Farnwell, the book-bublisher. All were, of course, surprised, and unable to conceive what relation could exist between the well-known bookseller and Lulu Leslie.

"I have called," began the gentleman, after being seated, "in compliance with your request, to state the unexampled success of your poems, and the certainty of your fortune. The proceeds already due you are $1,000, for which this is a check," handing her the same.

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the room, the amazement could not have been greater.

"Can this be possible!" was the simultaneous exclamation of all. Aldine threw her arm around her neck, and covered her face with kisses.

"I thought it must be you, Lulu; it sounded just like you," she exclaimed.

Mrs. Leslie could only fold her daughter to her heart, as the gentleman took his leave, and bless her silently for her unutterable joy. All united in adding their blessing, and Lulu, the poetess, found it the happiest moment of her life. She silently approached Mr. Stanley, and extending the check, said:

"Mr. Stanley, you have been a father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow; my mother and myself are deeply indebted to you—ay, more than we can ever repay you. For nearly three years we have shared your hospitality, and my education has been perfected at your expense. This," holding up the check, "is the first result. Take it; it belongs to you."

"What! I would see my house burn down over my head first! Why,

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Lulu, how can you wound my feelings by talking thus?" Mr. Stanley was astonished.

"Do we not owe it to you?" said Lulu, reproachfully.

"No; the debt has long since been paid—long since."

"How?" said Lulu, perplexed.

"By your love, your devotion, and the happiness you have given to us. Here Maurice." Maurice was by his father's side in a moment. "Maurice, you told me last night that you loved this beautiful girl—that you had long loved her—but that she had refused you her hand in marriage. Lulu, if I am not mistaken, these actions give the lie to your heart. Do you not love Maurice?"

Lulu almost staggered to the floor. She covered her face with her hands, and murmured with broken sobs:

"I do! I do!"

"Then, why refuse to marry him, child?"—in a more tender voice.

"Because, Mr. Stanley," said the widow, now stepping forward, "our motives would be misconstrued by the world, and—"

"Curse the world!" cried Mr. Stanley, now thoroughly excited. "Let it wag its silly tongue to whatever tune it wishes. It shall not mar the happiness of me or mine. These two love each other, and they shall be happy."

"But, Mr. Stanley, my child is in a far different position to yours; we are already deeply your debtor, and I can not consent to this union. My claims upon my daughter—"

"I, too, have a claim upon your daughter" interrupted Mr. Stanley, with a smile. "And as my *niece*, I here give her to my son as wife."

"What mean you?" almost gasped Mrs. Leslie, starting forward.

"That Lulu is my neice—you my sister."

"O Mr. Stanley, you are trifling with me! How can this be?"

"Read," said Stanley, snatching a paper from his pocket, and extending it toward her.

Mrs. Leslie seized the paper, and glanced hastily over its contents, her whole frame quivering with emotion.

"Can I believe my eyes!" she exclaimed. "An act of the Legislature changing your name from Smith to Stanley!"

"Just so, my dear sister. You see it is unpleasant, in a city where there are half-a-dozen Henry Smiths, to have one's letters distributed about promiscuously, and read all over the town."

Mrs. Leslie could only fall on his bosom, and exclaim:

"Brother!"

Lulu felt an arm around her waist, and a low voice whispered:

"Lulu!"

"Maurice!"

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The strife of two giant souls was over. In one long, rapturous kiss, they were mingled into one.

* * * * * *

There was a double wedding at the Stanley mansion a short time after the incidents related above. Charles Saunders stood by the side of the gentle and loving Aldine, and made the vows that were to make her his forever. Maurice Stanley uttered a firm "I will," as he clasped the hand of Lulu, in answer to the questions of the minister; and surely no two happier couple ever exchanged vows as man and wife.

A short time after, Harry Walton claimed the hand of Mrs. Leslie, and the poor widow, conscious of the power for good which she had wielded over him, could not refuse the gift. She again entered upon the duties of a wife, happy in the devoted love of her husband, and content in the consciousness of her desert. Mrs. Hall wondered and gossipped sagely over it, but her attention was soon attracted to another theme.

Mr. Hall had been for a long time a successful merchant. His name was in excellent repute on Third street, and his prosperity a by-word among capitalists. But Fortune is ever fickle; her golden wings do not always overshadow us, but often, after a flattering season, leaves us to writhe under the scorching sun of adversity. Mr. Hall soon made acquaintance with Misfortune. First, a large freight of cotton, for which he had traded with a gentleman in Memphis, was destroyed by fire, with the boat that was carrying it to Cincinnati. Then followed an embezzlement by a dishonest clerk, who succeeded in escaping the instruments of justice. Notes coming due had to be protested, and in addition to this, his whole stock and warehouse was swept away by fire. Sorrows crowd not singly on the fainting soul; our emotions ever fluctuate from one extreme point to another—the hight of pleasure, or the depth of misery.

Mrs. Hall was seized with lamentable hysterics when her husband announced to her that he was a bankrupt. It could not be. She had imagined his wealth unbounded—beyond the reach of circumstance or fate. She could not listen to the word poverty. Imagining all the world as heartless as herself, she dreaded the contumely of its thousand tongues.

Mr. Hall sought assistance from his son-in-law, who was very wealthy. If he could have a chance to reclaim himself, he said; only a little time and capital, and by industry and tact he could again pursue his business with success. But Mr. Bernard Carlton demurred. It would afford him a great deal of pleasure, he said; but really his living was so expensive. Jane was so prodigal with his purse, that it kept him busy to keep his "own irons out of the fire," as he expressed it.

Mr. Hall was about giving up in despair, but ere he had finished denouncing his mercenary son-in-law, his hand was clasped by a friendly

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palm, and a few hurried words from Stanley gave him peace. Hall was an Odd Fellow; he had been unfortunate; was too good a man to be lost; Dunkirk, Walton, himself, and a few others, would make it all right. And so it was; in a few weeks Mr. Hall was again pursuing his business prosperously.

"Maurice," said Lulu, the day after marriage, "I have forgot something."

"What is it, love?"

"You are not an Odd Fellow."

"No; but I soon will be. I only came of age a few days ago."

"Good! You must be an Odd Fellow; for, do you know, that if uncle had not discovered my father's regalia, which I held in my hand, on the day when we first met, we never would have known each other, or been so happy."

"Then bless the regalia of the Odd Fellow!" said Maurice, fervently.

"Amen!" said every voice in the room.

* * * * * *

Years, reader, have passed by since the incidents of this story transpired; but their memory still lingers in many a warm, cherishing heart. Lulu is now the most brilliant of Western poets, while Maurice is rapidly rising to political fame. Charles and Aldine are now roaming beneath the classic skies of Italy, drinking from the mouldering urns of the past the rich glory that once blessed that sad, degenerate land. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are happy in the rich felicity of their children, and often thank Heaven for the Providence that led them to the widow's door. Harry Walton is now a Congressman, and we opine that with his fond, experienced bride, he is happy in the enjoyment of the pleasures of Washington life.

And thus we bid adieu, remembering that the marvelous events of time are always produced by outward and invisible circumstances; and thus the destinies of many a loving heart may be enveloped even in a—

REGALIA.

(THE END.)

There's a language that's mute, there's a silence that speaks,
  There's a something that can not be told;
There are words that can only be read on the cheeks,
  And thoughts but the eyes can unfold.
There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,
  So conscious, so quick to impart,
Though dumb, in an instant it speaks out the mind,
  And strikes in an instant the heart.—*Lulu.*

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Peru, the Peruvians, and their Conquest.

BY L. D. MANNING.

(*Concluded.*)

PIZARRO.

Though the institutions of the Peruvians present such a bright picture, yet, like all other human regulations, they have a dark side. The most deplorable situation of a human being, is to have his physical constitution spring up strong and hale, under a proper culture, and his mind, pent up in a contracted sphere, left to wither and die while struggling for freedom. The mind, disdaining to be chained down, delights to soar on its wings of enchantment, through its illimitable kingdom—the kingdom of thought; which is as broad as the universe. Like the proud eagle, it pines and dies when caged, but lives, and rejoices, and expands when left to soar at will through the ethereal ocean of its own lofty imaginings. But no such liberty was granted to the mind in Peru. It was bound down by a two-fold slavery—religious and political. That which dignifies man, and marks him more than a brute, was paralyzed—blotted out under the absolutism of the divine Inca. Freedom, the noblest and proudest desire of the heart, was entirely obliterated. The will, the vital part of the human constitution, had no existence in Peru. There was no such thing as advancement in Peruvian society. The key of omnipotent power, vested in a single Child of the Sun, had locked up the wheels of human reform. That mighty current that is to-day bearing on its bosom the family of man, and hurrying it to the goal of perfection, was completely dammed up by a despotic rule. They had but one mark of the onward progress of the world, and that was national advancement. Individuality had no existence there, hence there was no such thing as individual advancement. There was all over that beautiful land a sad blighting of every mental development.

Cuzco was the capital of the Peruvian empire. It was built in a delightful spot, scooped out from the mountains, as it seemed, by the hands of nature. It was a valley buried in a bed of verdant beauty.

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Perennial luxuriance hung in green festoons around on the mountain sides, and sparkling streams of pure water rushed down from the mountain tops and extended like belts of silver through the valley below. The fragrant odor of flower-beds hung like enchantment above, the mountain zephyrs fanned off the parching rays of a vertical sun, and the dark cotton groves covered the soil with a magnificent shade. The mountains around loomed up in solitary grandeur, and the place seemed one designed for a kingly residence.

Such is the place where Manco Capac founded his capital, which soon became a great city. It was adorned with every conceivable variety of ornament—with large squares and open plazas—rich and extensive gardens smiling in the verdant beauty of tropical luxuriance—fountains spouting up from golden basins, and numerous baths in the same costly material. On a neighboring hill, stood, in its golden pride, the grand "Temple of the Sun," the most magnificent building, perhaps, ever erected by human hands. Manco saw, before his days were ended, from his humble beginning in the vale of Cuzco, the budding, yea, the blooming of the future greatness of his empire, so fast did the "banner of the Sun" spread over the land, and so enticing did his romantic origin appear to the simple native. He taught them that he had been sent by the Sun, his father, to rule over them, and gave himself, as well as those who should succeed him, the name of Inca. He began and perfected the plan of his government. It was not thought susceptible of improvement. It was of divine origin, hence it was sacrilege to add to or diminish. The successors of Manco ruled only as he began. They made no changes, they offered none, they needed none. Like the laws of the Medes and Persians, their institutions were immutable and unchangeable. Their energies were spent in extending the limits of their empire—in planting the "banner of the Sun" upon the unoccupied summits of the Andes. The Inca, radiant in his divine origin, sat in his lofty dignity, far above the noblest of his subjects. Inapproachable as he was by them, he did not disdain to stoop to care for the lowest. It was his pride to see his people prosperous and happy, and it was this parental care that bound so inseparably the Peruvians to their master, and caused the nation to enjoy such prosperity. After the nobility, who were relatives of the Inca, and who alone were eligible to the priesthood, no social gradation was recognized, but all were born and lived equal, and had equal advantages; but perhaps their standard of equality was not sufficiently high.

The favorite residence of the Incas, when tired of city life, was Yucay, four leagues from the capital. This was a valley where nature had profusely poured out her magnificent beauties. Oranges gathered their golden colors there, lemons ripened in that green valley, cocoa-nuts grew in abundance, and honey, like the morning dew, distilled from sweet

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flowers that covered the wide sierras around. The finest forest trees, tall and majestic, struck their roots deeply into the fertile soil, and lifted aloft their wide-stretched arms. A perpetual spring clothed the trees around with opening blossoms, and a never-ending autumn loaded them with delicious fruits. The bee, an emigrant from the Old World, had not yet come to drink in the balmy freshness of that sweet valley, nor to sip the honey-dew from the dancing gale, nor to gather the odor that rose like enchantment from the proud sun-flower that bowed his golden head there. The oriole built her nest there, the humming-bird sipped the refreshing sweetness from the petals of the various flowers that bloomed around, and the Peruvian noble dwelt in and lingered about that romantic spot, where, in eternal sublimity, that green vale slept at the base of lofty mountains, which seemed to watch over it like parents over their only offspring. There the Inca enjoyed the company of his numerous concubines, and roved down the garden-walks with his sister-wife. There he passed the principal part of his time, where, beneath green arbors, spouted sparkling fountains, and warm baths were prepared in golden bath-tubs.

Such were the sublime and fascinating realities of the Peruvian empire, in its golden age. Such were the charms that nature had so lavishly spread over that land; and such was the prosperity that the Incas breathed into every part of their broad dominions. The whole nation rejoiced in the natural richness and magnificence of their country. The simple Indian was happy. He had no desires but the desires of necessity, and all these were gratified to complete satiety; hence he could be nothing else than happy. They were a romantic people, dwelling in a romantic country, ruled by rulers of a romantic origin, and worshipers of a romantic religion. They rejoiced in their glorious superstition, and obediently yielded to its paralyzing charms.

But, alas for the inhabitants of Peru, a mighty empire, far over the vast highway of nations, had dreamed dreams and caught glimpses of Peruvian happiness and wealth—had heard of the land of "gold and cinnamon," and had desired and resolved to taste its luxuries. The proud Azteos had already bowed before the Cross at the command of Spain. Her thunders had long since rolled over the plains of Anahuac, and her banners were now waving above the majestic "halls of the Montezumas." Guatemozin had been inhumanly roasted on coals, and Tescotzinco had been rudely desolated. In a word, Hernando Cortes had, in a very short time, conquered the flourishing empire of Mexico, and had torn down the magnificent temples consecrated to her deities. Balboa had knelt upon a lofty mountain in the Isthmus, and with rapture gazed upon the smooth Pacific, spread out before him as unrolled by the hand of God on the "third day of Creation," when He said "Let the waters be gathered to-

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gether." Already Francisco Pizarro was looking greedily down upon the rich empire that lay far southward, like a hawk ready and eager to pounce upon his prey. He had even caught faint glimpses of the golden temple of Cuzco. From the storm-swept shores of Gallo, he had looked far over the distant Andes, and imagined that he saw the bright sun of a rich and flourishing empire in the wane at his approach. After enduring incredible hardships, having been tossed about for months by the reckless elements, Pizarro and his small band of ruffian Spaniards made good their landing at Tumbez.

Thus were the seeds of dissolution sown in the Peruvian empire. They were not germinated by internal rottenness, but by external violence. A ruthless invader was upon their soil, who had come to seal their destruction. Dark clouds soon gathered around their national sun, for the little band of robbers had already rushed down from the Andes into the valley of Caxamalca, and had perfidiously entrapped their beloved Inca, Atahuallpa. That was a sad day for Peru. It sealed her destiny. It decreed her destruction. A tempest, destined to be more terrible than any elemental warfare, was fast gathering over the doomed empire. The red lightnings of its furious wrath were already playing above and around them, and its loud thunders were reverberating around the "Holy City." A band of strange men were in their midst, traveling on huge flying animals, carrying with them and wielding furiously the thunderbolts of Jupiter. Terror seized them at the sight of these strange beings, and paralyzed their action. They could have readily destroyed Pizarro and his band, but they had no one to lead them, no one to command, it being sacrilegious to act without the express command of the Inca. He having been seized, they were powerless. By one bold stroke, Pizarro had completely crippled them. He had with unerring aim struck a fatal blow to the "empire of the Sun." With deep grief and loud lamentations did the millions of loyal Peruvians lament the capture and imprisonment of the Inca.

Pizarro was now contemplating one of the most damnable deeds recorded in history—a deed which stamps infamy upon his name, covers his character with shame, and spreads the dark halo over his romantic conquest. Had every other deed of his strange life been perfectly blameless, this would have covered them all with odium. We look in vain through the histories of the most cruel men that have ever lived for an example so base. The barbarous savage would have had more pity—more chivalry—more honor. Elizabeth of England violated every tender tie or emotion and acted perfidiously in signing the death-warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots; Cromwell acted as base a part when he put his hand to that instrument which sealed the destiny of Charles the First; Robespierre acted a fiend's part when he resisted the last appeal of

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Madame Roland, and led her to the scaffold; Cortes acted inhumanly when Guatemozin was broiled upon coals: but none of these acts were as black as the impolitic perfidy of Pizarro. Fifteen millions of dollars had bought the freedom of the Inca from Pizarro, but on the reception of the gold, he caused that same Inca to be brutally murdered. In picturing such a crime, human language fails. Let that innocent blood, poured out at the hand of a traitor to his word, ever crimson the skirts of Pizarro, as base a wretch as ever trod on Peruvian soil, or feasted his eyes on the valley of Caxamalca.

The conquest was now in a manner completed. Pizarro had laid his plans deep and wide. He had a deeply penetrating vision, and planned as he saw. With gigantic courage, and a heart fitted for any dark deeds of infamy, he had finally encompassed the Peruvian empire with certain destruction. The bright star of her imperial glory had paled away, and her rainbow banner no longer waved from the crystal peaks of the Andes. The bones of her brave warriors lay bleaching at Caxamalca, Vilcaconga, Xauxa, Yucay, Cuzco, and Lambo, at which places they had met the enemy face to face, and had been mown down like a forest before a hurricane. The "Holy City" had been laid in ashes; its magnificent temples had been pillaged; the great golden image of the Sun had been borne away by the conquerors; the sacred aisles of the convents, where dwelt in devoted and happy seclusion the "vestal virgins of the Sun," had been sacrilegiously and brutishly violated; the full granaries of the land had been robbed; the mountain pastures no longer echoed to the tread of the once fine and numerous flocks of llamas; the hum of active industry no longer came up from the fertile valleys, but in its stead the deep thunder of hostile cannon and the dying groans of Peru's murdered inhabitants; the luxuriant gardens of Yucay were devastated, and no longer rang with the joyous laugh of the Inca's concubines—its silver fountains had disappeared, its gold bath-tubs had been taken up, and wild desolation had already begun to stalk triumphantly through that Peruvian Paradise, and to make sad inroads into the secret harem of the Inca. The hills and valleys throughout the land, that were wont to teem with tropical luxuriance and blush with golden harvests, were fast becoming bare and desolate. Even the orchards, planted there by the profuse hands of Nature, blushed in the face of the cruel conquerors, and refused to blossom at spring-time. A sad and melancholy change had come over the whole land, and like a young widow it seemed to have wept away the vigorous freshness and smiling beauty of its youth. The prosperous reign of the Incas had passed by, and lived only in the memory of the surviving natives, who wandered heart-broken over their fallen country. Many refused to survive the downfall of their country, and died upon her funeral-pile. They soon lost their national spirit, and became

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so indolent that their conquerors, though few in number, had no fears for them. They became passive slaves, as it were, almost incapable of action, and as a race began to wither away.

It makes one feel sad to dwell upon the downfall of the "empire of the Sun." There is a shadow of romance that hangs pleasantly over it, to be sure; but there is something buried up beneath that beguiling vail of romance that touches some inner chord of our being—an exhumed atom of man's primeval nature—and calls up within us the tear of sympathy for the reverses of our fellow-man. It may be natural for man to wish and pray for misfortune to fall upon his enemies, but it is also natural for him to weep over those same misfortunes when they come. There is something still remaining in the human bosom that is noble and manly, that is praiseworthy and God-like—something that causes us at times to approach the obedience of that injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Noble as this principle may seem, high as it may stand among those lofty qualifications that were given to man at his creation (all of which some say he has lost), yet this stands like a magnificent bust of white marble in some secret niche of every heart, and is revealed to the world whenever the spring that opens thereto is touched. Then let no one that looks down on the ancient empire of Peru, as, more than three hundred years after its conquest, he beholds it in a far worse condition than it was under the rule of the Incas, endeavor to suppress those tears of sympathy that he feels involuntarily welling up from the bottom of his soul. It is noble and manly to weep over such a scene as the history of Peru presents. It is a lamentable fact, that at no period since the reign of Atahuallpa has Peru smiled in such prosperity, nor have the people enjoyed so much real freedom as did the native under the mild reign of the Incas. The conquerors pulled down the romantic religion of nature, and established that of despotic Catholicism. They destroyed the magnificent temples of the sun, and reared up the cathedral; they abolished the Peruvian convents, and in their stead established the damnable nunneries; and instead of the mild reign of the Incas, they built up the cruel and oppressive rule of the Pope—and who will say that the latter is preferable to the former.

Although the conquest of Peru evidently had its origin from ambition and avarice—the two mightiest springs of human action—yet there are many who think that the Spaniards engaged in it merely as a crusade of the Cross against the Infidel. To such we would say, go first and study human nature, and then, with the omnipotent key of history, unlock the heart of Pizarro and his followers, and if you can, get hold of the springs of their action. You will see *selfish Ambition*—a hideous monster—driving them madly onward; and side by side with this principle, you will see grasping Avarice, swollen to its most hideous dimensions, raving and

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maddened by the scent and the glitter of gold, until at last it completely swallows up its companion, and takes complete possession of the man, urging him to every barbarity and inhumanity. That there were not some zealous in the cause of their religion, we do not say; but we think they were very few. Pizarro's only motives were wealth and ambition, and he may be viewed as a fair index of his little army.

That the conquest of Peru was a mighty accomplishment, and an exhibition of great valor and lofty daring, we do not deny. As a bold design, which exhibits the bravery of its leader, it has no parallel. The greatest generals of the ancients never accomplished so much with so little. Pizarro, with less than two hundred men, marched into a mighty empire, whose population numbered millions, and conquered it. Well may his historian challenge the world for a parallel. He and Cortes stand alone in their own element—the one the conqueror of Mexico, the other of Peru.

But that it was a noble accomplishment, as many contend, we deny. If it be noble to march into a land of plenty, and lay it desolate—to burn and sack its cities—to tear down the temples consecrated to its deities—to violate female chastity—to murder indiscriminately, men, women, and children—and, in fine, to rob the country of Heaven's choicest boon, peace, prosperity, and happiness: then did Pizarro and his followers act nobly. But if these be deeds of dishonor—deeds that deserve the censure and condemnation of every noble-minded man: then should Pizarro and his band bear the ignominy of such actions. Some may plead the age in which they lived, and the customs of that age, and their religion, as an excuse for them. This will never do. No age ever sanctioned such deeds. Ignorance itself would condemn them. The lowest of savages would have shrunk from such transactions. Every feeling of the human heart revolts at contemplating the sight. And especially, we should think that the religion of a civilized people would not sanction them. It is true, these deeds were done under the cloak of Religion; but this, instead of palliating the crimes, would tend to deepen them: for the religion of the Cross is emphatically a religion of "love and good will to men."

In the contemplation of this conquest, we almost wish that Pizarro and his little band had been swallowed up by the Pacific, during some fearful tempest, ere they landed at Tumbez, and got a taste of Peruvian gold. Far better would it have been for the people of Tavatinsuyu had they escaped the eyes of the avaricious Spaniards. Had some bands of Protestants, or Christians from northern Europe, settled in the valleys of Cuzco or Yucay, we might to-day look down upon Peru with envy. We might see her a rich and flourishing republic, enjoying more than the glories of the ancient empire. But, alas! how different does it now appear! How melancholy the story that is told of that land!

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It seems more like classic land—more like some antiquated empire buried in the dust of ages, than like a part of a lately-discovered continent. Its ancient people moulder in the dust; its language is dead and forgotten; its imperial glories have fallen, and a classic sacredness seems to envelop it, like that which hangs over the "seven hills" of the "Eternal City." Many noble ruins to this day are visible throughout the land, and seem as if they might have been cotemporary with the Coliseum at Rome, the Acropolis at Athens, and even with the mighty Pyramids of Egypt. Fine roads are found extending throughout the country, that would vie with the "Apian Way." The monuments and crumbling remains are the scanty but magnificent records of an elder day of Peruvian pride and Indian glory. These are their history—the grand *old tomes* that tell their story. All through them we trace the evidence of their past magnificence, amid them we trace the desolating foot-prints of time, and on them we read that immutability is stamped upon no work of man.

The events of unknown centuries seem to crowd upon the mind while brooding over these ruins, that evidently wear the dust and hoar of ages—the sad relics of a people utterly lost to the annals of history—and a thousand fanciful conjectures of the unsealed mysteries of that land, for more than fifty centuries, rush through the mind like so many flashes of electricity, and we are compelled to silence curiosity, that ever-prying instinct of man, by hopeful promises, and to content ourselves with a belief that there is a day in future when all things shall be revealed, even the mysteries that darken around the early history of the Land of Gold and Cinnamon, and shadow over the dancing waters of the queenly Amazon.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—It is a mistake to suppose that those men are the most distinguished for an extensive knowledge of mankind who have thought the worst of their species. What has generally been called a knowledge of the world has been an acquaintance with a very small part of it. When Sir Robert Walpole declared that every man could be bribed, only make the temptation large enough, he undoubtedly spoke from the views of human nature which he had taken. But what was that part of human nature which came under his view? The fry of a court, the most venal of mankind, ready to nibble at any bait which corruption might throw out. Surely these were not specimens of noble tradesmen, honest merchants, and still less, of humble Christians. The Duke of Rochefoucault was not acquainted with human nature. He knew Paris exactly; but Paris, thank Heaven! is not all the world. Lord Chesterfield knew as little of human nature; in painting mankind, he saw nothing but his own frivolous heart.

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BIRTH-PLACE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Sir Isaac Newton.

BY HARRY HAZLEWOOD.

This distinguished philosopher was born at Woolsthorpe, near Colsterworth, in Lincolnshire, on the 25th of December, 1642. His father, the proprietor of a small estate, died a few months after his marriage, so that young Newton was a posthumous child. When about three years old, his mother married again, and he was left in the care of his grandmother. At the age of twelve, he was sent to the public school of Grantham. Here he was at first very inattentive to his studies; but having a quarrel with a boy above him in the class, he revenged himself by closer application to his lessons till he rose above his rival, and attained the head of the class. During his leisure hours he occupied himself with all sorts of mechanical contrivances, and among his early tastes may be mentioned his love for drawing and writing verses, in neither of which he was destined to excel.

When he had reached his fifteenth year, his mother was again left a widow. By her second husband she had several children, with whom she came to reside at Woolsthorpe, and Isaac was recalled from school to assist in managing the farm. It was soon discovered, however, that he was unfit for the profession of a farmer, for while he was occupied with his books, models, water-wheels, etc., the business of the farm was neglected, and he was sent back to Grantham school. From thence, in due time, he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in his twenty-third year, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and three years after to that of Master of Arts.

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While at Cambridge the extraordinary powers of his mind began to unfold themselves. He there committed to writing his first ideas on fluxions, and also discovered the true doctrine of colors. Having drawn the erroneous conclusion that the improvement of the refracting telescope was impossible, he applied himself to the construction of a reflecting telescope. While thus engaged, his experiments were interrupted by the plague of 1666, which obliged him to leave Cambridge, and retire to Woolsthorpe. Here the idea of gravitation first presented itself to him, from observing the fall of an apple in his garden. On his return to Cambridge, in 1668, he made a small reflecting telescope, which he described to a friend.

In 1669, Newton was appointed to the chair of mathematics, on the resignation of Dr. Barrow. From this time we may date the commencement of his great discoveries. His first communication to the Royal Society was a description of a second reflecting telescope, which excited great interest in England and abroad. The telescope itself was sent to the Society in December, 1671, "for his Majesty's perusal."

NEWTON'S STUDY.

In 1672, he announced to Mr. Oldenburg, secretary of the Royal Society, a philosophical discovery which he considered the oldest, if not the most considerable detection hitherto made in the operations of nature. This was the discovery of the composition of light. The controversies into which this discovery led him so much embittered his peace that he almost resolved to have nothing more to do with philosophy. About two years afterward, however, he communicated to the Royal Society a discourse on colors, which contained fuller details on the composition and decomposition of white light, and a new hypothesis concerning colors,

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with some proposition concerning the colors of thin transparent plates, and their relation to the colors of natural bodies. This discourse again brought him into a controversy; but notwithstanding this interruption he soon occupied himself with those profound studies, the results of which were afterward developed in his immortal work, the *Principia.*

From the discoveries of Kepler he had deduced the important law that gravity decreases with the square of the distance. Other philosophers had been led to the same conclusion by independent study; but no demonstration of it had been given, and no proof obtained that the same power which made the apple fall was that which maintained the planets in their orbits. Adopting the ordinary measure of the earth's radius, Newton was perplexed by the result that the force which kept the moon in her orbit, if the same as gravity, was one-sixth greater than that which is actually observed. This difficulty prevented him from communicating to his friends the great speculation in which he had been engaged. In 1682, however, having heard of Picard's more accurate measure, he repeated, with this measure, his former calculations, and found to his extreme delight that the force of gravity by which bodies fall at the earth's surface (4,000 miles from the earth's center) when diminished as the square of 240,000 miles (the moon's distance) was almost exactly equal to that which kept the moon in her orbit. Hence it followed that the same power retained all other satellites around their primaries, and all the primaries around the sun. In the year 1684, he made known this discovery to Dr. Halley, who visited him at Cambridge, to whom he promised a treatise he had written upon the subject. This treatise, the first book of the *Principia*, was not completed, however, until 1686, in which year it was read before the Royal Society. On the following year the second and third books of the *Principia* were read before the Society, and the whole work was published at the expense of Dr. Halley.

We have already observed that Newton discovered the doctrine of fluxions in 1666, the principle and application of which he explained in a treatise which he communicated to Dr. Barrow in 1667. Although this treatise was not published until 1711, its contents were circulated throughout Europe by letters, and the principle of the new calculus was published in the *Principia.* The great discovery of fluxions was also made by Leibnitz, and a controversy arose on the subject of priority, which has continued for nearly two centuries to agitate the mathematical world. There can be no doubt, however, that Newton was the first inventor, and that Leibnitz was an independent inventor of them before Newton had published his method.

We may here refer to a question respecting Newton which has recently raised much controversy, and to which undue importance has by some been attached in a religious point of view. A statement was made in

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the French *Biographe Universalle* that Newton's mental powers had been impaired by an attack of insanity which occurred in 1692–3, caused either by excessive study or the loss of some valuable papers by fire, or both causes combined. Of this charge Sir David Brewster maintains there is not sufficient proof. It appears evident, however, from the testimony of his friends and the querulous tone of some of his private letters, that about this time his mind was thrown into an intermittent disorder, which lasted about twelve months, from the effects of which it is probable he never entirely recovered. It is well known that during the last forty years of his life the inventive powers of his mind seemed to have lost their activity. After 1687, he published no scientific work of which he did not at that time possess the materials, nor did he make any further discoveries. At the end of the second book of his *Optics*, he says that though he felt the necessity of his experiments for rendering the work more perfect, yet "he was not able to resolve to do so, these things being no longer in his way." But his intellectual labors did not entirely cease. During the latter portion of his life he produced many excellent works on theology, history, etc. It is pleasing to reflect that for so many years after the close of his more arduous philosophical labors, he was permitted to enjoy their reward, and that the great benefits he had rendered to science and human progress were properly appreciated. Society has not always so promptly awarded this recompense to its great benefactors.

Newton had reached the fifty-third year of his age before any mark of national gratitude was conferred upon him, although he had long been the pride of England, and was recognized throughout the civilized world as one of the greatest natural philosophers of ancient or modern times. Honors and emoluments, however, now awaited him. In 1695 he was appointed warden of the mint, with a salary of £600 per annum, and a few years later he succeeded to the mastership, the highest office in the establishment, with a salary of from £12,000 to £15,000. Within a few years he was elected one of the eight associate members of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, and chosen president of the Royal Society in England, an office which he held until his death. In 1705 the honor of knighthood was conferred upon him by Queen Anne, in Trinity College, Cambridge. When George I ascended the throne, in 1714, Newton, then in his seventy-second year, was a favorite at court. "His character, his reputation, and his piety," says Sir David Brewster, "had gained him the favor of the Princess of Wales, afterward queen consort to George II, who took great pleasure in his conversation. She corresponded also with Leibnitz, who seems to have availed himself of this privilege to injure the character of Newton, by representing the Newtonian philosophy as false and hostile to religion. Locke was involved in the same charge, and at the king's desire an answer was prepared by Sir

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Isaac and Dr. Clark, which seems to have satisfied the royal scruples."

In the year 1722, when in his eightieth year, he was attacked with a complaint which continued to afflict him till the time of his death. He was able, however, to preside over a meeting of the Royal Society in 1727, but the exertion which he made on this occasion hastened his death. He expired on the 20th of March, 1727, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His body was removed from Kensington to London, where it lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in a conspicuous part of which a monument was erected to his memory by his relatives.

An Address:

Delivered at Pittsburg, Oct. 4th, on the occasion of laying the Corner-stone of the Odd Fellows' Hall in that city.

BY OLIVER H. RIPPEY.

We have come together to-day, Brethren, to perform an agreeable duty—to lay the corner stone of an edifice that will be alike an honor to the Order and an ornament to the city. This vast concourse of free, intelligent and happy people, whose presence indicates their approval of our object, is summoned by no mandate—intimidated by no authority—governed by no power save their own will and their own knowledge. Among them are to be found, commingled, representatives of all pursuits; the learned and the illiterate, the old and the young, the rich and the poor—all actuated by the most commendable motives; some to participate in this initiatory ceremony; some to behold and admire; all to wish our project that success which benevolent enterprises so richly deserve.

Scenes like this are eloquent and impressive commentaries on the genius of the religions which we profess, and of the government which we enjoy. No altar is here seen drenched with blood, smoking with sacrifice and surrounded by idolatrous worshipers, prostrate in the dust, invoking the protection of unknown gods. No libations are poured out. No enthroned mortal arrogating the attributes of the Omniscient is here seen pretending to penetrate futurity and foretell the destiny of our Order. Sincerely and humbly, with our faces heavenward, we have implored the protection and blessings of Him whose word is the corner stone of our Hope and our Faith.

Nor do we behold armed troops sent hither to overawe the people; no imperial ensign waves o'er our heads; no proclamation convokes or dis-

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misses us, no statutory enactment or royal ordinance permits nor prohibits these rites. Each individual comes as a free citizen in the exercise of the rights guaranteed by the institutions of the country, to avow his sentiments, to consult his own happiness and the good of his fellow man in the way he thinks they are best to be promoted. With such a religion, under such a government, possessing such rites, the peacefulness and simplicity of this display make it august and sublime.

Custom, in all ages and in all countries, seems to require that occasions of this kind should be accompanied by some peculiar solemnities. It is not idle vanity, nor empty display. The proceedings of this day will live in the memories of all who witness them. They will live long after the building about to be erected shall have crumbled into dust; they will attest to us and to those who shall come after us, that we rear a temple to be consecrated, not to lucre, not to Mammon, but to principles recognized, revered, and cherished by a fraternity that seeks, in precept and in practice, to cultivate "peace on earth and good will unto men." When we disperse, we shall carry with us the pleasing reflection of having been engaged in a noble work; and if it do not inspire us all with the determination to continue so to do, even unto the end of life, then indeed will all this ceremony be useless.

Odd-Fellowship needs no vindication. Silently, unobtrusively, almost imperceptibly, have its principles permeated society, until it has become an institution wielding immense moral influence, and commanding universal respect. Knowing no class and no rank—professing no political opinion, and no peculiar form of worship, it constitutes a republic founded on doctrines and governed by laws which the austerest Christian and sternest patriot can not but approve. Within its borders are to be found wise men and good. The pastor and his flock, the general and his soldiers, the farmer and his laborers, the merchant and his agents, the manufacturer and his employees, all meet and fraternize; whatever distinction by conventionality may have created is forgotten; whatever superiority may have been assumed is equalized; all primarily occupy the same position; eminence is attained only by lofty merit and valuable service.

If it be charged that its principles and designs are subversive of either Church or State, triumphant refutation will be found in the individual character of its members. No better denial is needed than to point to that portion of them here adorned with its regalia. Springing, like all great achievements, from small beginnings, it has now attained the full stature and dignity of majority. One generation of man has gone, and another has come, since its establishment in this country. It has passed through the fires, the storms, the waters of persecution. It has been assailed, denounced, maligned in all quarters. When its prospects were

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gloomiest, when its followers began to desert it, when ruin was about to overtake it—a devoted few, a noble band who understood it best, who knew that truth must ultimately prevail, whose philanthropy was boundless as the claims of humanity, faithfully and unfalteringly clung to it, and made it what it is. Thanks to them, what do we now behold? An organization extending all over the Union, whose members are counted by hundreds of thousands, which dispenses in charity more than any other society of the day, which has united men of different creeds and nations by the most endearing and enduring ties. Never has it attempted to thrust itself into public notice; never has it interposed itself between contending political factions, unless it may have been to counsel moderation; never has it declared, in its aggregate capacity, an opinion on public measures; never has it been attached to, or made the ally or auxiliary of any party. It is above all parties. How, then, can it endanger the State? It has erected no house of worship; it has founded no school of theology; it belongs to no denomination; its spirit is enlarged and catholic, embracing all who believe in the Supreme Being. How, then, can it endanger the Church?

It is not sectarian, for it admits men of all creeds and persuasions who avow truthfully and faithfully belief in and reverence for that God whom we all profess to believe and adore. To us, it matters not how they worship Him, so it be "in spirit and in truth." It is not exclusive, for it makes no distinction among men, so that they have a legitimate occupation—"a local habitation and a name." None are admitted who do not "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow," or enjoy an honorable competency. It is not sectional, for it knows no North, no East, no South, no West; or knows them all alike, as co-equal sharers in the blessings and benefits it confers. If an Odd Fellow is assailed by sickness, sorrow, or misfortune, at home or abroad—in the wilds of the Northern forest, on the sea-girt, rock-bound coasts of the East, amid the contagions that sometimes desolate the sunny plains of the South, on the far-spreading prairies or bleak mountains of the West—he is sure to find the sympathy and the purse of a friend and a brother. So long as he maintains his standing, he is never friendless, wherever he may be, or whatever his condition. However destitute or enfeebled by disease, even of the most malignant type, he has but to make himself known in order to secure all the comforts and alleviations his situation may require. In life he is never destitute; in death he never slumbers in an unknown grave. Some friendly eye will shed a tear; some friendly lip will breathe a prayer; some friendly hand will mark his resting place.

To some, Odd-Fellowship is objectionable because of its secrecy. In doing good, there is no such thing as secrecy; good works always speak aloud. Adopting for its mottoes sentiments of charity and benevolence,

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inculcated by Holy Writ, it aims at the amelioration of our race; it strives to unite men as sons of a common Father, in the bonds of brotherhood; it contributes time, and means, and money to the relief of suffering humanity, in supporting and comforting the widow, in rearing and educating the orphan. These are its objects. It seeks to accomplish them, not ostentatiously, not standing boastfully in the presence of the whole world, but in the manner of him who gives without letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth. In Lodge rooms, Odd Fellows meet for these purposes, and for no other. Secluded though they be, it is not because they wish to sever all connection with those who do not participate with them. Their proceedings are conducted in the same manner, their conclusions reached by the same means, their intercourse is marked by the same decorum that characterizes other respectable deliberative bodies. No subject can be entertained unless it be pertinent to the ends the Order is designed to secure. Its organic law and fundamental principles, distinctly defined and promulgated, forbid all reference to matters of a sectarian or sectional, political or business nature. On these subjects—the importance of which is admitted—all members are permitted to act precisely as they choose. No member is permitted, under any pretext, to attempt to propagate views obnoxious to a single individual, and should any one so far forget his duty as to attempt to transgress rules so well established, he would be at once reminded that he was violating one of the first promises made in the very act of initiation.

"To visit the sick, to bury the dead, to relieve the widow, to educate the orphan," these are the duties of Odd Fellows—these are the subjects of patient deliberation. All other matters are foreign—all other subjects are excluded. If any member can show, in the Lodge room or out of it, how these things can be best accomplished, according to the rules, or in any way—if he can suggest anything for the good of the Order, or of its members, individually or collectively, then he may speak freely, fully, frankly; on all other subjects his lips are sealed.

From the meeting he goes to the bosom of his family, imbued, it is believed, with refined and elevated feelings, conscious of having performed a worthy duty, and that he has dedicated a portion at least of this life to such acts and ministrations as will best befit for that other life into which he soon must enter. Or, mayhap, it is his turn to spend the night by the bed-side of some suffering brother, and he goes not reluctantly or impelled by necessity, but with a saddened and melancholy pleasure, to do for another what that other, in like circumstances, would do for him. Through the long and weary vigils, patiently, and kindly, and tenderly he performs the functions of nurse, counselor, comforter, and friend. In the morning he seeks his home or his labor, better than ever qualified to receive whatever of good or of evil the uncertain future may have in

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store for him or his. Before another sun sets, perhaps a departed brother must be borne to the grave, and with his fellows he repairs to the house of mourning, and together they go forth to perform another duty, the last and saddest of all. In both places, in the house of sickness and in the house of mourning, he learns other and more substantial tokens of fraternity and charity. The sick are not left in want of necessaries and comforts. The widow and the little ones who have lost their best friend, are not empty-handed.

Are not things like these of frequent occurrence? Not to you alone is appeal made for a response. Go where there has been sickness, and sorrow, and suffering, and poverty, and death, and ask the widow and the orphan, and, with gratitude beaming in their eyes and beating in their hearts, they will answer. Are these things secret? All the world knows them. He who said that "charity covereth a multitude of sins" knows them.

Men of intelligence and observation need not be reminded of the necessity of privacy, or secrecy, if the word be preferred, in almost all human transactions, where large numbers must organize to prosecute a common cause. To prevent fraud and imposition, we must be known by some sign exclusively our own. Recognizing the claims of humanity presented everywhere, at all times and in all shapes, Odd Fellows are not behind other men in general charity and beneficence. Disinterested and unselfish their hearts feel for others' woes, and their means relieve suffering wherever found. It is to prevent too general destitution, to check the growing demand upon the public, to rescue the unfortunate from the "cold charities of a heartless world," that this and similar societies are formed. Whatever we contribute to our own members, by so much do we relieve the people at large from being compelled to contribute. The Odd Fellow, in poverty and distress, is cheered with a feeling of security and independence denied to other unfortunates; for he knows that succor and assistance will be extended to him, not as a matter of favor, but of right. In prosperity and health he funds a portion of his means with others, as a common stock, to be applied to the relief of those of the number who may be first to need it. He has, in his day, given to others; he now asks only his own. By means of such associations men are taught to love their neighbors; that mutual dependency that characterizes society is shown, and they know that relying mainly on themselves, as men must, yet there is a bond of union without which the whole social system would be ruptured, and which imposes, as one of its conditions, reciprocal rights, duties, and obligations.

The happiest effects of such societies is the diminution of general indigence, and the consequent proportional diminution of burthens on private means. If men would more frequently adopt such measures of

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combined action, rare indeed would be the evidences of poverty, destitution, and suffering which now pain the heart at almost every step. Alms-houses, hospitals, and other eleemosynary institutions would not have to be erected in every populous district. The immense amount of taxes absorbed in the support of vagrants, paupers, and criminals would be saved, or more profitably and agreeably expended; labor would become more remunerative; the value of property would be enhanced; the public morals would be purer; ineffable and unwonted blessings would be the result. The whole face of society and of nature would be changed. Industry would receive a healthy impetus; universal peace would reign; plenty would abound. When men shall thus unite, forgetful of animosities, disregarding nationality and all minor and sectional differences, we shall have arrived at that blissful period when another poet may sing as did one of old:

"No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er—
The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more.
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise, the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield;
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise,
And starts amid the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles and the bullrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and stately box adorn.
The leafless shrubs the flowry palm succeeds,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weeds."

We have now accomplished this day's duty, and shall not, probably, assemble again until we come, in due form and with solemn and befitting rites, to dedicate the building on its completion. Looking forward to that time joyously and hopefully, let us not forget that, grand and gorgeous as it may be in its architectural and artistic adornment, we should so live and act that the counsel, character, and conduct of all who mingle in the mystic ceremonies of our beloved Order shall be worthy of the pious and eternal principles of Friendship, Love, and Truth. Forgetting all other things, when we sit in our Lodges, let us try to prepare ourselves to assemble and worship together in that other Temple "not made with hands—eternal in the Heavens," whose Master was from the beginning, and shall be without end.

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False Distinctions.

There are springs of purest crystal
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overthrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
Whilst he values the highest
But as pebbles on the sea.

Man, upraised among his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanest serfs are men—
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thought, and men of fame,
Claiming equal right to sun hine
In a man's ennobling name!

There are foam-embroidered oceans;
There are little weed-clad rills;
There are feeble, inch high saplings;
There are cedars on the hills;
God who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles on the sea.

Toiling hands, alone, are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same,
By the sweat of other foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a moon by night.
God, whose whole-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression, with its titles,
As the pebbles on the sea.

Much learning shows how little mortals know,
Much wealth how little worldlings can enjoy.—*Young.*

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True Benevolence;

OR, IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

"And you strip yourself of comfort for the sake of adding to this rich merchant's gains?"

The widow replied with flushed cheek, "It may seem a light thing to you, but the thought that I am slowly and surely wiping out every stain on my husband's honor, is my greatest earthly comfort. Mr. Miner is his last creditor, and, God willing, every cent shall be paid."

Her coarser relative responded with an emphatic "fiddlestick," and angrily left her presence.

"At last I have it," said a silvery voice; and a sweet face, glad and brilliant, lighted up the gloom. "Only see, mother! ten dollars all my own; ten more make twenty; so we shall have a nice sum for Mr. Miner."

Tears trembled from the widow's lashes and glittered on her pale cheek. "Is it to be the price of thy life, my precious one?" she thought. "Is the canker worm at the heart of my beautiful flower? Must I give thee up to weary toil—a sacrifice upon the altar of duty? Can it be that God requires it?"

Eva knelt at her mother's feet, where she had fallen with all the abandon of a child, her glance fastened to the shining gold. Lifting her glance, she met that of her mother, full of anxiety, touched with sorrow. A sudden smile broke over her delicate features:

"I was thinking of the *endless* things this money would buy—don't look so grave, mamma;—such a beauty of a warm shawl for you, and a neat crimson cover for that untidy old arm chair; a bit, ever so little, of carpet, to put down by the bed, that your feet may not feel the cold floor; and a pretty cap, besides coal, and tea, and sugar, and such nice, comfortable things. But never mind,"—and she sprang to her feet, brushed back her brown curls, and drew on her neat little bonnet,—"I'll maybe write a book one of these days, that'll make you and I rich. And, dear mother, you shall ride in your own carriage, and maybe those that scorn us now, only because we are poor, may be thankful for our notice. A truce to romance," she gravely continued; "stern reality tells me to go directly up to Madison street, find Mr. Miner, give him this twenty dollars, take a receipt, and then come home and read and sing to my mother."

Hurriedly Eva passed from her house along the narrow streets. As she went onward, street after street diverged into pleasant width and palace-lined splendor. The houses of greatness and wealth glittered in

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their marble beauty under the golden sunlight. Up broad steps, through portals carved and shining, passed the timid steps of Eva Sterne.

At first the pompous servant smiled a contemptuous denial; but after a moment, perhaps softened by her childish simplicity and winning blue eyes, he deemed it best not to deny her urgency, and she entered this palace of a rich man's home.

Softly her feet sank in the luxurious hall carpet; statuary in bronze and marble lined all the way to the staircase. The splendor of the room into which she was ushered, seemed to her inexperienced sight too beautiful for actual use; and he who came in, with his kindly glance and handsome face, seemed to her the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

"Well, young lady," he said, blandly smiling, "to whom am I indebted for this pleasure?"

"My father, sir, died in your debt," said Eva, blushing, speaking very softly. "By the strictest economy and very hard work, we—my mother and I—have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you will be kind enough to receive the balance of your account in small sums—I am sorry they must be small, sir—we can, in the course of a very few years, fully liquidate the debt, and then we shall have fulfilled my father's dying wish, that every stain might be wiped from his honor."

She paused a moment, and said again, falteringly: "My father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years; but, sir, he was honorable; he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar."

Mr. Miner sat awhile thoughtfully, his dark eyes fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence, he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair that shadowed his handsome brow, and said:

"I remember your father well; I regretted his death. He was a fine fellow—a fine fellow," he said, musingly; "but, my dear young lady, have you the means; do you not embarrass yourself by making these payments?"

Eva blushed again, and looking up, ingenuously replied:

"I am obliged to work, sir; but no work would be too arduous that might save the memory of such a father from disgrace."

This was said with deep emotion. The rich man turned with a choaking emotion in his throat, and tears glistened on his lashes. Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces. He took them, and bidding her stay a moment, hastily left the room.

Almost instantly returning, he handed her a sealed note saying, "There is the receipt, young lady, and allow me to add that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is nine

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hundred and seventy-five dollars. You will see by my note what arrangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory."

Eva left him with a lighter heart, and a burning cheek at his praise. His manner was gentle—so fatherly that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

At last she got home, and breathlessly sitting at her mother's feet, she opened her letter. Wonder of wonders! a bank note enclosed. She held it without speaking, or looking at its value.

"Read it," she said, after a moment's bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand. "Here is fifty dollars; what can it mean?"

"This," said the sick woman, bursting into tears, "is a receipt in full, releasing you from the payment of your father's debt. Kind, generous man! Heaven will bless him—God will shower mercies upon him. From a grateful heart, I call upon the Father to reward him for this act of kindness. Oh! what shall we say—what shall we do, to thank him?"

"Mother," said Eva, smiling through her tears, "I felt as if he was an angel of goodness. Oh! they do wrong who say that all who are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible we are so rich? I wish he knew how very happy he has made us—how much we will love and reverence him whenever we think or speak of him, or even hear him spoken of."

"He has bound two hearts to him forever," murmured her mother.

"Yes, dear Mr. Miner! little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now we need not stint the fire; we may buy coal, and have one cheerful blaze, thank God! And the tea, the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for *you*, dear mother; and the time, and a very few books for myself. I declare, I'm so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back, and tell him that we shall love him as long as we live."

That evening the grate, heaped with coals, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her hair bound softly back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to her benefactor. Her mother's face, lighted with the loss of cankering care, shone with a placid smile, and her every thought was a prayer, calling down blessings on the good rich man.

In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, whose red light made richer the polish of costly furniture, sat a noble merchant.

"Pa, what makes you look so happy?" said Lina, a beautiful girl, as she passed her smooth hand over his brow.

"Don't I always look happy, my little Lina?"

"Yes, but you keep shutting your eyes, and smiling,—so." And her

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bright face reflected his own. "I think you have had something very nice to-day. What was it?"

"Does my little daughter really want to know what makes her father so happy? Here is my Bible. Let her turn to the Acts of the Apostles, 20th chapter, 35th verse, and read it carefully."

The beautiful child turned reverently the pages of the holy book, and as she read, she looked reverently into her father's eyes—

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Ah! I know," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his hand; "you have been giving something to some poor beggar, as you did last week, and he thanked you, and said, 'God bless you!' and that's what makes you look so happy."

Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile; but he said nothing, only he kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Nasal Music.

The Jonathans and Jemimas of New England excel in this kind of melody—if melody it can be correctly styled; but the editor of the Georgia Family Visitor, in the subjoined humorous essay and personal experience, shows that the like unpleasant music is to be heard "down South" once in a while:

"Heaven bless the man who invented sleep," quoth honest Sancho Panza, and many a poor mortal has reiterated the pious benison of the famous Governor of Barataria. What a godsend this great invention has proved to the noble army of poets, and authors, and clergymen, and orators of every sort, who would be altogether unendurable but for this never-failing resource. Banish it from the world, and what a "beggarly account of empty boxes" should we have at our churches, our lecture-rooms, and on all public occasions, and what a vast number of "Sonnets to a Young Lady Sleeping," and such like, would be entirely lost to the world. But for the deep sleep which fell upon Adam, we should never have had that most glorious of all institutions—woman. Somebody has remarked that it was a blessed thing Adam had a good nap on that occasion, for he probably never enjoyed a quiet one afterward. Not being a Benedict, we are unable to pronounce this a slander on our own responsibility.

The Irish have a legend that when a child smiles in its sleep, the angels are hovering over and whispering to it. Pierce Pungent thinks

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differently. He cites the case of a poetic young lady, who said, as her infant nephew smiled, "Dear little one—the cherubs are singing to it!" "Nonsense, Polly," cried the matter-of-fact mother, "it's not the cherubs—it's the colic." Pierce declares there is an intimate relationship between "wind, sleep, and peppermint," and tells of something he read in an ancient volume, of a certain Mrs. G. who couldn't sleep on account of the terrible wind that was blowing out of doors.

"Horace, my dear, how dreadfully the wind howls; don't you hear it? I can't sleep for it."

"My dear," said her better half, who was a philosopher, "open the window, and put a peppermint lozenge outside."

"Why?" asked his wife.

"Because," quoth he, "it's a good thing to cure the wind."

But the wind is not the only disturber of dreams. There is a certain class of sleep destroyers—veritable Macbeths, who "murder sleep," and think no more of it than Miss Lucie Lilac of breaking a heart—your fellows who make night hideous with their nasal music, which seems to quiet their own nerves in as great a degree as it excites other people's.

Now, we insist that a great reform is needed in this matter. Snorers should either be made to correct this abominable habit, or some law ought to be enacted compelling them to "keep themselves to themselves." After one has established a reputation for the business, he is generally avoided by his acquaintances, but, unfortunately, such fellows travel sometimes. Did you ever watch a confirmed snorer worm himself into the good graces of a stranger, who, totally unsuspicious of the trap he is falling into, agrees to share a room with him? Poor fellow! he little knows what a night is before him.

Why can't this thing be corrected in early life? Children are taught propriety in other matters, and why should not the heinousness of this offense against good manners be pressed upon them? Has a parent who sends out a confirmed snorer fulfilled the Scripture injunction, "Train up a child in the way he should go?" We contend that no man has a right to go out into the world with an unruly nose, which will not allow others to enjoy their natural rest. Night is a blessed gift of Heaven to man:

> "It robs the world of light,
> To lend in lieu a greater benefit—
> Repose and sleep."

It is the season of rest and refreshment after the labors, and cares, and troubles of the day; and when we put out the candle we, at the same time, desire to put out the world. Why, then, should he who robs us of this clear and indisputable right be held less culpable than he who filches from us our good name, or steals our purse?

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We well remember an awful night once passed at a public hotel. It was summer time, and we came in tired and sleepy. There was a bright moon shining, and its silvery beams came in through the open windows, and made the rooms almost as bright as day. There were two beds in the apartment. We saw a strange pair of boots and apparel, not our own, along side of one of them, and we knew at once that we had a room-mate, but it caused us no uneasiness, for we had no well-filled purse or other valuables to tempt the cupidity of the veriest pick-pocket in the land; so we turned in quietly "to sleep, perchance to dream." We are of that unfortunate class who cannot at once sink into a state of unconsciousness. We always have a job of thinking to do, and generally enter dream-land by degrees. On this occasion we had almost gotten within its boundaries, when a sound as of far distant thunder stole upon our ear. We listened, but all was silent again. Once more we approached the land of Nod, and again we heard the mutterings of thunder, but this time not so distant. At first the sound was faint and indistinct, and then it broke forth more loudly. There was no mistaking it now. *It was a snore, and it came from the other bed!* Sleep had departed from our eyelids, and we rose on our elbow in the agony of despair. From our earliest youth just such fellows as this one had been our secret horror, and now we were in for it without hope of release. Our neighbor, as if aware of our "feelinks," got worse and worse. He seemed to warm with his subject, and his snoring became almost eloquent. We came near forgetting the dreary prospect before us, in our admiration of the artist. His snoring was the perfection of science. He drew in great quantities of air with a snort, and then sent it out again like an engine blowing off steam. His inspirations were like a flute; his expirations like a ophicleide. Sometimes his breath grew short, as if he contemplated dying in a fit, and then it became long and sonorous, like the whistle of a locomotive. He groaned and sputtered, and gasped and snorted; in a word it was the most awfully magnificent specimen of nasal music we had or have ever heard.

But human endurance has its limits, and ours was soon reached. Our patience—not a large supply at any time—was, like Bob Acres' courage, fast oozing out at our fingers' ends. Should we endure it passively, or "take up arms against" such "a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them?" Was there anything in the laws of society which required us to allow this fellow to make night hideous at our expense? Such thoughts ran through our brain, and things were fast approaching a crisis, when the subject of our cogitations turned over, and his music ceased. For a moment the silence was almost oppressive, but we thanked our stars for the change. Now, thought we, for a good nap, and composed ourself for it. When you are nervous and worried at night, it's a good

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plan not to think about going to sleep, if you can help it. So we began to build air-castles, in the hope that slumber would gradually steal over us. We had succeded in rearing one pretty high, and were about to introduce our imaginary ladye-love into it, when that same muttering, as of distant thunder, smote our ear. We recognized it in a moment, and down tumbled the air-castle, burying our ladye-love in its ruins. The second part of the programme was "like unto the first," and the performance was continued, almost without variation, until

"Gray morn cam' blinkin' in the east."

About sun-rise our mortal enemy got up and made his toilet, as innocently as if his conduct during the night had not been past all forgiveness. He even "hoped we had passed the night pleasantly!" We detected, or thought we did, a slight touch of sarcasm in his tone, and have always believed that he knew what kind of a night we had spent. We have never seen him since, but the memory of that wretched nocturnal sweltering has never left us. If he ever comes into our neighborhood again, we trust he will leave his nose at home.

To a Lover of Flowers.

Still, gentle Lady, cherish flowers—
True fairy friends they are,
On whom of all thy cloudless hours
Not one is thrown away.
By them, unlike man's ruder race,
No care conferred is spurned,
But all thy fond and fostering grace
A thousand-fold returned.

The Rose repays thee all thy smiles—
The stainless Lily rears
Dew in the chalice of its wiles
As sparkling as thy tears.
The glances of thy glad'ning eyes
Not thanklessly are poured;
In the blue Violet's tender dyes
Behold them all restored.

Yon bright Carnation—once thy cheek
Bent o'er it in the bud;
And back it gives thy blushes meek
In one rejoicing flood!
That Balm has treasured all thy sighs;
That Snowdrop touched thy brow;
That not a charm of thine shall die
Thy painted people vow.

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Shutting Doors.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; grandmother feels the cold wintry wind; and, besides, you have got to spend all your life shutting the doors, and might as well begin now."

"Do forgive me, grandmother! I ought to be ashamed to cross you. But what do you mean? I am going to college, and then I am going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all that, I imagine 'Squire Edward C—— will have a great many doors to shut, if he ever makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me, grandmother."

"Sit down a minute, and I will give you a list."

"In the first place, the door of your EARS must be closed against bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet with at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward C——'s future prospects,

"The door of your EYES, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low, wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man; you will close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the shop windows, or you will never learn to save your money or have any left to give away.

"The door of your LIPS will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the *eyes* and *ears*. The door is very apt to blow open; and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling, or vulgar words. It will backbite, sometimes, worse than the winter's wind, if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time, till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or at least till you have something valuable to say.

"The inner door of your HEART must be well shut against temptation, for conscience, the door-keeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard your call; and sometimes drops asleep at his post, and when you may think you are very well, you are fast going down to ruin.

"If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes, ears, and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin, which get in before you think. This shutting doors, you see, Eddie, will be a serious business,—one on which your well-doing in this life and the next depends."

THE purest joy that we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

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Lodge Officers.

BY J. L. M.

All the gradations of Odd-Fellowship, from the initiation in the Subordinate Lodge to the highest stations in the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, inculcate important lessons, which can only be properly appreciated by actual experience in official station. Each office teaches an important and salutary lesson peculiar to itself, and no Odd Fellow should be satisfied with mere Lodge attendance, without aspiring to the highest honors of the Order. We will briefly enumerate some of the many advantages arising to the member himself by thus serving the Order, and assisting by his individual efforts, in awakening a zeal among the votaries of Odd-Fellowship.

The office of Guardian teaches him to be vigilant in the discharge of his duties, to guard well the portals against imposition, and to scan well those who, under the garb of friendship, seek to install themselves into his confidence and esteem. By service in the other minor appointed offices, he learns to acquaint himself with whatever duties may be intrusted to him, and to render that aid to his fellows so requisite in the great objects of our fraternity, for he who fails in the faithful discharge of insignificant matters cannot safely be trusted in affairs of great importance. By serving as Conductor, if he properly understands his position, he reflects that upon him devolves the onerous duty of exemplifying, in his own conduct, the sincerity of the sentiments and principles unfolded to the neophyte at his initiation. In passing through the elective offices still higher duties devolve upon him, and he is rewarded for the performance of his duty by becoming familiarized with much that will be useful in every day business transactions, and he will find with surprise that duties which he had hitherto considered comparatively easy are attended with great labor and responsibility. When at length he attains the position of N. G. his responsibilities are increased four-fold. Upon his ability, impartiality, and watchful care depends, in a great measure, the peace and harmony of the Lodge. His authority, his decisions, and his discipline must be exercised with the strictest impartiality, and he must studiously aim for the good of the whole. He should have no favorites, no partiality; but should always keep in mind that he stands at the head of the Lodge, to rule with unflinching rectitude, but with paternal clemency; to decide with unwavering confidence and firmness, but with impartial justice; to rebuke and admonish with justice, but with brotherly kindness. He may rejoice at the courtesy and kindness of one, and deplore the impetuosity and perversity of another; but he must not lose sight of the importance of impartiality and fairness, whatever the provocation of

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troublesome members. Upon him, too, devolves the duty of visiting the sick, and attending to the necessities of those in distress—delicate trusts that must be performed with gentleness and brotherly courtesy. From him the widow and the orphan receive their assistance, and in his ear are poured the tales of wo, of poverty, of distress, of suffering that must be reported to the Lodge. How, important, then, that he who aspires to this position should be fully conversant with all the details of service in the minor stations, and that he should be imbued with the spirit of Odd-Fellowship before being exalted to a post so important!

Every member, on receiving an appointment, should accept it with a determination to fill it to the best of his ability. He should familiarize himself immediately with his duty, and commit his charges to memory, thus avoiding much confusion and embarrassment to himself, and adding greatly to the beauty and impressiveness of the work. Nothing so much adds to the beauty of the work as a well-drilled set of officers. If every one knows his charge, perfect order and decorum prevail.

Every brother should keep himself posted in the progress of Odd-Fellowship, the proceedings of the G.L.U.S. and of the various State Grand Lodges, the laws and decisions, and the statistics of the Order. This can only be learned from the publications of the Order, one of which, at least, should be in the family of every Odd Fellow. In these he will find all and much more than is here suggested. Orations and addresses delivered by the prominent men in the Order, articles illustrative of the beneficial effects and objects of the institution, and much more that will be interesting and instructive. If asked to recommend a work, we would say the "Casket." In it you will find all that we have referred to, and much more, on the subject of Odd-Fellowship, interspersed with literature of a high order, making it a profitable and beautiful ornament in every parlor.

By following the suggestions we have thus hastily thrown out, every member of the Order can readily add his mite in the onward progress of Odd-Fellowship, and assist in creating a zeal and efficiency among the members greatly needed in not a few Lodges.

WELLINGTON, Mo., Sept., 1856.

The mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing in life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

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Popping the Question.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

About twenty years ago (I was not then so bald as I am now), I was spending the midsummer with my old friend and school-fellow, Tom Morton. Tom had married early in life, and had a daughter, Mary Rose, who, to her "father's and mother's beauty," added her uncle Absalom's good humor, and her aunt Deborah's notability. In her you had the realization of all that the poets have sung about fairy forms, dulcet voices, and witching eyes. She was just such a being as you may imagine to yourself in the heroine of some beautiful romance. My heart was susceptible, and I fell in love. No man, I thought, had ever loved as I did—a common fancy among lovers—and the intensity of my affection I believed would not fail to secure a return. One cannot explain the secret, but they who have felt the influence well know how to judge of my feelings. I was as completely over head and ears as mortal could be: I loved with that entire devotion that makes filial piety and brotherly affection speak to a corner of man's heart, and leave it to the undisputed sovereignty of feminine beauty.

The blindness, incidental to my passion, and the young lady's uniform kindness, led me to believe that the possibility of her becoming my wife was by no means as remote as at first it had appeared to be; and having spent several sleepless nights in examining the subject on all sides, I determined to make an offer of my hand. For more than a week I could not obtain an opportunity of speaking alone with my adored, notwithstanding I had frequently left the dinner table prematurely with that view, and several times excused myself from excursions which had been planned for my especial amusement.

At length the favorable moment seemed to be at hand. A charity sermon was to be preached by the bishop, for the benefit of a Sunday school; and as Mr. Morton was church-warden, and destined to hold one of the plates, it became imperative on his family to be present on the occasion. I, of course proffered my services: and it was arranged that we should set off early next morning, to secure good seats in the center aisle. I could hardly close my eyes that night for thinking how I should "pop the question;" and when I did get a short slumber, was awakened on a sudden by some one starting from behind a hedge just as I was disclosing the soft secret. Sometimes when I had fancied myself sitting by the lovely Mary in bower of jessamine and roses, and had just concluded a beautiful rhapsody about loves and doves, myrtles and turtles, I raised my blushing head, and found myself *tete-a-tete* with her papa. At another moment, she would slip a beautiful pink, hot-pressed billet-doux into

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my hand, which when I unfolded it, would turn out to be a challenge from some favored lover, desiring the satisfaction of meeting me at half-past six in the morning, and so forth, and concluded as usual with an indirect allusion to a horse-whip. Morning dreams, they say, always come true. It's a gross falsehood—mine never come true. But I had a pleasant vision that morning; and I fondly believed it would be verified. Methought I had ventured to "pop the question" to my Dulcinea, and was accepted. I jumped out of bed in a tremor. "Yes," I cried. "I *will* pop the question: ere this night-cap again envelope this unhappy head the trial shall be made!" And I shaved and brushed the hair over the bald place on my crown, and tied my cravat with unprecedented care; and made my appearance in the breakfast parlor just as the servant maid had begun to dust the tables and chairs.

Breakfast-time at length arrived. But I shall pass over the blunders I committed during its progress, how I salted Mary Rose's muffin instead of my own, poured the cream into the sugar-basin and took a bite at the tea-pot lid. "Pop the question" haunted me continually, and I feared to speak even on the most ordinary topics, lest I should in some way betray myself. Pop—pop—pop! everything seemed to go off with a pop; and when at length Mr. Morton hinted to Mary and her mother that it was time for them to *pop* on their bonnets, I thought he laid a peculiar stress on the horrible monosyllable, and almost expected him to accuse me of some sinister design upon his daughter. It passed off, however; and we set out for the church. Mary Rose leaned upon my arm, and complained how dull I was. I, of course, protested against it, and tried to rally: vivacity, indeed, was one of my characteristics, and I was just beginning to make myself extremely agreeable, when a little urchin, in the thick gloom of a dark entry, let off a pop-gun close to my ear. The sound, simple as it may seem, made me start as if a ghost had stood before me; and when Mary observed that I was "very nervous this morning," I felt as if I could have throttled the lad; and inwardly cursed the inventor of pop-guns.

We had now arrived in the middle aisle, when my fair companion whispered me—"My dear Mr. ——, won't you take off your hat?" This was only a prelude to still greater blunders. I posted myself at the head of the seat, sang part of the hundredth Psalm while the organist was playing the symphony, sat down when I should have stood up, knelt when I ought to have been standing, and just at the end of the creed found myself pointed due west, the gaze and wonder of the whole congregation.

The sermon at length commenced; and the quietness that ensued, broken only by perambulations of the beadle and sub schoolmaster, and the collision ever and anon of their official wands with the heads of

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refractory students, guilty of the enormous crime of gaping or twirling their thumbs, gave me no opportunity of collecting my scattered thoughts. Just as the rest of the congregation were going to sleep, I began to awake from my mental lethargy; and by the time the worthy parson had discussed three or four heads of his text, felt myself competent to make a speech in parliament. Just at this moment, too, a thought struck me as beautiful as it was sudden—a plan by which I might make the desirable tender of my person, and display an abundant share of wit into the bargain.

To this end I seized Mary Rose's prayer-book, and turning over the pages till I came to Matrimony, marked the passage, "*Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?*" with two emphatic dashes; and confidently pointing significantly to myself, handed it to her with a bow. She took it!—she read it!!—she smiled!!! Was it a smile of assent? O how my heart beat me in my bosom at that instant—so loud that I feared the people around us might hear its palpitation; and looked at them to she if they noticed me. She turned over a few leaves—she took my pencil which I had purposely enclosed in the book—and she marked a passage. O ye gods and demigods! what were my sensations at that moment! I grasped the book—and I squeezed the hand that presented it; and opening the page tremblingly, and holding the volume close to my eyes (for the type was small, and my sight not quite as good as it used to be), I read—O Mary Rose! O Mary Rose! that I should live to relate it! "*A woman may not marry her grand-father!*"

Forgiveness.

Sweet are the words—"Thou art forgiven,"
When falling from an injured friend;
Like music from the choirs of Heaven,
They deeply in the heart descend.

"Forgiveness"—attribute divine!
Its generous purport may I feel—
That love from all my actions shine
On every soul with whom I deal.

"Forgiveness"—Oh how sweet the word
That trembles on the quiveing lip,
When one has strangely, sadly erred,
And held with Vice companonship.

"Forgiveness"—it has magic power
To draw from devious paths of sin,
And when the clouds of passion lower,
Make peace and sunshine glow within.

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Thoughts which are Thoughts.

SELECTIONS.—BY JOHN T. BANGS.
Georgetown, D. C.

Richelieu at a very early period in life gave proofs of a great genius, and his education being entrusted to the care of able masters, he soon showed that the hopes entertained of his rising to eminence were well founded. After finishing his course of studies, he went to Rome, where he was consecrated Bishop of Lacon, when he was only twenty-two years of age. It is said he employed deception to procure a bull from Pope Paul V, by making him believe that he was two years older, and that he afterward demanded absolution for having told this falsehood. It is added that his Eminence upon this occasion said, "This young Bishop has abilities, but he will one day be a great villain."

Richelieu, one day conversing with the Marquis de Vienville, gave a very just idea of his own character. "I dare not venture to undertake anything," said he, "without having first well deliberated; but having formed my resolution, I pursue my object, beat down all opposition, and afterward conceal the whole under my red cossack."

Louis XIV said one day to Father Massilon, "I have heard many great orators in my chapel, and have always been well satisfied with them; but every time I hear you I am dissatisfied with myself."

A celebrated writer once said that the paradise of an author was to compose; his purgatory, to read over and publish his compositions; and his hell, to correct the printer's proofs.

Two persons of Naples having neglected to send for their portraits, which had been painted by Lucas Giordano, the artist resolved to expose them to the public, with the inscription, "I am here through want of money." By this scheme, he soon got his money.

Philip of Macedon, in his famous letter to Aristotle, asking him to become the preceptor of the infant Alexander, says, "I am less grateful that the gods have given me a son, than that he is born in the time of Aristotle."

It is said of the Emperor Theodocius, that he frequently used to sit by his children, Arcadius and Honorius, while Arsenius taught them. He commanded them to show the same respect to their master that they would to himself, and surprising them once sitting whilst Arsenius was standing, he took from them their princely robes, and did not restore them for a long time, and not even then without much entreaty. So

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high a compliment to one who administered instruction, marked the value set upon instruction itself.

Rutilius was told in his exile that there would ere long be a civil war that would bring all the banished men home again. "God forbid!" said he, "for I had rather my country should blush for my banishment, than mourn my return."

Judge B., in reprimanding a criminal, was answered by him, "Sir, I am not so great a scoundrel as your honor——takes me to be." "Put your words closer together," said the Judge.

"To the high and warm soul there is no bond on earth like that of sentiment. And why? It is the free choice, the unshackeled desire, the spontaneous self-dedication. The absence of outward chains only makes the inward consecration more absolute, even as the dictate of honor is more imperative, with a high-toned man, than all the authority of law or custom."

"Few, if any, fellow beings, however near and dear, are fitted to share the confidence of our inmost affections. They have a sacredness, a delicacy, and individuality, which makes us shrink from exposing them, even to friendly observation."

"Not easily forgiven
Are those who, setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the light."

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, says Seneca, and yet we have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.

"How different is the view of past life in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, and fruitful fields, and can scarce rest his eye on a single spot of his possessions that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower."

"He who pampers the selfishness of another does that other a mortal injury, which cannot be compensated by any amount of gratification imparted to him."

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Love, Petrarch maintains, is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good. It is a blessing or a bane, a weakness or a strength, a fearful or a glorious experience, according to the soul in which it is engendered.

Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light when she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds—the one, that small,
Beloved, and consecrated spot
Where *Lea was;* the other, all
The dull, wide waste where she was not.—*Moore.*

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.—*Burns.*

She sleeps, and from her parted lips there comes
A fragrance, such as April mornings draw
From the awaking flowers. There lies her arm
Stretched out, like marble, on the quilted lid
And motionless.—*Cornwall.*

"Farewell!
"And is he gone?"—on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude!
"'Twas but at instant past, and here he stood,
And now!"—Without the portal's porch she rushed,
And there at length her tears in freedom gushed;
Big, bright, and fast, unknown to her they fell,
But still her lips refused to send "Farewell!"
For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise hope, there breathes despair.—*Byron.*

Graceful and useful as she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes;
Pure bosomed as that watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face.—*Cowper.*

Confused, she heard him his soft passion tell,
And on the floor, entwirl'd, the spinale fell;
Still from the sweet confusion some new grace
Blush'd out by stealth, and languish'd in her face.—*Ovid.*

Oh! Love; 'tis the sweetest and frailest of flowers
That grows by the wayside or gladdens our bowers;
Ere its prime, by the breath of the storm it is riven,
It may *bud* on the earth, it must *blossom* in Heaven.—*Kilbourn.*

Graceful manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections in the heart.

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VARIETIES.

MINERALS WE EAT.—"All know" says the Portland Transcript, "that many men have a great deal of brass in their composition, but perhaps all are not aware of the variety of minerals that enter into and form a part of the human system." A writer in Dickens's Household Words thus tells the story:

These minerals, which are interwoven with the living structure of the plant, are taken up into the fabric of the animal. And to us they are as important as to the meanest vegetable that grows. I, who write this, boast myself living flesh and blood. But lime strengthens my bones, iron flows in my blood; flint bristles in my hair; sulphur and phosphorus quiver in my flesh. In the human frame the rock moves, the metal flows, and the materials of the earth, snatched by the divine power of vitality from the realms of inertia, live and move and form part of a soul-tenanted frame. In every secret chamber of the brain there lies a gland, gritty with earthly mineral matter, which Descartes did not scruple, with a crude scientific impiety, to assign as the residence of the soul. You could no more have lived, and grown, and flourished without iron, and silicia, and sodium, and magnesium, than wheat could flourish without phosphorus, glass without silicia, cress without iodine, or clover without lime. We are all of us, indeed of the earth, earthy.

A MAN with an enormously large mouth, called on a dentist to get a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instruments and was about to commence operations, the man of mouth began to strain and stretch his mouth till he got it to a most frightful extent. "Stay, sir," said the dentist, "don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand on the outside to draw your tooth."

A FRENCH writer says that if any one knew one half of what is said or thought about him, he would be ashamed to walk in the street in open day. Flatter ourselves as we may, the best of us do not escape being pecked at—no; not even by many of those whom we call our friends. Our own, like other people's friends, are very apt to be similar to some of the Hindoo idols—double faced.

THERE is beauty enough on earth to make a home for angels.

Two Austrian custom-house officers in endeavoring to decipher the name of a traveler on his trunk, made it out to be "Varenti Solizier." It was booked accordingly as his name. The plain English of it appeared to be "Warranted Sole Leather," which the box contained.

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A GENTLEMAN does not rightly mean a person of high rank, great wealth, or illustrious descent. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself and in his judgment of others requiring no law but his word to make him fulfill an obligation, such a person is a gentleman, and such may be found amongst the tillers of the ground and every class of laborers.

IT strikes us that there is a 'world of wisdom' in the following question—brief as it is: "Every school-boy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half-a-dozen blooming responsibilities, and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor who having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to some body."

NO two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one.

THOUGHTS that are eternally on one's lips are like straws on the water; they rest upon the surface, and are prominent to all but the utterly blind, but they are too light to remain anywhere, and float down the stream of society, till they pass away, without leaving the slightest remembrance behind. But the inward reflections of the soul are like the rocks in the bosom of the ocean; they are permanent, and never exhibit themselves but to those who dive deeply; but, when once discovered, they stamp themselves in our memory, until we are willing to persuade ourselves that they are absolutely necessary as so many beacons to warn us from the shoals of error.

POOR DELIVERY.—A waggish fellow slightly troubled with an impediment in his speech, whose quibs and quibbles have been relished by many of us, while one day sitting at a public table, had occasion to use a pepper-box. After shaking it with all due vehemence and turning it in various ways, he found that the crushed pepper-corns were in no-wise inclined to come forth, "T-t-t-h—this p-pe-pepper," he exclaimed, with a facetious grin, "is something like myself."

"Why so?" interrogated a neighbor.

"P-poo-poor delivery," was the reply.

THERE is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest is too short if it do not.

"MASSA, one of your oxen's dead—t' other too; was 'fraid to tell of 'em both at once, 'fraid you could n't bore it."

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THE LANGUAGE OF MOTHER EARTH.—Plants are, as it were, the most direct language of the earth. Every new leaf, every strange flower, is some secret that is pressing forth, and which, because it cannot speak for joy and love, becomes a mute, quiet plant. When we find such a flower in a solitary place does it not seem as if the little feathered ones loved best to dwell in its vicinity? Over the whole dry world is flung the green mysterious carpet of love. With every spring it is made new, and its strange writing is only known to be beloved, like the poises of the Orient. Forever will he read, and never read his fill; and daily becomes aware of new revelations of living nature.

A BEAUTIFUL superstition prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over the grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over the one grave.

FAME is like a river narrowest where its birthplace is, and broader afar off.

A MAN of wealth more depends upon his wife than his income. Some women will cause their husbands to become rich on five hundred a year; others can scarcely keep out of jail on five thousand. Saving has made more fortunes than getting one. If married men are poor, in nine cases out of ten it is their wives' fault.

THE moral cement of all society is virtue; it unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. The good may well be termed the salt of the earth. For where there is no integrity, there can be no unanimity.

DISPUTES.—How much soever a person may be inclined to dispute with his fellow-man; however often his passion may get the mastery of his wisdom and his tongue—yet I believe there are none, possessed of ordinary intelligence, who do not often muse on the folly which belongs to the petty word quarrels in which men are so often engaged. There are men who, being led into disputes, wax warmer and warmer as the conflict increases, until finally they separate in high dudgeon, both inwardly vowing that "there never was such an obstinate old fellow as that Jones," or Brown as the case may be. For such men I have two rules selected—one from Jefferson and one from M. Aurel. The former says: "When you are angry always count ten before you speak." And the latter, "In all differences, consider that both you and your enemy are dropping off, and that ere long your very memories will be extinguished."

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THE HAMMER.—The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention and the ploughshare of peaceful agriculture. In ancient warfare the hammer was a powerful weapon, independent of the armor which it formed. The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clink points out the abode of industry; it is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as well as the humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, or a carriage rolls, a wheel spins, an engine moves, a press speaks, a viol sings, a spade dives, or a flag waves, without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown, and the human species only as defenceless brutes; but in skillful hands directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness, and of true glory.

What is wanting in reason upon an argument is too often supplied by rage.

REMEMBERING SOMETHING OF A SERMON.—Went to dine one of these days at Hughes's, at Devizes. Was taken by reverend neighbor Money in his gig, and returned with him at night. Our chief guest, Dr. Thackery, the Provost of King's. An anecdote of Dr. Barnes, who is now about ninety-five years of age, rather amused me. Being sometimes (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked with him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted that he had been wide awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," he answered; "it was about half an hour too long."—*Diary of Thomas Moore.*

AT the Astor House, not long ago, a gentleman saw one of the guests give his fork to another, with "just stick this fork into that potato for me, will you?" His unneighborly neighbor did as he was requested, and left it sticking there!

MISERY is easily excited to anger, and ignorance soon yields to perfidious counsels.

IT is a noble species of revenge to have the power of a severe retaliation, and not to exercise it.

THE thinking man hath wings; the acting man hath only feet and hands.

WHEN the Duke of York was obliged to retreat before the French army at "Dunkirk Races," Sheridan gave us a toast at a dinner party, "The Duke of York and his brave followers."

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QUERISTS' DEPARTMENT.

"Is a brother who has only received the Patriarchal, or the Patriarchal and Golden Rule Degrees, entitled to the semi-annual password?"

We answer in the language of the Journal, page 2146: "Such a brother being entitled to admission whenever the Encampment is open in the Degree he has attained, is certainly entitled to the semi-annual password, to enable him to work his way in."

"If a member inquires of the Secretary the amount of his indebtedness to the Lodge, and pays the amount stated by the Secretary, can he be legally deprived of benefits, if taken sick, upon the Secretary's afterward discovering that he had made an error in stating the amount of the brother's arrearages?"

We answer in the negative. The G.L.U.S., at the session of 1852 (see Journal, page 1935), decided that when a member inquires into the state of his account, and pays the amount stated by the Secretary to be due by him, the Lodge is bound by the act of the Secretary, if there be error on his part in stating the true condition of the account, and the brother, although actually in arrears, is acquitted thereof, by the error of the Secretary, and he is entitled to benefits notwithstanding.

"Has a Lodge the right to confer the Degree of Rebekah on any brothers other than her own members, upon satisfactory proof of their good standing in the Order?"

It is frequently done, though we think very improperly. The G.L.U.S. (see Digest, page 221, § 7), has decided that "No Lodge can confer Degrees upon a member of another Lodge, except with the consent of the Lodge to which the brother belongs." We should consider this law as binding in regard to the Degree of Rebekah as any of the others.

"Is not the custom, generally prevalent among our Lodges, of circulating our Odes among the ladies during the meetings for conferring the Degree of Rebekah, a breach of the laws passed by the G.L.U.S.?"

No. At the session of 1852 (page 1983, Journal), it was decided that "There is no objection to any part of our Odes being sung at the times ladies are introduced into the hall, to receive the Degree of Rebekah." The secrets of Odd-Fellowship are designed principally to guard against imposition, and nothing that will tend to increase the admiration

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and respect of non-members for the institution, is viewed as improper. Our Odes breathe the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship in every line, and their introduction into the work of the Degree of Rebekah can be productive of no evil consequences.

"If a sister Lodge initiate a person whose residence is nearer our Lodge, without our consent, are they bound by law, to refund the fee to our Lodge?"

That depends upon the law of your Grand Lodge. Your course is to complain to the Grand Lodge, whose duty it is to take cognizance of such matters, and they will see that justfce is awarded the complaining Subordinate. Under the old Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States, the thirtieth by-law directed State Grand Bodies to enact laws to prohibit their Subordinates from initiating persons at places remote from their residence, when Lodges or Encampments are located in their immediate neighborhood; but in the new Constitution and By-Laws of the G.L.U.S. there is no provision in regard to the matter at all, and the whole subject is very properly left for local State legislation.

"Brother D. having served as Secretary and Vice Grand, and not being elected Noble Grand in rotation of office, on the twenty-fifth night of last term, the N.G., W. occupying the chair, resigned his office as N.G. to be re-nominated for the present term. Brother D. was nominated and elected, closed the Lodge on the twenty-fifth night, presided on the twenty-sixth night, and on the first night of the present term opened the Lodge, and retired as Past Grand for the present term. Is he entitled to sit as P.G. and entitled to the honors of both offices, as no excuse for this course was called for, other than as above, to elect Brother W. to the office of N.G.?"

The law is plain. The brother who fills an unexpired term of office, to which he has been elected to fill a vacancy, is entitled to the honors of the full term, and the brother resigning loses them. One night's service to fill a vacancy, is enough to entitle a brother to the honors of the office. So says our law.

"Is a Grand Patriarch clothed in appropriate regalia when he wears simply a royal purple scarf, without an apron?"

He is not. We quoted the law on this subject in our Querist's Department for September, page 191. Art. 20, By-Laws G.L.U.S., prohibits the adoption or use of any other regalia than that prescribed by the G.L.U.S. Scarfs are not allowable. His appropriate regalia is a purple collar and black apron, trimmed with gold-colored fringe or lace, or both. He should also wear the jewel of his office.

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INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

We resume our report of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge at the last session. We had not, up to the time of going to press, received the daily journal for Saturday and Monday, and have, therefore, availed ourself of the Emblem's report, from which we have quoted freely.

The rule of order, providing that each Standing Committee should consist of three members, was amended by substituting five for three.

The following resolution was presented by Representative Parker, of California:

"*Resolved*, That the several State, District, and Territorial Grand Lodges have jurisdiction over all suspended members residing within their territorial limits, and may prescribe the terms upon which they may be admitted to membership."

It was discussed with much ability by the mover.

The statement was made that for one member in good standing who had been admitted to the California Lodges, there are eight who have been suspended on this side of the Rocky Mountains. There are nearly thirty thousand members in this position.

The resolution was declared out of order by the Chair, though the Representative was allowed to proceed, without objection, so as to place the condition of California Odd Fellows before the Order.

A resolution was passed to request each Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment to furnish a bound complete copy of its proceedings to the Grand Lodge of the United States, to be kept in the Grand Secretary's office, for the use of the Representatives.

A resolution from the Grand Lodge of Texas, "that a law may be passed, providing for the reconsideration of a ballot for a rejected candidate for membership when all brothers depositing the black-balls make such application," was referred to the Legislative Committee, reported favorably upon, and indefinitely postponed.

The proposition to cut down the representation of the different Grand bodies to one member, but allowing two votes to that one in case of a constituency of more than one thousand, was next taken up, and rejected.

The proposition to amend the Constitution so as to deprive Grand Encampments of their representation was indefinitely postponed.

The proposition to do away with annual sessions was killed by a very decisive vote.

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The proposition to increase the representative tax from fifty to seventy-five dollars per annum, was discussed with ability on both sides, and lost.

The proposition to lay a large fine upon Lodges and Encampments who initiate persons out of their respective jurisdictions (see Journal, page 2532) was read and rejected. The reason for this action will be found in propositions made by the representatives from California.

A motion to hold the next session in New Jersey was lost.

The resolution, that hereafter the price of cards furnished to Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments be twenty cents each, was passed. Toward the close of the session of Saturday, another proposition was made to increase the price of supplies twenty per cent., and almost unanimously adopted.

Baltimore was fixed as the place of the next meeting of the Grand Lodge, giving the Grand Sire power to call the session elsewhere in case of epidemic disease in Baltimore.

The Grand Lodge refused to adopt the proposition from Massachusetts, to allow Subordinate Lodges to exercise discretionary power in the reinstatement of members indefinitely suspended for non-payment of dues.

The mileage and per diem resolution of the last session was repealed, and five cents per mile fixed as the charge for mileage. The per diem was increased to three dollars. This renders the expenses of the session about twenty-five hundred dollars more than it would have been at the the previous rates.

A report from the Legislative Committee, declaring it inexpedient to authorize public installations, was adopted.

The question of mergement of the Patriarchal and Lodge Degrees came up on the second day of the session, and was killed by the decided vote of 27 to 48, notwithstanding a resolution was passed for a committee to consider the subject.

A resolution to call upon the Subordinate Lodges and Encampments to decide whether the two branches of the Order should be merged, was presented by Rep. Askew, of Delaware. It was defeated by a vote of 51 to 32.

The proposed amendment to the Constitution (Journal, page 2488) providing for the installation of officers of the Grand Lodge at the conclusion of the session at which they are elected, was taken up and indefinitely postponed.

Constructive mileage, amounting to about six hundred dollars, was allowed to one of the California members.

The Grand Treasurer was authorized to negotiate a temporary loan, on the credit of the Grand Lodge, for such sum as the immediate wants of the Treasury may require, and the Grand officers were directed to execute the note of the Grand Lodge for this purpose.

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The Grand Lodge refused to legislate upon the subject of granting permission to the Daughters of Rebekah to attend installations.

It also refused to legislate upon the subject of permitting Subordinate Lodges to hold their meetings monthly instead of weekly, the enactments on that subject being already sufficiently explicit.

Rep. Dwinelle, of California, offered an amendment to the By-Laws, as follows: "That when a report from the Committee of Appeals, on a resolution accompanying the same, is before the Grand Lodge, it shall not be in order to introduce any statement of facts not contained in the same, nor to raise any side issue. This amendment is not to prevent a re-committal for the sake of amendment, nor to obtain a statement of facts." The motion was carried.

The petition for a charter for an Encampment at Lahiana Maui, Sandwich Islands, was rejected.

DECISIONS.

The Grand Patriarchs and their Deputies were granted power, under certain circumstances, to confer the Royal Purple Degree upon Scarlet members, for the purpose of organizing new Encampments.

All final and visiting cards must be signed by the holders thereof, in the presence of the officer from whom they receive the password.

Power was granted to Subordinates to remit, in whole or in part, all dues accruing during the term of suspension.

The officers of Subordinate Lodges and Encampments shall not be installed nor furnished with the semi-annual password, unless the reports, returns, and moneys due from such Lodges and Encampments to their respective superior jurisdictions, be actually made and placed in the hands of the proper officer, or be actually in transit to the proper destination.

The wearing of gold and silver trimmings on the regalia of the Daughters of Rebekah is in contravention of the provisions of the Degree of Rebekah and the laws of the Order.

There is no general law of the Order limiting or regulating the number of times a candidate can be proposed after rejection. The inquiry is a matter for local law.

A Grand Representative's privilege of introducing visitors into Subordinates, is confined exclusively to the jurisdiction or branch of the Order which he represents in the G.L.U.S.

A brother holding a withdrawal card which has run out of date, may be recognized as an ancient Odd Fellow, and be allowed to renew his membership by the deposit of said card in a Lodge at the place of his residence, subject to the payment of such fee as the local law may require.

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A brother suspended from membership in his Lodge is thereby cut off from all benefits and privileges, and in case of his death during such suspension the Lodge incurs no new liability on account of his decease.

It is not competent for a Lodge, after its first term, to elect scarlet members to the office of Noble Grand, when brothers who have served as Vice Grand were in nomination, except in cases where all qualified members refuse to accept the office of Noble Grand, then the Lodge may elect a scarlet degree member, provided, however, a dispensation for the purpose be first obtained from the proper authority in the jurisdiction to which the Lodge belongs.

A D. D. Grand Sire has no authority by virtue of his office to issue warrants for Lodges or Encampments, or to reclaim or recall charters of Lodges or Encampments, who persist in doing work irregularly. It is his duty to report any irregularity to the Grand Sire, who alone under authority of the Grand Lodge of the United States, can reclaim or cause to be recalled all charters issued by this Grand Lodge.

The law regulating the Degree of Rebekah allows the wife of any scarlet member, in good standing, of a Subordinate Lodge, to be entitled to receive the degree; consequently a State Grand Body does not possess the power of authorizing its subordinates to require any pecuniary compensation for conferring said degree.

A brother holding an unexpired withdrawal card retains a right to prefer charges for unworthy conduct against a member of his Lodge during the year for which said card extends.

It is the right of a Lodge to examine a visiting brother every night he may present himself for admission, and must be introduced by the examining committee.

A Grand Body has full power not only in its resumption of the powers of a subordinate which has become extinct, but in its original control over all the members of the Order in its jurisdiction; even while a subordinate is in full operation, a Grand Body may direct it to restore a suspended or expelled member without its consent. This discretionary power implies, of course, a wise and judicious investigation into the circumstances of every case presented.

A Grand Master when visiting a subordinate in his official capacity, is entitled to the honors of the Order, but a Grand Master may visit in his individual capacity as a member of the Order, and upon such visits he should not expect to be received with the honors. It is only when he announces himself as Grand Master that the visit becomes official.

A brother suspended for a definite period for non-payment of dues, when that time expires, is placed precisely in the same position in which he was previous to his suspension; and if the Lodge wish to discipline him further, his case must be taken up again; but a brother sus-

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pended for a definite period as a punishment for some specific offense, upon the expiration of his term of suspension he is *ipso facto* restored to membership.

There is no law of the Order regulating the payment of a greater amount of weekly benefits to scarlet degree members than those of the royal blue. The matter is left entirely to local legislation.

IOWA.

BURLINGTON, Oct, 11th, 1856.

BRO. TURNER:—The annual session of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, adjourned yesterday afternoon, having been in session three days. There was a great deal of business done. On Thursday the following Grand officers were elected, and installed, viz: Wesley Moorland, Oskaloosa, M. W. G. M.; B. B. Woodward, Davenport, R. W. D. G. M.; C. N. Smith, Eddyville, R. W. G. W.; Wm. Garrett, Burlington, R. W. G. S.; Thos. Hughes Iowa City, R. W. G. T.; John Pope, Maquoketa, R. W. G. Rep. The G. Master made the following appointments:

J. W. Jones, Eldora, W. G. Marshal; L. H. Lee, Iowa City, W. G. Conductor; Hiram Price, Davenport, W. G. Chaplain; J. S. Dunham, Anamosa, W. G. Guardian; Harper Riggs, Mt. Pleasant, W. G. Messenger.

The next session of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment will be held at Mt. Pleasant. The Grand Encampment met on the 8th, at 7 o'clock, P. M., and elected the following Grand Officers:

P. M. Cassady, of Fort Desmoines, M. W. G. C. P.; Thos. D. Evans, Fairfield, R. W. G. H. P.; F. H. Lee, Iowa City, R. W. G. S. W.; Wm. Garrett, Burlington, R. W. G. Scribe; Thos. Hughes, Iowa City, R. W. G. S.; Jos. A. Smith, Farmington, R. W. G. J. W. The Grand Representative holds over. The G. C. P., appointed C. E. Noble, Grand Sentinel.

There are now in this jurisdiction ninety-eight working Lodges and fifteen Encampments.

On Thursday there was a large procession, and address by P. G. M. Wm. Rounseville, of Illinois, and in the evening a supper given by the Odd Fellows of Davenport to the members of the Grand Lodge and visiting brethren. A large number of ladies graced the table with their presence. After supper, a number of appropriate sentiments were read, and were responded to in short speeches by members of the Grand Lodge, and others, and the company separated about 11 o'clock. All seemed delighted to have been present on the occasion. The Odd Fellows of Davenport deserve great credit for the manner in which they got up the entertainment. The address of Bro. Rounseville was a very able one, and the G. L. passed a resolution asking Bro. R. to furnish us with a copy for publication.

Yours, fraternally,

WM. GARRETT.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

Our readers will perceive, from advertisement on the cover, that Bro. O. P. Gray has withdrawn from the Casket. He has been associated with us in the business management for over two years, and it is with feelings of regret that we dissolve a connection so agreeable. Bro. Gray carries with him our best wishes for his future prosperity.

As we desire to close all outstanding accounts without delay, we would request those knowing themselves to be indebted to us to make payment forthwith. Those residing at a distance, can remit by mail at our risk, by registering their letters.

The Franklin Statue at Boston.—On the 17th of September, last, the statue erected by the admirers of the illustrious Franklin, in honor of his services to his country, to science, to philanthropy and progress, was inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies. A long procession, in which many thousands participated, paraded the principal streets of the city. Among the participants were the City and State Officers, the Military, the Fire Department, the Trades—including Printers and Telegraph Operators at work—Masonic Fraternity, Order of Odd Fellows, and other benevolent societies, the Children of the Public Schools, Merchants' Clerks, and, in short, representatives of every industrial class in Boston. The following paragraph, we extract from a description of the pageant in an Eastern paper:

"Succeeding these, came the Franklin Lodge of Odd Fellows, No. 23, instituted 1843. At their head was a beautiful banner, on one side of which was a portrait of Franklin, surrounded by the different insignia of the Order. On the other side, on the top, was the inscription, 'In God we trust,' and beneath, an eagle holding in its beak a wreath inscribed 'Friendship, Love, and Truth;' below that a Bible, and at the bottom the inscription, 'Odd Fellows only, when we speak and act like honest men.'"

We may here remark that the base of the Franklin statue is of plain Quincey granite, with suitable inscriptions carved on its four sides. The pedestal is a beautiful block of mottled Verd Antique marble, and the statue is of bronze, cast at the establishment of the Ames Manufacturing Company, of Chickopee, Mass. It is eight feet in hight, weighs a ton, and cost $10,000. The total hight of the pedestal, die stone, and statue, is twenty-seven feet. The artist is Mr. Richard Saltonstall Greenough, a brother of Henry and Horatio.

In reading an account of this brilliant pageant, one cannot but reflect upon the wonderful advance of education and science during the last

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century. It is only one hundred and sixty-six years since the first attempt was made at Boston to establish the pioneer newspaper of the new world. This was a sheet of four quarto pages, one of which was blank. Now, from that city, and from all parts of the United States, from populous cities, reared on sites which were then unexplored, are issued mammouth papers, filled with intelligence from the four quarters of the globe, all of no later date than two or three months. Art, science, manufactures, have kept pace with this wonderful progress, and in the procession held on this occasion the results of them were displayed by the artizans who participated in it. It would be interesting to review this progress at length, by comparing the present with the time of Franklin, when he, as an apprentice in his brothers office, was laying the foundation of that usefulness which the world is now ready to acknowledge, but this would require more space than we have room, at present, to devote. We may hereafter recur to this subject.

SUPPLIES.—Grand Secretary Ridgely reported to the G.L.U.S., at the last session, that the amount of supplies sold from Sept. 17th, 1855, to Sept, 17th. 1856, realized the sum total of $8,075.65. The cost was $1,037.33, leaving a profit to the Grand Lodge of $7,038.32. At this session the price of cards was increased one hundred and fifty per cent., or, to twenty-five cents each, in order to provide for a deficit in the revenue of the Grand Lodge. This would increase the revenue, provided the sale of cards continues as large as heretofore, some $6,500. Of this deficit in the revenue, and the causes leading thereto, we shall have more to say in a future number.

WE received, some weeks since, a copy of a paper published at Peoria, Illinois, containing the announcement of the destruction by fire of Mess Nason & Hill's printing office. Their loss was over $4,000. We cerely sympathize with them, and hope they will be able to re-com without embarrassment. They are the proprietors of the M which had just commenced a new volume. Having mislaid th we are not advised whether their loss was covered by insurance.

If any brother can furnish us with the May number of the Meme for the present year, we will be greatly obliged.

THE Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Indiana will meet at the Grand Lodge Hall, in Indianapolis, on the third Tuesday of November, 18th inst.

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Messrs. Middleton, Wallace, & Co., of Cincinnati, have just published a beautiful lithograph of Odd-Fellowship, designed as a Lodge-room or parlor ornament. Its execution is in the most finished and artistic style of the art, and it merits an extensive sale. A portrait of Past Grand Sire Wildey, copied from a photograph taken while he was in Cincinnati, on the 24th of April last, is suspended in the center by three links from the beak of an American eagle, while appropriate emblems and devices peculiar to Odd-Fellowship surround the portrait, and render it of peculiar interest to the fraternity.

We have received from some unknown brother, a copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, at the July session, 1856. The following preamble and resolutions, submitted by a special committee, we find among the proceedings:

Whereas, This Grand Lodge has learned, with feelings of deep sorrow, the mournful intelligence of the decease of Bro. Marine Ruffner, first Grand Master of the State of Mississippi; and whereas, Bro. Ruffner may well be considered the pioneer of Odd-Fellowship in Mississippi, he being one of the petitioners, in 1837, to procure the Charter for the Grand Lodge, was present at its organization, and elected its first Grand Master in 1838, which office he filled with honor to the Fraternity and pleasure to himself—

Resolved, That while the Fraternity through the State deeply mourn the loss of our worthy brother, we still retain fresh in our memory his many virtues, and untiring efforts to spread the cement of brotherly love and affection.

And further resolved, That as a full expression of the Fraternity, of the high estimate of his worth, both as a man and as an Odd Fellow, this Grand Lodge order that this expression of their feelings be spread upon the minutes, and Bro. Grand Secretary be requested to transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased, and also the G.L. of Ohio, of which he was a member.

In the Grand Lodge Hall, at Baltimore, is a library belonging to the
r containing twelve thousand three hundred and forty-five volumes.
haracter of Odd Fellows, as readers, may be estimated, when we
hat the average weekly loan of books is five hundred and fifty-
umes. This library, we are informed, is supported by fines, dona-
, and a tax of one cent per week upon the members. What may
the institution do, if the members are faithful?—*Emblem.*

Harper's Magazine, the leading American Monthly, commences a new volume in December. For general information, accounts of foreign travel, excellent stories, gems of thought, wit and humor, affording variety for every taste, Harper has no equal.

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Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TUNRER.

VOL. VI. DECEMBER, 1856. NO. 6.

Little Amy.

BY MATTIE B. WHIPPLE.

CHAPTER I.

"I am going, Amy, dearest—I am to be a sailor!" cried young Henry Mitchell, in an enthusiastic voice, as he burst open the parlor door, and rushed into the presence of his uncle's ward, nearly overturning the work-stand in the hurry and confusion of his entrance. "I am to be a sailor after all; do you not rejoice with me in my good fortune?"

"Most certainly, dear Henry; I am ever glad to see my friends happy," replied Amy; yet on her brow there was a shade of sadness, and the melancholy smile which accompanied her words almost contradicted them.

"And yet," said the boy, in a reproachful tone, as he turned on her the light of his beaming eye, "I would wish that you might miss me in absence—that you might grieve when I am gone."

"I *shall* miss you—I shall grieve for you!" exclaimed his companion, earnestly, and bending down to conceal the tears that started in her eyes. "Who have I in the world to care for me, save yourself?"

"My uncle!" answered the boy; "you have forgotten him, Amy."

"Forgotten him! No, no!" cried the girl, passionately. "How could *I* forget?"

There was a pause, during which the eyes of the young couple sought each other for an instant, and were as hastily withdrawn—a painful silence, which was broken by the youth, who said:

"I leave you, Amy, on the threshold of womanhood, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth, luxury, and refinement, about to plunge into the giddy vortex of fashionable life; you are young and beautiful," and here his eye dwelt fondly on the sweet face at his side, "you are lovely and good. You will also be heiress to my uncle's wealth. If it were not

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for this—if you were poor—if you could return again to the forlorn state in which I first knew you, I would dare to speak freely to you of the sentiments with which you have inspired me. At present I *dare* not tell you what I feel—I *must* not speak of *what* you are to me."

"You mistake, Henry," said Amy, very gently, and with a hightened color, "if you think I could ever permit your uncle to do you the injustice you hint at. He has taken the outcast and the wanderer to his bosom—Heaven forbid that *she* should repay *his* generosity and trust by robbing his nephew of his inheritance."

"Nay, Amy, nay," answered the boy, touched by the manner of his companion, "it is yours by right. I will seek my own fortune; and some day, perhaps—who knows?—will return with wealth and fame, to lay my trophies at *your* feet."

"Not at *my* feet, I beg," cried Amy, laughingly, and catching some portion of the boy's spirit. "If you force upon me your uncle's vast possessions, I shall be too rich already; and as for fame, why—"

"You would rather win it for yourself," interrupted Henry. "You are right. I was wrong to hope, for a brief moment, that my success or advancement could be dear to you."

"A truce to this nonsense, Henry," exclaimed the girl, who laid her soft hand upon his brow. "You are wilfully cruel when you affect to believe that you are an object of no interest to myself. Your success and happiness are dearer, far dearer, to me than my own."

"Say it again, Amy, darling," whispered the boy, eagerly. "It will be such a solace, in my absence, to think of those kind words."

She blushed at his earnestness, but smilingly shook her head.

Again there was a long, long silence, and again it was Harry who spoke first.

"Amy, are you sorry I am going?"

"You asked me to rejoice with you," answered the girl, "and now you ask if I am sorry. Is it possible to feel both gladness and sorrow at the same thing?"

She spoke low—she tried to speak gayly, but those were certainly tearful tones, and her eyes were downcast.

"I hope you are not glad, dear Amy. I want you to be *all* sorry—won't you?"

Still the downcast eyes, and this time no answer.

"Say, Amy, will you ever think of me when I am gone?"

"Yes," said the girl, very softly.

"When!" questioned the persevering lover.

"*Always*," answered Amy, looking up, and smiling through her tears—a smile like a gleam of sunshine 'mid an April shower, so full of perfect love and perfect trust—so eloquent, so *speaking*, it needed not her

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words to translate the thoughts which filled her heart—as laying her hand within his own, she added, "Till you prove unworthy of a thought."

And thus, hand clasped in hand, and heart beating near to heart, they sat and dreamed until the shadow of the evening twilight filled the room with a solemn and mysterious awe; and later still, when the mellow radiance of the August moon poured its flood of silver light in at the uncurtained window, they were lingering on the same spot, nor was it till that brilliant orb hastened toward its setting that the maiden stole from the embracing arm which would fain have detained her, and with a soft good night and lingering pressure of the hand, bounded up the stair-case to her own room, to live over again, in the silence and solitude of its safe retreat, the tender scene in which she had just played so conspicuous a part—trying to quiet the throbbings of her happy heart, blessing the sweet wakefulness that was yet full of delicious repose, and ending her joyful revery by sinking at last into a blissful dream, to be awakened by the carols of her birds, seeming to sing to her the "high hopes and bright imaginings of love."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Mitchell, the uncle of Henry, was a bachelor of sixty years, but a man of kindly nature and genial manners, who seemed bent on enjoying life, and all the good things of this world. He obstinately refused to be old, and despite his gray hairs and wrinkles (and they *will* come, reader, even to a *young* man of sixty!) was gay and care-free, while his merry laugh and witty jest made him the life of the social circle and the agreeable companion of almost all his acquaintances. It had been said that in early youth—in that bright season when romance colors so beautifully the sweet visions of life, and throws over every scene the magic of its rainbow-tinted charms—he, too, had loved—and vainly. Be this as it may, we will not presume to speculate upon it, particularly as it would be difficult to fancy that portly gentleman, with the merry eye, the ruddy face, and not unpleasing superfluity of flesh, the sentimental, ill-at-ease lover. It were hard to believe that he could make

"Sonnets to his mistress's eye-brow."

We can not fancy him "anything but what he is;" yet how know we "what he may have been?" For Time writes wrinkles on the smoothest brow, and the fires of romance must pale before the approach of age. And so, lady, the lover who now, with manly head and curling locks, bends down to catch the faintest echo of thy music-tone, whose step is free and fearless as the mountain deer, and whose dark eye speaks to

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thee in love's own language—poetry; he, too, may change! The head must bow beneath the weight of years, the step must falter and grow weak, the eye must dim, the poetry must vanish! Alas! Alas! Dream on, bright youth; build airy palaces, and fill them with forms of surpassing beauty! The time will come when you can dream no more!

But Mr. Mitchell. If he had loved, it had not certainly "preyed on his damask cheek," for he was at sixty years, as I have said, care-free, happy, and contented. He was a man of many charities, yet he was unostentatious in his alms-giving. He went about quietly, seeking what good he might find to do, and when found, "doing it with all his might."

His nephew, Henry, was an orphan, and had been his ward—almost his son—from very infancy. It was thought by every one that he would be his uncle's sole heir. But one day Mr. Mitchell returned from a ramble in the city, bringing with him a little girl, whom he introduced as his future companion and sister. He had found her in the streets, and touched by her seeming destitution and the appealing sweetness of her face, had brought her to his house, where he intended taking care of her.

The little Harry was too young to be worldly. He thought only of the beauty and sorrow of this new claimant on his protector's love and care, and willingly unlocked to her the largest chamber of his boyish heart.

When Mr. Mitchell first brought his foundling home, he had not thought of making her co-heiress with his nephew. He intended to educate and fit her for some employment or profession whereby she could earn a livelihood; but she was so loveable and sweet, so gentle and willing to be taught, that the heart of the old man and the boy soon became bound to her by the strongest and most enduring fetters. They ceased soon to think of a time when she should be theirs no longer, and Mr. Mitchell determined to adopt her as his daughter.

In settling upon this course, he had not forgotten the claims of Henry, whom he loved very dearly. He intended to make them equal sharers of his fortune, and perhaps, too, he hoped that a union of his adopted children was not impossible, and thus the divided wealth would be again united.

He did not tell his nephew this. He was a man of much wisdom, and was acquainted with many sciences. Amongst the rest of his gifts, he was an accomplished and skillful reader of the human heart. Knowing, then, the perversity of this troublesome "member," he forbore to speak of his wishes on this point, lest the young people should take the alarm, and "be off" in the opposite direction. He did wisely—did he not, reader? For you perhaps know from experience how you detest the "very agreeable person" whom papa or mamma selects for your com-

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panion, and how, with corresponding and (I am sorry to say) not unnatural fervor, you dote upon one on whom they have placed their ban.

Mr. Mitchell had often told Henry that he ought not to love little Amy so, for she was going to cheat him out of his inheritance; and believing this to be true, the boy was anxious to begin the world on his own account, and his boyish ambition, joined with his bright hopes, deemed all things in the future possible of accomplishment.

We have seen how, on the eve of his departure in search of fortune, he had spoken to his childish companion of the sun-bright fancies which young love creates, and how, all unwittingly, and wishing yet to leave her unfettered by a single promise which her maturer years and riper experience might seek to recall, he had thought aloud, as to a second self, and the words were hidden away in the deepest and tenderest temple of young Amy's heart, to be dreamed over in the long years which are to come—to be forgotten, *never!* So thought she then, in the sweet simplicity of her maidenhood's first dawn of feeling. Will it be always thus?

CHAPTER III.

Henry Mitchell has been gone some months, and little Amy, though she finds the great house somewhat gloomy and dull without the sunshine of his smile, the inspiration of his presence, yet goes cheerfully about her daily duties, and forgets not, in the midst of the tender sadness his absence has left around her, that there are others for whom she must be glad. In her own heart is hidden "the pang, the agony, the doubt," but outwardly she is unchanged.

Her kind father (for such is the title she has ever bestowed upon Mr. Mitchell) is doubly kind to her since Henry's departure, and spares no trouble or expense to gratify her slighest wishes. He has expressed a desire that she should mingle with the gay world, and has procured for her a *chaperone*, to initiate her into the mysteries of fashionable life; and night after night they swell the tide of eager votaries, filling the halls of some "bright particular," until Amy's beauty, fascination, and grace become the theme of every tongue.

I will not say that the adulation offered to the youthful heiress was distasteful. It is human nature—and more especially woman's nature—to desire popularity and favor. There is no person insensible to admiration, and while we may not seek to win it, we are ever grateful for its voluntary offerings. To Amy all this was novel and delightful, and, yielding herself to the charm of the hour, she thought not how fleeting is such pleasure—how unsubstantial, hollow, and unreal; but with the happy spirits of seventeen, gave herself up to "mirth and music," and basked in the sunshine of the present.

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"Here is a letter from my young friend, Mr. Lincoln," said Mr. Mitchell, one morning at breakfast, "saying that he is going to pay me a visit. I have not seen him for several years, but when last we met, he was a very handsome fellow. So, Amy, just look your best, and who knows but you may captivate him?"

"I dare not hope it, dear papa," replied Amy, with a bright smile. "My admirers are invariably ugly. Who is your other letter from?"

"I have not read it," said Mr. Mitchell. "But allow me to ask where this formidable-looking package hails from?" and he handed her a heavy letter as he spoke.

She blushed as she took it, but replied quickly, "From Henry, I presume. It bears his seal and superscription. Excuse me—is your coffee sweetened?"

"Yes, thank you, it is very nice." And the sly old gentleman laughed at the fair girl's confusion, as he proceeded to unfold his other letter, thus giving her an opportunity to read hers. But she did not touch it. She had no desire to read it there, for she knew her face would "have a story to tell," and she wished to be away from the searching gaze of her father.

"Another visitor coming," exclaimed Mr. Mitchell, looking up to meet the dreamy eyes of his daughter fixed upon him, as though she would have begged him to swallow his breakfast quickly, and set her at liberty. "My fair niece, Leila Montgomery,"—and there was a smile of irony upon his lips as he added—"Perhaps she has a strong motive for honoring our poor mansion thus: but she is welcome. She will be here to-morrow; and my Amy, in consequence of this new and important addition to her household, must "rattle her keys" as loudly as ever did Dame Durden, and think of nothing in the world but dignity."

"Impossible!" responded Amy, laughing. "I am not the least bit of a Dame Durden, and you have spoiled me too completely by all your kindness, to make dignity, as you call it, a thing of easy accomplishment."

"Bless my soul! Your letter is yet unopened!" cried the old gentleman, looking at the edge of it, half hidden by the tea-urn. "I should not have thought my poor Henry's missives could be treated so indifferently—and he away on the "far seas," too. Run up to your room, my dear, and read it as quickly as possible, and when I come home to dinner you must tell me all about it. I must go now, indeed—good bye!" And kissing the burning cheek that was now pressed against his bosom, he bustled out of the street-door as though half the lives in the city depended upon his haste, leaving pretty little Amy alone with her treasure.

Let us, fair reader, imitate his magnanimity, and forbear to intrude on the sweet secrets of a loving heart.

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And the crimson flush on that round cheek—the glad sparkle in the deep, dark eye—the elastic step and smiling lips—do they not tell the story? Ah! words are of little use when the heart speaks thus eloquently from every feature.

CHAPTER IV.

Months passed. The waning summer faded away into the rich glory of the riper autumn, and autumn gave place to the storms of winter, and winter was again melting into spring; yet still Mr. Lincoln and Leila Montgomery are the guests of Mr. Mitchell.

Clarence Lincoln was a bachelor of thirty-five, and a particular favorite with his host. He was tall and well made, but his face could not be called handsome in repose, yet when he smiled, every feature lighted up as if by magic, and you pronounced him at once the finest looking man of your acquaintance. There was, too, a peculiar fascination in his every glance, which it seemed impossible to resist—a melancholy, half-tender expression, which called forth both sympathy and respect. He was a man of genius—a poet and an orator—and deeply versed in every branch of human or natural science. His gifts were numerous, and amongst the rest, he had the faculty which so few possess in any great perfection, and which is the true secret of popularity—that of adapting himself to any circumstances, and making himself agreeable to any person.

It may be supposed that such a companion was a dangerous one for the two young ladies, and I must say that Miss Montgomery soon "fell in love," after the most approved fashion, with his perfections. Our little Amy possessed a talismanic charm in the memory of Henry, or there is no telling but she might have been a victim likewise.

"What think you, Mr. Lincoln?" said Leila Montgomery, as that gentleman entered the drawing-room, where she and Amy were occupied with their sewing. "Miss Amy says she don't like bachelors. Isn't that awful?"

"I commend her good taste," replied Mr. Lincoln, good-humoredly. "They are very stupid and disagreeable creatures; only I should think the tender heart of Miss Amy would pity instead of hate!"

There was a softening in his tone, as he thus addressed himself to our heroine, and a graceful, almost tender inclination of the head, which the fair Leila liked not; so she answered quickly:

"Don't call *her* tender-hearted, pray! She is the most cruel, cold—"

"You are entirely mistaken, Miss Montgomery," interrupted the gentleman. "Miss Amy is everything that is good and lovely."

"Thank you for your generous defense," answered Amy, and her

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lovely eyes were upraised, full of a kindly light. "You think too highly of my good qualities; yet I am not, I trust, so devoid of feeling as Leila jestingly asserts."

"Oh! no; you are a saint, I am sure!" exclaimed Leila, sarcastically. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Lincoln, for having slandered this paragon."

"You should rather beg *her* to excuse your rudeness," said Mr. Lincoln, calmly, "since she is the party most nearly concerned; and I presume I ought to ask yours for having spoken so plainly. Will you forgive me?"

"O! certainly," said Leila, in restored good humor; "there is nothing to forgive."

"It is an easy task, then," responded Amy. And she ran to meet Mr. Mitchell. Clarence followed her with his eyes, and when she kissed her father, and laid her head on his shoulder, in the old childish way, Mr. Lincoln sighed.

"For what do you sigh?" questioned Leila, softly.

"Did I? It was involuntary."

"Shall I tell you why, Mr. Lincoln?" again asked Leila Montgomery.

"Yes, do," replied the bachelor; but his wandering eye still followed the fairy form of Amy,—and again, was not that a sigh?

"You do not listen," exclaimed Leila, impatiently; and she turned away disappointed.

"I am all ears," replied Mr. Lincoln, approaching her (for by this time Amy and her father had disappeared). "Tell me, fair one, why I —— What was it you promised to make known?"

"Come in the garden with me—we have yet a half hour till dinner—and I will tell you the meaning of that ominous sigh. Come?"

"Where the roses bloom; of course,—yes," said Mr. Lincoln, absently; but with some show of gallantry, he gave her his arm, and they wandered forth.

The pair walked backwards and forwards for some time in silence, and at length the lady spoke:

"I have made a discovery, Clarence Lincoln."

"Have you, indeed?" inquired he; *but he did not ask her what it was.*

"How provoking!" thought the baffled schemer; yet she took great pains to conceal her chagrin.

"You love Amy Mitchell!"

"I *dare* not," was the low reply.

"And why? What is there that Clarence Lincoln might not dare?"

"She is betrothed to another."

"And thus lost to you."

Was there triumph in that tone? Mr. Lincoln looked into her eyes. They were clear and radiant; there was no trace of scorn or sarcasm

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there. As to a friend he spoke: "Amy can be naught to me. If she were free and unfettered, I could not hope to win her; how much less could I dream of doing so when she is betrothed to one young and happy like herself." He turned to leave her. She had sunk into a seat, and, with face buried in her hands, was sobbing passionately.

"Oh! Clarence, Clarence!—cruel, unkind!"

"Miss Montgomery, what mean you?" said he, in surprise. "What have I done? how offended?"

"You have not offended,—you have done nothing improper,—but you do not love *me*."

"Miss Montgomery—Leila! do not, I pray, make *me* the subject of an idle jest. I will forget what you have uttered. Let us return to the house, and when we meet again you will be more composed, and able to view this matter in its proper light."

Awed by the grave manner of Clarence, and ashamed of the weakness she had exhibited, she dried her tears quickly, and rising, said, with a graceful smile: "Mr. Lincoln will pardon my unwomanly outburst. I am an orphan, and my life has been a lonely one. I have had no experience, no skill, in concealing or controlling my feelings. My heart was touched, and all unconsciously betrayed itself. It is an offense not likely to occur again."

She placed her hand within his arm, and suffered him to lead her to the house. They found everything there in a state of confusion, and Mr. Mitchell, with sad looks, gave Clarence a letter containing the news of his nephew's death. It was from an old mate of his, and gave full particulars of the time and manner of his decease.

"My poor blighted flower!" said the old gentleman, with tearful eyes, "My Amy, now indeed both orphaned and widowed,—how will she bear this sore trial!"

"God will give her strength," answered Clarence, earnestly. "He 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' and in the hour of desolating anguish will be near to console. Mr. Mitchell, I came to say 'Good-bye.' I have been with you a great while, and I must be off."

"Do not go, Clarence," cried the old gentleman, fervently. "I can not lose you both. Stay, and be to me, nephew, son, brother, everything. I cannot let you go."

"As you will, my dearest friend. If I can be of any service,—if my presence will impart any cheer, I will gladly accede to your wishes. Where is Amy?"

"In her own room. She asks to be left alone. Poor dear! poor dear! What can we do to comfort her?"

"Nothing," answered Clarence. "It is best to leave her to herself. Words are indeed a mockery to those who suffer thus."

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CHAPTER V.

Again, over three years, we have let fall the curtain—and again the bright radiance of a May sunset crimsons the window-panes of Mr. Mitchell's town-house, and turns to gold, the fair hair of the gentle Amy, as she bends above her book.

Fairer she seems, and paler than when last we met, and a gentle shadow rests upon her brow, but her beauty is more spiritual and angelic than of yore, and the bright smile that hovers on her parted lips, speaks of resignation, of peace, of hope.

She has struggled successfully with her sorrow, and time has softened its bitterness; she lives for others now, *not* for herself, and with brave little Katie Stewart, is "keeping up her heart."

And Clarence Lincoln bends down his head, with gentle tenderness to whisper in her ear. There is a glad sparkle in his eye that is more joyous than of old—a sudden gush of happiness when the earnest look meets his—and then, ah, then *he smiles*, that winning, thrilling, captivating smile, so dangerous to woman's heart—and so peculiarly his own.

They arise and go out into the garden; now she leans upon his arm, and he, gazing upon her, feels that there is

"But one beloved face on earth,
And that is shining on him."

"Amy, dearest, may I love you *now?* You read my heart—its hopes, its fears, its wishes, and its aspirations. Can you doom it to despair? The lone man, who has, in life, but one idol, offers you now what you have ever had, his *first, best, only*, dearest love. Will you accept the gift?"

The pretty face was hidden for a moment, and then she answered:

"Clarence, you know how I have loved Henry, and with what tenderness I yet think upon the past—you know, too, what you are to me. If the entire love of a spirit which has now none other to care for, will suffice, if you scorn not this poor requital, *I am yours.*" He drew her gently towards him, and in the sweet silence of that holy hour pressed on her upturned brow the first kiss of a love changeless as eternity itself.

And so night came—night, with its train of glorious stars, each seeming, in its far-off and perfect radiance, a type and symbol of the exquisite serenity of heaven—night with its grandeur, with its solemn stillness, filling the heart with pure thoughts, bright imaginings, and lofty aspirations for the greatness that makes sublimity, and fits us for association with the angels. And still in its mystic shadows, revelling in the beautiful and starry silence, yet bound by a spell more deep and potent than any contained in the enchanting harmony of nature, wandered the lovers, he, whispering to her in the low tone that makes such music

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to the trusting and believing spirit, and she, with beating pulses, sparkling eyes, eager uplifted face, listening to the blissful and mysterious words that proclaim her "dearer than all the world beside," and wishing only that thus, all beautiful and rainbow-dyed, the bright, sweet hours of their twin-life might *ever* glide.

"I told you Amy would soon forget Henry. Am I not a true prophetess?"

The speaker was Leila Montgomery, who, after an absence of two years is again on a visit to her uncle. There is all the old tone of bitterness in her voice as she speaks of Amy, and she looked triumphantly at her uncle, as though she expected him to be of the same opinion.

"Heaven grant that she may have forgotten him!" exclaimed Mr. Mitchell, fervently.

"Do you—can you wish her to form another attachment?" asked Leila; and her searching eyes scanned the countenance of her companion.

"I wish her to do exactly as she pleases," answered the old gentleman, bluntly.

"I am sure she has always done that," responded Miss Montgomery, testily, "I don't see how any one can be so bewitched by a pretty face, as to be led around by that child like you permit yourself to be. And your own blood-relations nothing in your sight."

"My blood-relations have never put themselves out of the way to oblige *me*," said the old man, quietly, "therefore they can have no claim upon me—and my pretty Amy has ever been to me dear as a daughter."

"And what, pray, has she ever done for you?" persisted Leila. "I was not aware before of the extent of your obligation to that pretty plaything. What has *she* done for you more than I?"

"*She has loved me*," aaid Mr. Mitchell, earnestly, "deeply, tenderly, truly, and in utter guilelessness of heart. She has brightened my lonely home with her gentle playfulness—she has been a sun-beam on my path, dispensing rays of happiness and cheer. In return my life shall be devoted to her pleasure—and when I die she shall inherit my wealth."

"She has played her cards skillfully," replied the discomfited Leila. "It is not every *beggar* that can become an heiress—as I shall take occasion to tell her, at my earliest convenience."

Mr. Mitchell rang the bell. A servant appeared.

"Tell James to bring out the carriage immediately. Miss Montgomery is going to ride." And turning to his pale and affrighted niece he said:

"In a half hour from now you must leave my house. If you had kept your temper within bounds, you might have ever found a home

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within its walls, but my daughter must not be insulted, and altho' I grieve for your disappointed hopes, I can do nothing else. Let me have the pleasure of wishing you good evening."

"Present my compliments to Miss Mitchell," said Leila, with white lips and distorted brow, as he turned to leave her—"and say that I congratulate her on accepting the cast-off lover of LEILA MONTGOMERY.

"I shall do so, I shall do so," answered Mr. Mitchell, smilingly," and in the presence of Clarence Lincoln, too, who may, perhaps, admire the masterly manner in which Miss Montgomery covers the disappointment of her dearest hopes, and the gentle message she sends to one who has never wronged her, even by a thought. Adieu."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Mitchell and his daughter were seated in the library in earnest conversation. The subject was her approaching marriage with Clarence Lincoln.

"Let it be this day fortnight, then, dear Amy. Your lover is very impatient at your perversity in thus delaying his happiness. Shall I tell him?"

"Oh! tell him nothing, my more than father," interrupted Amy. "I fear, indeed, that it can never be."

"What! Amy, darling, my own, my pretty one, do you already repent of your bargain? Do yon not love Clarence?"

"Not as he wishes, not as he should be loved" replied Amy, gently. "He has waited faithfully to see if I could not learn to appreciate him. Alas, dear father, such things are never learned, and I feel now, that what I mistook for passion, was but the tender glow of a grateful and confiding friendship."

"He loves you, Amy," said Mr. Mitchell.

"How can he?" sighed Amy, in reply.

At this moment Clarence Lincoln himself appeared, and with him a stranger, tall, bronzed but handsome, whom he was beginning to introduce as his friend, Mr. ——, when, with a wild cry of joy, little Amy threw herself upon the bosom of her long absent lover, Henry Mitchell!

If was indeed true. Henry Mitchell was not dead, although the friend who had written his uncle had supposed him to be so. He had suffered a great deal, but had finally recovered, gone to some foreign land where fortunes are to be picked up like pebbles, and had returned with his coveted treasure to claim the hand of his plighted bride. And now there was indeed joy in that stately mansion for the lost was found—the mourned living—and every heart beat happily, and every eye welcomed the wanderer to his native home.

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Yet was it a gladness not wholly without alloy. The sweet hopes which had begun to bloom in the heart of Clarence Lincoln must be crushed down, the wildness of his love must be subdued, he must give his idol to the arms of another; but his affection was unselfish, and he could better bear the pang, knowing that she, who was his all, would be happy.

And so, when days had passed, and she came to him, in the sweetness of her enchanting and child-like simplicity, and asked him to forget the past, and be to her as a brother, when her fair hand stroked back the hair from his forehead, and her soft cheek was pressed against it, he gazed into those gentle eyes, dearer and lovelier *now* than ever before, and forgetting, for the moment, that this was not the love he had so pined and prayed for, mutely promised every thing she asked.

And the happy lovers thus again re-united, strolled forth into the autumn sunshine, while the lone man, with his idol shattered rudely from its shrine, his high hopes low in the dust before him, sat watching them in their innocent and unconscious beauty, till they vanished from his sight, then crouching back into the deepest shadow of the darkened room, with head drooped low upon his bosom, he (pardon him, reader) shed his first and bitterest tears.

Henry and Amy were married, in due time, and Clarence Lincoln, all trace of sadness banished from his manly brow, pressed on the young bride's cheek a kiss of brotherly congratulation, and then vanished from her sight to be seen no more that day, but when, on their return from the bridal tour, she was newly installed mistress and, house-keeper supreme, of the handsome mansion where her girlhood had been passed her whilom lover again came forth to welcome her, and now, a happy, favored and an honored guest, he is often seen around the fire-side of the Mitchell's; nor could you guess by that serene tranquil face, how the glorious hopes of his manhood have been dimmed, or the bright joys of his elysium trampled into dust, and cast, torn and bleeding, at his feet.

For her sake he has concealed it all, and with the ardor of his feeling, softened and toned down by the glow of a pure and fervent religion, he looks forward to a meeting with her, in that starry land "where sorrow is unknown, and Farewell is never uttered."

Be Honest.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep thou in innocence.

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Recollections.

I've pleasant thoughts which memory brings,
In moments free from care,
Of a fairy-like and laughing girl,
With roses in her hair;
Her smile was like the starlight
Of summer's softest skies,
And worlds of joyousness there shone
From out her witching eyes.

Her looks were looks of melody,
Her voice was like the swell
Of sudden music, gentle notes
That of deep gladness tell;
She came like Spring with pleasant sounds
Of sweetness and of mirth,
And her thonghts were those wild flow'ry thoughts
That linger not on earth.

A quiet goodness beam'd amid
The beauty of her face,
And all she said or did was with
Its own instinctive grace.
She seemed as if she thought the world
A good and pleasant one,
And her lightsome spirit saw no ill
In aught beneath the sun.

I've dreamed of just such creatures,
But they never met my view,
'Mid the sober dull reallty
In their earthly from and hue;
And her smile came gently o'er me
Like Spring's first scented airs,
And made me think life was not all
A wilderness of cares.

I know not of her destiny,
Or where her smile now strays,
But the thought of her comes o'er me
With my own lost sunny days—
With moonlight hours, and far-off friends,
And many pleasant things
That have gone the way of all the earth,
On Time's resistless wings.

ODD FELLOWS do not find happiness in another's sorrow, but in assugg

Wallenstein.

BY WALTER HARBRON.

A glance at the present political divisions of Europe would fail to reveal many of the principalities and sovereignties that in the early part of the seventeenth century constituted the Germanic Empire, over which reigned Ferdinand II. Various accessions of territory, by marriage, purchase, and inheritance, had rapidly increased the extent and power of the duchy of Austria, raising it from the rank of a mere province to that of an important State, and giving it a corresponding influence in the councils of Germany. Continuing to extend its limits, Austria finally became much greater than any other State of the Empire, until, in 1438, the reigning duke was elevated to the imperial throne. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, the vast and continually increasing power of Austria having excited the jealousy, and her oppressive policy against the doctrines of the Reformation, the fears of the other German States, roused the latter to active preparations for the defense of their religious and political freedom. In 1618 hostilities commenced, and continued almost without interruption until 1648. This war is known in history as the Thirty Years' War. It was a contest between the Catholic princes of the Empire, with Austria at their head, and Saxony and the Protestant States, aided by Sweden and Denmark.

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It was in this war that Wallenstein became known to fame, and acquired a reputation equal to any general of his time. Albert Wellenstein, Duke of Friedland, was born in 1583. He was of a noble family, and greatly increased his wealth and power by marriage. The kings of Sweden and Denmark were preparing to join the Protestants, and the Emperor, without an imperial army, was entirely dependent on the troops of his Bavarian and Spanish allies. At this juncture, Count Wallenstein, the richest nobleman of Bohemia, offered, at his own expense, to raise, clothe, and maintain, for the Emperor, an army of fifty thousand men. This project, though considered chimerical, was gladly accepted, and entering at once upon his object, the Duke soon gathered around his standard a large force of adventurers whom the reputation of his generalship and his princely munificence had attracted.

It soon became manifest that the General had no intention of defraying the expenses oi his troops out of his private income. Marching his troops into fertile districts, which had not yet suffered from the ravages of war, he subsisted them by contributions levied indiscriminately on friend and foe; towards hostile States he urged the plea of right,—towards the favorably disposed he alledged necessity. Those who had been thus despoiled, appealed to the Emperor for protection against his outrages, but Wallenstein, feeling himself absolute in the army, now turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances of even his sovereign. His extortions from those who thus came within his power are stated by a cotemporary to have been, during his seven years' command, not less than sixty thousand millions of dollars, from one-half of Germany. But the murmurs against the General became louder and more universal, on account of the violence of his proceedings, and his haughty demeanor having excited many of the Catholic princes against him, who added their influence to secure his disgrace, the Emperor at last yielded to the pressure, and deprived him of his command.—Wallenstein retired with calmness, fearing the confiscation of his immense estates should he longer defy the Emperor,—and relying on the promises of an astrologer, by whom he

FERDINAND II.

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DEATH OF COUNT TILLY.

was always accompanied, that he would shortly be restored to his position as Generalissimo of the Emperor's forces.

Returning to private life, he surrounded himself with almost regal magnificence, and seemed to mock at the sentence of degradation, A hundred houses were pulled down to make room for the court-yard of his palace at Prague. Says Schiller: "Gentlemen of the noblest houses contended for the honor of serving him, and even imperial chamberlains resigned the golden key to the Emperor, to fill a similar office under Wallenstein. He maintained sixty pages, who were instructed by the ablest masters. His antichamber was protected by fifty life guards. His table never consisted of less than 100 covers, and his seneschal was a person of distinction. When he traveled, his baggage and suite accompanied him in a hundred wagons, drawn by six or four horses; his court followed in sixty carriages attended by fifty led horses. The pomp of his liveries, the splendor of his equipages, and the decorations, were in keeping with all the rest. His own circle was as silent as the approaches to his palace; dark, reserved, and impenetrable, he was more sparing of his words than of his gifts; while the little that he spoke was harsh and imperious. He never smiled, and the coldness of his temperament was proof against sensual seductions. Ever occupied with grand schemes, he despised all those idle amusements in which so many waste their lives. He was a man of large stature, thin, of a sallow com-

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plexion, with short red hair, and small sparkling eyes. A gloomy and forbidding seriousness sat upon his brow; and his magnificent presents alone retained the trembling crowd of his depedents."

The Swedish hero, Gustavus Adolphus, had meanwhile appeared on the arena, and was triumphing over the imperial forces. Count Tilly, of Bavaria, was commanding the forces of the Emperor, and contested the highest meed of honor as the first military chieftain of the period with Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus. Meeting, at length, the king of Sweden, before Leipsic, an engagement ensued in which, with the advantage on his side, he was totally routed, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. After this engagement he never recovered his cheerfulness or his good fortune. He had been wounded in the engagement, but the pain of surviving his reputation, and the loss, in a single day, of the fruits of a long life, was far more grievous than the most severe bodily affliction. He was shortly after wounded by a cannon-ball, when on the eve of giving battle to the Swedish king, from the effects of which he died.

Gustavus Adolphus had acquired a reputation for invincibility that filled the enemy with consternation wherever he penetrated, and Ferdinand, now trembling for the safety of his Empire, hastened to conciliate the powerful Count whom, two years before, he had deposed. The haughty Wallenstein, though burning with impatience to recover his former position in the army, concealed his inward triumph by a show of reluctance. In answer to the overtures of the Emperor, he artfully depicted the pleasures of ease and tranquility, incidental to his private station, and which he was loth to give up. Wallenstein at length consented, but only on terms of even more haughty independence than before. Thirsting for revenge on account of his former disgrace, he was meditating the basest treachery against Ferdinand, and aspiring to the crown of Bohemia. He had previously made overtures to Gustavus to join his standard in warfare against the Emperor, but the King, suspicious of the integrity of his intentions, declined his offer.

His first step was to raise another army, and such was the magic of his name, that the warlike youth of Germany crowded around his standard, and in a short time he encountered the Swedes at the head of a powerful and well-epuipped army. He had the advantage over Gustavus and his Sazon allies in the early part of the campaign. He recovered several provinces from them, and defeated Gustavus when the Swedish king attacked his camp at Nuremberg. Wallenstein afterwards lost the great battle of Lutzen (Nov. 10, 1632) in which Gustavus fell; but he re-organized his army in Bohemia, and was expected by the court to press hard on the foe, now that they were deprived of their great leader.

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But Wallenstein was busily engaged in gaining over the army to rebel against the Emperor and aid him in his ambitious schemes of self-aggrandisement. He now set the Emperor and his decrees at defiance and forbade a subaltern officer, under pain of death, to obey the mandates of the court. His continued insolence, and equivocal conduct towards the enemy at length convinced Ferdinand that the flying reports in regard to his traitorous designs were well founded, and he sent orders for his arrest. Conscious now that his personal safety depended on the step which he had originally meditated solely for selfish purposes, Wallenstein, with unwavering faith in the mysteries of the astrologer's science, was awaiting a favorable configuration of the stars ere he made the bold movement of resisting the Emperor, when he was assassinated at Egra, by some of the creatures of the Emperor. His career was thus terminated, February 25, 1634, at the age of fifty years. His murderers were rewarded by the Emperor, and the vast possessions of the Duke, which had yielded him the immense sum of three millions of florins yearly, were confiscated.

The character of this extraordinary man was a singular mixture of virtue and vice. A doubt even exists in regard to the truthfulness of the charges against his loyalty to the Emperor. His biographers were those who were unfriendly to him in life, and the charges for the most part rest on conjecture. We cannot, perhaps, better depict his character than by quoting the following extract from Schiller:

"To ambition, he owed both his greatness and his ruin; with all his failings, he possessed great and admirable qualities, and had he kept himself within due bounds, he would have lived and died without an equal. The virtues of the ruler and of the hero, prudence, justice, firmness and courage, are strikingly prominent features in his character; but he wanted the gentler virtues of the man, which adorn the hero, and make the ruler beloved. Terror was the talisman with which he worked; extreme in his punishments as in his rewards, he knew how to keep alive the zeal of his followers, while no General of ancient or modern times could boast of being obeyed with equal alacrity. Submission to his will was more prized by him than bravery; for, if the soldiers work by the latter, it is on the former that the General depends. He continually kept up the obedience of his troops by capricious orders, and profusely rewarded the readiness to obey even in trifles; because he looked rather to the act itself than its object. He once issued a decree, with the penalty of death on disobedience, that none but red sashes should be worn in the army. A captain of horse no sooner heard the order, than pulling off his gold-embroidered sash, he trampled it under foot; Wallenstein, on being informed of the circumstance, promoted him on the spot to the rank of Colonel. His comprehensive glance was always directed to the whole,

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and in all his apparent caprice, he steadily kept in view some general scope or bearing. The robberies committed by the soldiers in a friendly country, had led to the severest orders against marauders; and all who should be caught thieving were threatened with the halter. Wallenstein himself having met a straggler in the open country upon the field, commanded him to be seized without trial, as a transgressor of the law, and in his usual voice of thunder, exclaimed, 'Hang the fellow,' against which no opposition ever availed. The soldier pleaded and proved his innocence, but the irrevocable sentence had gone forth. 'Hang then, innocent,' cried the inexorable Wallenstein, 'the guilty will have then more reason to tremble.' Preparations were already making to execute the sentence, when the soldier, who gave himself up for lost, formed the desperate resolution of not dying without revenge. He fell furiously upon his judge, but was overpowered by numbers, and disarmed before he could fulfill his design. 'Now let him go,' said the Duke; 'it will excite sufficient terror.'"

Mutual Assistance.

BY P.G. GEO. B. JOCELYN.

A leading feature of Odd-Fellowship is mutual assistance in times of distress and danger. To this principle our Order owes its origin; this is one of the corner-stones of our temple.

Man is subject to the most sudden reverses of fortune. He who to-day riots in all the luxuries that wealth or friends can procure, may to-morrow become penniless and forsaken. To obviate the effects of these sudden reverses, is, in part, the mission of our Order. Our Order teaches that we are all dependent upon each other; that a sympathetic cord runs through the whole family of man; that from the cradle to the grave, we lean one upon the other. This truth our Order admits, and from it seeks to draw a thousand blessings. Our mutual assistance extends to acts of love and kindness, in their most substantial forms. In danger and distress we are bound to warn and assist; and the fulfillment of this duty ensures the ultimate success of the Order. To enable us to afford the pecuniary relief promised, a price for the initiation and degrees and a regular system of weekly dues are adopted. From this fund, created by mutual and equal contributions, we are fully able to fulfill all the pecuniary obligations we have voluntarily assumed. How consoling to the true Odd Fellow to feel that he is a member of a band who rejoice to be able to protect and assist him in the hour of need; that around him are

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hearts that care for him, and hands ever ready to succor him at any hazard, save the violation of law or right.

Nor are these duties performed grudgingly. Pure frsendship, tested best in the hour of adversity, prompts to action. This principle carries the Odd Fellow to the couch of sickness and the chamber of death. In how many parts of our land has this been exemplified! A brother is stricken down by disease; his means are scanty, for his daily toil was his only resource for the support of himself and family. That support has now failed; but his brethren—those who have knelt with him at the altar of our Order—are ever near him. His wants are supplied; his family are cared for; the "cruse of oil and barrel of meal" fail not. They of the "mystic tie" prove to the world that Friendship is more than a name.

But Friendship cannot stay the dart of Death. The brother dies, and is borne to his last and final home.

Years have passed, but the widow of that brother has never been in want; her children have never suffered. The benefactions of the Order have rested upon that family; the mother's wounded heart has been soothed, her burden has been lightened, her children have been saved from penury and want, and their minds and hearts properly educated. And do you think that mother has forgotten those friends of her departed husband?

"Ah! oft, methinks,
That mother taught her little ones to kneel
And fold their tiny hands in earnest prayer
For those true hearts, who, in the hour of need,
Stood, like the guardian angels, with the shield
Of gentle Mercy, 'twixt a thoughtless world
And her sad heart, o'ertasked with grief and care:—
This is Odd-Fellowship—the synonym
Of Charity and Love; and while the prayers
Of these—the widow and the fatherless—
Go up at morn and eve to ask of God
For blessings on the band, the world may storm
And vent its spite in words, but 'twill not break
The ties which bind them; for those precious links
Are held by angel hands: those prayers but form
So many chains that hold the band to Heaven."

This feature alone—the care the Order takes of the widow and the fatherless—should win the respect, if not the love, of every Odd Fellow's wife; and although they are not admitted to our ordinary Lodges, but partake with us the beauties and duties of one Degree, none are so deeply interested in the results of our labors as our wives and daughters. This is one of the crowning excellencies of our Order, and in this point no earthly institution is its superior.

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Man could well brook the bitter disappointments of the world if he had to bear the burden alone. The husband and father could calmly lie down and die, if he felt that he had done all in his power to preserve his wife and little ones from want. Of this the Odd Fellow feels that, under Providence, he has done much to save them from the rude touch of a heartless world. He knows that the solemn obligations of the Order bind all Odd Fellows to protect those he has left behind. He feels that it matters not how poor or humble in earthly pretensions he may have been, his wife and children are as near to the great heart of our Order as are those of the proudest and the most wealthy. Hundreds of children have thus been educated, and hundreds more are now under the supervision of the Order. In this particular alone, the world owes the Order much. Minds and hearts that would otherwise have been left uncultivated, or allowed to grow up and curse the world by their degrading passions, have been taught by our Order the road to fame, and honor, and virtue. This simple fact enlists for us the sympathies of the fair, and there are few women who are not "Daughters of Rebekah" in deed, if not in form. For what woman, in whose heart gushes the pure fount of a mother's love, does not admire this principle—this living principle—in Odd-Fellowship? Here is one of our strongholds—an outward Gibraltar. At the fulfillment of this duty the most querulous can not complain, nor the most sceptical rail. The charity that enfolds in its broad wings the poor orphan, is nearly allied to that of heaven. Above this part of our temple angels hover; and if departed spirits are permitted to participate in the anxieties and joys of this life, how many to-day bend from their celestial abode, and mingle their songs of joy with the hymns of praise that swell from the thousands of orphans educated by our beloved Order!

Such are our professions, and we show to the world that we strive to fulfill them. This has given us unparalled success. Having been brought into existence by the necessities of humanity, the mission of our Order will never be accomplished until the last sigh will be changed into a note of joy.

With these and other sublime and holy truths as a basis, Odd-Fellowship has erected its lighthouse amid Time's troubled ocean. For more than half a century the waves of opposition have lashed its base and cast their spray far up its sides; storms of slander and bitter persecution have gathered and broke above it, but it stands firm and unshaken; and to-day more than four hundred thousand mariners upon life's tempestuous sea hail with rapture its steady light, while Faith and Hope sweetly whisper that Time's last billow, as it sinks into the bosom of eternity's ocean, shall be gilded by its undimmed radiance.

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The Sunset Land.

BY BELLE BUSH.

There is, as Indian legends say,
A land far in the Western wild:
A brighter realm, though dark the way,
Whose light is ever soft and mild.

There is a land whose glorious bowers
Are purer far than Orient climes,
Where bloom the sweet perennial flowers,—
Where birds of song forever chime;

An isle of rest for those who roam
Through wood and solitary wild,
Whose visions, like the thoughts of home,
Shall soothe, in death, the forest child.

Amid its calm and peaceful shade,
When slowly sinks the orb of day,
The trembling rays of sunlight fade,
And melt in silvery beams away.

And o'er its bowers there ever rests
The holy calm of twilight hours;
Like hush of eve, or starlight blest,
With whisp'ring breeze and dewy showers.

Oft had the untutored red-man sought
To find the wand'ring spirit's home;
Released from earth, no science taught
His soul where men's pale shadows roam.

But Nature, with her tuneful lyre,
Threw round his path her mystic spell,
Till, glowing with immortal fire,
New light, new radiance, round him fell.

He marked the day-god's path on high,
Beheld the stars' perpetual round,
And, from the Scriptures of the sky,
The secret of his soul was found.

Then rose, within the red-man's breast,
Emotions deep, and strange, and wild;
Thoughts that, in days of yore, ne'er blest
His waking dreams, his sleep beguiled.

Then in the whispering breeze was heard
The rushing of the spirit wings —
The wind-harp and the green-wood bird
Brought tidings of all fearful things.

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Lo! like the star's ethereal beam,
Light breaketh o'er the loved one's grave,
And Hope's glad rays 'mid darkness gleam,
As sunlight o'er the ocean's wave.

In dreams he looks beyond the vail
That shuts from him the heavenly strand;
When youth, and joy, and life, shall fail,
Then haste they to the Sunset Land.

"There shall the spirit find its youth,"
As, 'wakening from a joyous dream,
'Mid woods of balm, the fount of Truth
Shall bless them with its holy beam.

And there shall the haunts of the deer be found,
By the crystal streams and plains away,
Where the parting sigh, with its mournful sound,
Shall tell no more of the heart's decay;

Where the weary hunter a bower shall find,
And a home 'mid the forest's sylvan shade,
While the Indian maids their locks shall bind
With wreaths of the fragrant myrtle made.

O! there shall they bathe in the fount of life,
And hear the Seraphim's songs unroll,
Till every trace of their earth-born strife
Shall be marked forever from off the soul.

ADELPHIAN INSTITUTE, NORRISTOWN.

Lines.

Oh! never breathe a dead one's name
When those who loved that one are nigh;
It pours a lava through the frame
That chokes the breath and fills the eye;
It strains a cord that yields too much
Of piercing anguish in its breath,
And hands of mercy should not touch
A string made eloquent by death.

Oh! never breathe a lost one's name,
To those who called that one their own;
It only stirs the mouldering flame
That burns upon a charnel stone.
The heart will ache, and well nigh break,
To miss that one forever fled;
And lips of mercy should not wake
A love that cherishes the dead.—*Eliza Cook.*

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Works of Fiction.

BY LUCIAN.

In all ages of the world there seems to have been a motive-power in the mind of man impelling him to cast aside the tedious world of fact and revel through the mazy labyrinths of fiction. Life to him to whom the mighty purpose of the infinite is unknown seems a void, and the great object of existence to glide peacefully down the stream of time, oblivious to all worldly care. The mind stagnates over the dull routine of every-day life, and the imagination seeks a wider scope for its exercise in the luxurious fields of fiction. Wandering back through the dim vista of the past, we find in the early ages "the eternal city," placing on the brow of her Virgil the amaranthine wreath won for his labors in the field of fiction. We see the Vandals, Huns, and the warlike swarms of Germany and the north listening in reverential awe to the fictitious tales of their ancestors from the lips of their leaders. We behold the Anglo Saxon welcoming to his fireside and hospitality, the wandering minstrel, and catching with breathless interest the romantic story of by-gone days. Such was the undivided spirit of fiction that soon spread its capacious mantle over Europe and has since darkened the literature of every clime. But let us come home to our own time, and listen to the hymn of praise from the lips of the willing worshipers at the Mecca shrine of fiction and romance. Even the highly gifted, the brightest gems in the coronet of literary fame, have bent before that altar whose vestal fires are fed by early sacrifices to the iron power of imagination. Yes, the world crowns with laurel wreath of undying fame the brow of a Bulwer or a Sue, and yet how little have they contributed to advance the moral, intellectual, or social condition of mankind! While under the control and guidance of reason, imagination stands preeminent among all the Creator's gifts. Philosophy may lead us to examine into her deep and hidden recesses; Science may open to us the portals of Truth; and Wisdom lead us to a knowledge of mankind, but it is the privilege of this mysterious power to soar over all these and roam through the wide realm of possibility. By its aid we may take the wings of the morning and fly to the farthest parts of the earth, bathing in the sunlight of more genial climes, and gazing upon nature in all her ever-varying forms and in all her matchless beauty and sublimity. But let slip this anchor of reason, and man is irresistibly driven on the rocks of destruction. We regard the influence of works of romance upon the mind as exceedingly deleterious. When once the mind becomes excited by romance, it becomes unfit for action in a world of reality. We sigh for scenes of misery which our hand might alleviate while we become unconscious of the misery and distress which every

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where surround us. It is moreover a principle of our nature that as each of our physical organs are brought out and exercised, they acquire tone and strength. This same law is applicable to our moral natures or feelings. For example, if the organs of pity and charity become excited, these organs must be gratified by some charitable act, or by condolence with some real object; otherwise the growth of these feelings would be stunted and destroyed. But the trials and sufferings of fiction being imaginary, and our emotions being drawn out without any consequent gratification, become hardened, and persons habitually addicted to such reading, become misanthropists. But we are told that in works of fiction, virtue is embodied in the most glowing perfection, and vice is penciled in darkest colors, and that by seeing the rewards and punishments of each, we may be led to follow in the path of virtue and happiness. To this we answer that in the world we see enough of the contrast to lead us in the path of duty and rectitude, without spending the few fleeting moments of a transitory life in this worse than folly. In conclusion, we would point to such reading, as will tend to strengthen the mind, improve the judgment, and give energy and perseverence to the character. We would point to history, by which the student holds communion with the past, and in whose pages the dead rise again, their shadowy forms take shape once more, and the glorious past of which they speak to us lives with a brightness which rivals the glory that clad the world on creation's morn. Lastly, we would point to the bible, "the best of classics," whose lessons of virtue may be learned without bringing the mind in contact with vice. Lessons that will make us happy here and eternally happy hereafter.

Never Get Angry.—It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment, and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool, and he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others, too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious manner? Who wishes him for a neighbor, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in the same state of mind as if they were living next to a hornet's nest, or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and every thing "goes by contraries," will a fit of passion make the winds propitious, the ground more productive, the markets more favorable? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only "in the bosom of fools," why should it be indulged at all?

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The Library.

BY LAURA PENTECOST.

The mansion which stood on Oak Hill was a very queer place, and strangers, when they passed, paused to look again, being always reminded of the times when knights fought about their castles. It was not a castle, though; but a very, very old stone house.

When it was built, for what purpose, or to whom it first belonged, seemed not exactly known; and now that Mr. Glendale had fitted it up for his country residence, inquiry had gradually subsided.

Mr. Glendale had been induced to purchase the farm by the entreaties of his daughter, who was charmed with its oddity. By her direction, a few changes had been made both inside and out—just so many as to introduce most of the comforts and some of the elegancies of times then, without destroying its antique appearance; and upon the small addition made, the workmen had succeeded in the attempt to match the main building. Marian, with her young friends, then hauled from the attic in their house at town all the half-worn furniture that had belonged to great-grandpa when he lived in England. They spent vacation that year in arranging the house, taking care to put the oddest and most old-fashioned things into the quietest and most mysterious-looking corners.

They roamed over the plantation in the greatest glee, racing over fields, riding down lanes, and sliding off hay-stacks about the farm, "like wild deer," papa said. In-doors, they peered into every dark closet, climbed the crooked stair-case, groped though vault passages, etc, searching for something, or a clue to something;—what? they could not tell. But they hunted in vain; they did not see even a ghost!

When all was placed to their fancy, they capered about in delight, declaring they now knew more about how things looked in old times than if they had read a dozen volumes of description, or listened to grandma relate all day. The library! That was the dearest place on the premises. Its walls were not visible for the rows and files of books, of every style and time, that covered its shelves. The Brussells carpet, though somewhat stained with age, still retained its dark square pattern, and ample curtains, of the same somber colors, hung from the window in each deep recess. The great easy chairs, with their flat arms and soft cushions, stood one in each niche of the huge chimney. The sofas, with their flat beds and square pillows, all covered with a blackish material the girls could find no name for, the same that almost hid from view the piano and big table; and the portraits—great-great aunt and uncle—hung at one end of the room, dressed in all the grandeur of their times. Grandma's mother, above the mantle-piece, looked from amid her lace and ruffles,

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straight toward her spouse across the room. He wore his military hat with sword in hand, while the original of both articles Mabell had placed above the picture. Cousin Rose, whose eyes fairly sparkled as they beamed upon you in every corner of the apartment, attired in her beautiful robe, and looking just as she did the morning Sir Arther claimed her as his own, filled the place between the ceiling and thick wooden door that opened into the wide terrace and overlooked the orchard and the river.

It was a damp, drizzling day. Now and then the rain came down in perfect torrents, pattering upon the gravel-walk, falling with a soft rustle upon the long grass, and rattling along in the tin pipes that emptied their contents, with much noise, into the cistern at the kitchen-door.

A fire had been kindled that morning, and the warm ashes were still scattered upon the library hearth. The three friends were there around that same old table with its blackish cover. They had heaped the books and papers upon the mahogany table that stood in the center, to make room for work-baskets. All had work, but none knew it just then. One with eyes toward the window, another with her eyes bent upon the carpet, the third looking at her own hand, each gaze was vacant, when the iron tongs fell upon the fender with such a sudden clatter that each girl started in her seat, and then a peal of merry laughter made the old walls ring.

"Well! well!" cried Fanny; "what do you think! I believe I have actually been meditating for the last half of twenty minutes. Who ever heard of such an occurrence! I, Frances Oakly, thinking of my own accord! You both were in a brown study; but that is an old story. You are often day-dreaming; but I can not imagine what spirit it was that lulled me into thought. Indeed, the fact is so remarkable that it should be memorized; and, now, before either of you speak, allow me to make a proposition. Let each one write upon a blank leaf—now, this very hour—the train of our ideas, as near as possible, as they passed through our brain just as we were now so romantically disturbed."

"I second that motion with all my heart, Fan, and give you credit for introducing a great addition to our day's enjoyments," said Marian.

"Capital!" exclaimed Mabell; "and here is a thin blank book—the very thing; for we must not only write to-day, but appoint some periodical time of meeting here—say two years—when our feelings and circumstances may have changed."

"One thing is positive," added Marian, "viz: this book must be concealed, and never moved from the library. Those who can not possibly arrange it so as to be here, must send their communication to be transcribed by one who is here. One must be present, that is certain. And, Fanny, your sketch will be the richest, no doubt, from its rarity; beside,

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Mabell and I must have time to collect our scattered thoughts; for, what with you and the tongs, I fear they are sadly deranged. So, you write first."

"Agreed!" And Fanny put on a very demure face as she picked up the pen, and wrote. Next Mabell; then Marian. And Fanny, with her half-laughing accent, in a sprightly manner, read:

FANNY, 1840.

I, Frances Oakly, upon the fifth of June, forgot to hem my ruffles, and thought,—Oh! can it be possible that school-days are indeed over; that the teacher of mathematics no more will shake his head, nor the music master strike his cane upon the floor in a passion at my stupidity; and is it a fact that I am now to be a young lady, to go to Philadelphia, to spend the winter with Aunt Mary, in her fashionable house, and amid all her gay and accomplished associates! Yes, I shall see beautiful Cousin Kate, and be kissed by merry Uncle James. I will dance at the balls with the lively Frenchman, listen with all my ears to the talented German musician, go to the theater with everybody who asks me, talk nonsense with the beaux, and languishingly converse with the sentimental Doctor P., and lastly, I will pay that male flirt that they write about in his own coin. My! what a mirthful maiden I am! Then I will bring cousins home with me; we will visit Marian often when hot weather comes; and here, in this house, in this very old room, we will discuss the follies and vanities of fashionable life, while we take home-comfort. Was ever a girl so happy before! Let old folks talk of care and distress; but I see nothing but streams of joy, that flow forever and ever through a world of brightness and beauty.

The girls laughed, but Fanny read on:

MABELL, 1840.

No more schools: no more masters. Next week, we three girls will be eighteen. I am now my own mistress, with time and money to use as I see proper. I have no lawgiver but an indulgent father; no restraint save that of my own conscience. They say my spirit is a proud one; I feel it is. This liberty I have always craved, and now I am satisfied! Next autumn, I start with my father on a tour through Europe. In Great Britain, I shall visit the courts of princes, and mingle with the refined and aristocratic, holding my head high among great people. It is my privilege and my right, by both parentage and education. While in France, I shall roam through the halls of science and the galleries of art; and my soul shall drink deeply of their merit. I shall watch the sullen, suspicious Spaniard in his own cruel country; and shall see the dull, wicked Turk smoke his pipe and sit upon his cushion. In Italy and

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Greece, I will gaze upon ruins that speak of grandeur and wealth; scenes crowded with places celebrated as seats of learning and philosophy that were the wonder of nations. I will climb the Alps of Switzerland, listen to the icy avalanche, look into the yawning chasm, and often, in my travels, will I sail upon the wild, rough ocean. Oh! what would life be without the grandeur of Nature, which shows forth so impressively the great wisdom of a Creator who is mighty and merciful; and where is the soul that would not burn at the prospect of such satisfaction!

"Just like you, Mabell," impatiently spoke Fanny. "Always grand and proud as you are; I am sure you were meant for a princess, and can't imagine how you ever condescended to associate with unpretending people."

But if Mabell was proud, Fanny loved her, and while looking with a provoked expression into her face, received a kiss for her insolence.

MARIAN, 1840.

Life! It's source, purpose, and end. Will life always be as it has been? Sunny, smooth, and joyous! No! No! Clouds gather in the future thick and dark. Each timid heart should be guarded, for the apparition will appear; each frail form should be strengthened for the burden it must bear! I am happy, surrounded by every comfort and blessing I would ask! Yet, even now, that mysterious spell which often falls around me, whispers: "Suffering is near, take courage, and be not afraid!" Then the sweet passage comes to my mind, "Let not your heart be troubled," and I am not afraid! I feel that I can bear whatever God shall send: "Whom he loveth he chastiseth." Oh, may I be given power to wait with patience, and endure with fortitude the dispensation of his will.

"That is Marian to the letter;" and Fanny embraced the sweet serious girl with all the ardor of her impulsive nature. "Always so wise, good, and thoughtful. Always preparing yourself for trouble I never dream of, while your heart sends a hymn of praise up to him, who I often forget ever blessed me. You were to be my guardian angel, I know; but there is the bell for tea." The Library was deserted.

Time had wings, then as now, and so flew away. Bright sunlight flooded the old Library with its cheerful influence, and the birds warbled amid the boughs at the windows. Marian, attired in deep mourning, sat by the table, mending Willie's jacket. A shade of melancholy rested on her face, and the eye, generally so serene and happy in expression, was sad. Fanny, just waking from a nap, still lay upon the sofa. She was

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more womanly in figure, and the thick light hair was rolled and braided becomingly about her head. Happiness, deeper, purer than two years before, had made her first impress, and mischief now beamed from every feature. The cheek glowed and the eye flashed with joy as she took the pen.

FANNY, 1842.

I am happy! So very happy! It is more than I deserve. Life always seemed to me crowded with joy and gladness, but in my wildest dreams, and brightest thoughts I never guessed a moment half so fraught with perfect happiness as this very one.

Why did they tell me not to count on joys, that they would melt. Melted! Then, surely, it is into one great darling, holy file, that crowns my head, carpets my path, nay, and twines itself in wreaths close about my heart. Oh, I knew I should be happy, and all was as I said. I danced, laughed, and flirted, enjoyed life in all its gayest, richest, scenes, but never tasted that drop of bitterness so warned of. I am a bride of three days, and know that I have won a manly, gentle heart, and given in return affection from the fullness of a girlish soul. Every hope, fear, and joy of life in him is centered; to him every thing in my nature that is noblest, truest, and best, is linked by the misty chain of love. Hark! my hand trembles—it is his footstep; I can write no more.

MARIAN, 1842.

My heart sickens, when I think of the mother, who cherished and loved us; when I look upon the poor little children that now run to me with all their infant trouble, and think how poorly I supply her place. I sometimes murmur. Why is this? But the little ones have gotten bravely over the trouble they once took so to heart, and I alone, when they have gone to rest, must still mourn my loss. The house to me has lost its sunshine, I cannot laugh or sing, sorrow reigns supreme within my soul. This is the first great trouble of the many that are to follow; must they, can they be greater than this? But I am wretched and weak; I preach strength, but have none. Have I not a good home, a kind father, indeed, all the blessings of life, except that best and dearest friend who sleeps beneath the willow? She is far happier than I, then why should I call her back? I will not! This depression of spirit is unusual; perhaps it is because papa has gone; his business takes him away so much of late, but when here, he strives to be so cheerful! I, his daughter, should attempt to make his home a very pleasant one. I will, I must. Then, strength that I boasted of, come to my mind: and courage I thought I possessed, show thyself!

Fourteen months ago I stood by the bedside of a dying mother. I

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received her last injunction : " Cast thy burden upon Him who is mighty, that it may be light unto thee." Fanny ! may I be able to rejoice in her joy and be not envious of her life in its brightness ? Dear little Amy frets; a fever-spot burns upon her cheek ; will she too go ?

When Mabell's letter came, Marian transcribed it.

MABELL. (ENGLAND.) 1842.

I have traveled ; I have feasted to my satisfaction upon gayety and variety. I was always proud, and I have grown prouder—prouder of my wealth, station in society, of my family, and my father. Many admire, all flatter me ; I glory in their admiration, but I loathe the flatterer. Many great men have bowed at my feet, have, asking of me love, offered hearts, fortune and rank, if I would be a bride. My heart, always cold, grew colder, I scorned and rejected their suits, yet delighted to bring them to my feet. But one came, as proud and grand as I, my superior in all that I most highly prize ; and more, his heart is better, his aim in life is higher, his purposes are grander than mine. I can look up, but he must look down. He did not prostrate himself before me, but stood erect to offer me his hand and heart ; the bold strength of my spirit melted ; every nerve in my system was unstrung, I loved him ! I told him so ; then wondered at my weakness.

I thought I had no heart, but I find I have, and now the bursting passion has come from its long hidden recess, almost crushing me with its intensity : haughtily I walk by the side of my intended husband, and curl my lip at every other suitor ; but a word from him, and I submit ; his frown pierces my heart, while his smile seats me on a throne of honor. He is mine—great, indeed, is the prize.

I will visit my early friends, then return a wife to my English home, there to be mistress of my own house, queen of society, and, best of all, idol of my husband's heart. Oh ! glorious world to live in, while I am great among the great!

FANNY, 1844.

Two years! and what a change ! The heart they called all sunshine is now all darkness ; sadly have I found it true, that joy does not last, and now it seems the brightness of other days but sharpens the pangs of a now widowed heart. The strong arm that so often supported my frail form, now lies cold and stiff, and the brave heart that beat so close to mine, is still in death. This library brings many happy hours back, but about my little cottage, where the dearest moments of my life have been spent, there lingers still a dying scene. When I look upon the many little

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comforts of my home, so associated with the dear one who has gone, the shade of desolation deepens on my heart. My baby whines; for him must I live. Darling boy! Then come, kind Marian, teach me to find that strong arm whereon you lean so steadily.

MARIAN, 1844.

Two years ago I murmured, and God has rightly punished me. Then I took my mother's place, now another has taken mine. She came as my father's wife, but I could not call her ma! I must; it was papa's wish! I struggled, and I did! Her looks are cold, and she never offers a caress to me! This Library still is mine. Here Amy sits, looking so sad; and Jimmie, in his passionate way, gives vent to rash, bitter sentiments against my step-mother. O, I much fear that fiery, ardent temper, but in two months he starts for college; I trust to Providence to guard him there. My reasoning has not much effect. Ada is almost grown; I tremble when I see her beautiful person decked with jewels, and mark the delight with which she listens to the empty flattery of a vain and seducing world. I love to see her happy, but O, I should rejoice to see her good; when with us, she is peevish and restless, she values her own quiet home no longer. Is it the workings of my step-mother's influence? Ada is her favorite; I cannot help thinking (perhaps it is wrong) that my father too loves her the best; he smiles upon her as he used to smile upon me; he now forgets to kiss me good night, and acts so cold and strange. Sometimes he speaks sharply to the children. Oh! what is home, when the link that once joined its inmates, one so closely with the other, is broken! To-morrow I go to visit Fanny, take Amy and Will with me. None will miss me here, but poor Jimmie, and I have a new work before me. My young friends Fanny and Mabell are in trouble; then may I lose sight of my own for a while, and cheer their sad and broken spirits.

MABELL, 1844.

I came to visit my friends, and am still with them. The bright star that shone in the horizon of life has faded, and that arrogance, which once was my boast, is humbled even to dust. He to whom I gave the wealth of my heart, loved me not long; it was the darkest hour of my life, in which one less gifted than I, but more loving, robbed me of my greatest treasure—his affection! He could not love me, I was too cold, too heartless! Shall I blame him? No! Never! I love him still, but submissively will wear the yoke of sorrow my own transgression has brought on. Meekness shall henceforth be my mantle, and though my cheek is hollow, and my eye gleams with wretchedness I cannot conceal, not a murmur shall escape my lips. Is this the resolve of meek-

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ness, or does there still remain within my soul some scattered grains of pride?

FANNY, 1846.

I am resigned; my heart is cheerful almost to lightness; I have learned to rest my hope on a solid foundation, and I now feel that, truly, "tribulation is good for the soul." Marian has been my good angel all my life, she always pointed out the way to true happiness. Now I leave my cottage and come to live with her; in this dear old room many happy hours shall yet be spent by us. Sweet Harry plays about the room, turning his laughing eye and rosy lip from one to another, to catch the sweet kisses and merry smiles that are every where showered upon him. I am so happy in his well-being, I feel I should not ask more.

MABELL, 1846.

My father! bankrupt, lies in his grave; Oh! why did he not take his poor, broken-hearted, penniless daughter with him, crushed in spirit and worn in frame; I am but fit for an earthy bed! I am here with Marian, my dearest earthly friend. I (vanish, pride, what little of thee remains!) I am a music teacher! but not long will these thin fingers drum upon the cold keys; for, although I tell not my friends, I feel distress has eaten away my very life. This is the last time I shall write upon this leaf! let those who read, then, learn wisdom. Trust not for happiness in wealth and beauty; they are empty, save the gulf of woe they hold.

MARIAN, 1846.

Memory brings its shadows. A gentle parent dead and gone! Hours of loneliness, hours of weeping; another mother, hard feeling, cross words, angry passions, and misery; a death-bed, repentance, forgiveness, reconciliation, and mingled tears upon her couch. Two graves beneath the willow, the black crape, and the silent house! But it has all past! Ada is beautiful as a vision, and good as she is lovely; Amy and Will are bounding about after their pretty spaniel, glad of relaxation after lessons; papa looks so comfortable, perched in his big chair, watching from the window Jimmie try his new pony. Jimmie, darling fellow, came home last week to my wedding. My husband looks over my shoulder, and I am at a loss to know, how such a wise head and kind heart should have chosen me for his partner; he whispers, "Because you are so good." Surely, the little good that I have done in this world is rewarded three-fold. My trouble I once thought so great, seems now but a speck. How bright and cheerful the old Library looks, joy trembles even on the rough brown window-shutter, and love twines her garlands all around

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our house, and while she sheds her full, rich light abroad in the neighborhood, she binds each of our hearts closely to the other, with the pretty, soft cord woven with threads of faithfulness and purity.

Mabell and Fanny, whom I delight to have with me, how I wish I could let you drink more deeply of my overflowing cup. Life indeed has many changes. Who shall know "what a day or an hour will bring forth?"

NEWBURGH, Sept., 1856.

Manufacturing Printing Type.

We find in the American Publishers' Circular the following description of the various processes which are gone through in the manufacturing of printing type:

The letters, etc., are first cut upon a steel punch. This requires great skill. The characters are oftentimes extremely minute, and every pains is taken to procure not only individual beauty but general uniformity. Not only letters, but figures, signs and ornaments, in endless varieties, are thus cut. There are, also, spaces used to separate words. Quadrates, which are larger than spaces, separate sentences, and in general occupy the position among type that is represented by the unprinted parts; both spaces and quadrates being shorter than type. In a full font of type there are about three hundred different characters. The cost of the separate punches varies from two to fifty dollars. After the punch has been cut it is indented to a certain depth into a block of copper; this is called the matrix. Electrotyping has of late years been used for the purpose of obtaining matrices from the type itself, by which means type-founders are enabled to avail themselves of each others' labor. Business morality is of a most elastic quality, and it would be useless expenditure of time to question the propriety of the practice.

An apparatus, denominated the mould, is used for forming the body of the type, and to this mould, which answers for all the types of a font, the different matrices are adjusted as required. He who adjusts the matrices to the moulds is called a justifier, or, more commonly, a fitter. All the types of a font are of the same length and depth, though the letters upon them vary in their dimensions. The mould is so constructed as to admit of the width being altered to suit the letters to be cast; thus the letter I, which is very narrow, is upon the body of a type, the perpendicular face of which is precisely the same as that of the letter W, several times as wide. It is necessary that the bodies of types should also have all their lines at exact right angles; without this they would not stand in a line, and would consequently be useless. If the types varied in hight, they

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would not give a perfect impression, in endeavoring to obtain which, some would be subjected to an injurious pressure. A few types have a portion of the face letter projecting over the body, as in the letter f; this projection is called the kern, and in combination with other letters the projecting part generally extends over the next letter, as in fe. In those combinations, wherein the kern would come in contact with another letter, compound types are cast, as in the case of ff, fi, fl, ffi, ffl. Some years since, these combinations were much more numerous, but many have been dispensed with by altering the form of the letter.

The next operation is that of casting. The old method, which is even to the present time generally used in England, may be thus described: The matrix having been adjusted to the mould, is taken by the caster in his left hand. At his right, upon a furnace, is a pot of molten metal. This metal he dips out in suitable quantities, with a small ladle, and pours into the mould, at times giving a quick upward jerk, for the purpose of forcing the metal well into the matrix, to give the type a good face. A spring, which holds the matrix in its proper position, is then removed; the matrix is then pried out from off the type, the mould opened, and the type thrown out. By this method an average of about four thousand types per day can be cast by one man. An important improvement was made in 1814, by Archibald Binney, of Philadelphia, whereby, with one motion of the hand, the matrix was thrown out and the mould opened. This invention increased the rapidity with which types were cast at least fifty per cent. Type casters acquired great expertness, and with the hand-moulds were enabled to cast with extraordinary rapidity, but only for a short time.

In 1828, the casting-machine was patented by William M. Johnson, an ingenious citizen of New York, and put in operation in Mr. White's foundry, since which time it has been greatly improved. By this contrivance, a pump inserted in the molten metal injects the requisite quantity into the mould, which is brought sharply into contact with the piston; the mould then comes off from the pump, opens and discharges the type into a box. In type-foundries, generally, this machine is worked by hand; but in the one we had the pleasure of examining, steam-power is successfully applied. At least three times the number of type can be cast by the machine than by the ordinary hand mould, and a velocity of two hundred revolutions per minute, (each revolution forming one type) has occasionally been obtained, though the actual results are by no means to be based upon that fact. Various causes operate to prevent a long continuance of such speed.

The type, after being discharged from the mould, has a piece of metal called the jet, attached to the bottom; this is broken off by a boy, called the breaker, and the singular swiftness of his motion is truly astonishing.

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Smart lads or girls, who have had sufficient experience, perform all these operations with such rapidity, as to pain the eye that observes them. The jets having been removed, the types are taken to another room, where boys and girls are engaged in rubbing off the inequalities upon the sides. This is effected by bringing the type in contact with a smooth stone, prepared for the purpose, and moving it from side to side. The rubbers generally smooth several at the same time. Those letters which are kerned as before described, cannot be wholly rubbed upon a flat surface, and they are consequently filed smooth by an ingenious contrivance, which prevents the kern from being injured.

After this operation, the types are set together, with the faces downward, in a composing-stick eight inches long, and thence are transferred to the setting-stick, which is one yard in length. Those who do this are called setters. The dresser now takes the setting-stick, and placing the line of type upon a flat surface, tightens it with a screw; then, with a piece of steel having sharp angles, he rubs off the edges, turning the line of type for that purpose. They are then placed, face downward, in a vice, and the dresser, with a plane, cuts a small groove in the end, over the place from which the jet has been removed. He now carefully examines the face with a magnifying glass, rejecting all such as are in the least imperfect. The perfect types are now formed, and they are placed together, side by side, upon a small board with a frame on three edges, until there is a page. The page is uniform in size, being six by four and a half inches. A cord is then drawn several times tightly around the page, and it is wrapped up in paper ready for the printer.

Type metal is readily fusible, and is composed of antimony, tin, and lead. These are used in various proportions, according to the size of the letter and the degree of elasticity required. Lately, a process, by which the face of the type is coated with copper, thereby increasing its durability, has been adopted to a considerable extent.

Until within a few years there were but few varieties of type in use—now they are to be counted by hundreds. They are cast from the most minute size up to large blocks having a surface face of sixteen square inches.

Of Diamond type, (the smallest type in use) 201 lines measure 12 inches. Of an average-sized Diamond letter, 81,274 may be impressed on a surface of one square foot; and there are Diamond spaces so small, that 203,187 will go to a square foot, or 1,411 to the square inch; and of these about 6,200 are obtained from one pound of metal. The largest letter regularly supplied by type-founders is called twelve line Pica; these are two inches on the perpendicular face, varying in width with the letter. The larger sizes that we see on show-bills, etc., are cut in wood.

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Dues and Benefits.

The following Report, which was submitted by a Committee of Ohio Lodge, No. 1, of this city, the oldest Lodge in the State, we commend to the perusal of our readers. It has been prepared with care, and is accompanied with tables relating to the subject, which we omit on account of their local bearing:

To the Officers and Members of Ohio Lodge, No. 1, I.O.O.F.

The Committee appointed to inquire into the necessity of adopting the scale of dues and benefits recommended by the Grand Lodge of Ohio, in 1855, and more earnestly by said body at its last session, after a patient and careful investigation of the books and records of the Lodge, submit the following report:

The scale of dues and benefits referred to emanates from the Grand Lodge of the United States, which body, through its Committee, has had the subject under consideration for several years; and its adoption by the subordinate Lodges has been strongly recommended by the Grand Lodge of this State at the last two sessions.

The scale is nothing more than a table, showing what amount a person of any given age, between twenty-one and sixty years, at the time of joining the Order, should pay as initiation fee, and what amount of yearly dues, during his membership, to enable the Lodge to pay a certain amount of weekly benefits during sickness, and funeral benefits of a given amount in case of death, and have sufficient for purposes of charity after defraying the ordinary expenses of the Lodge.

The scale is founded upon the general principle of decay, and the gradual advance of man toward the grave; for all are aware that sickness and mortality increase with age.

According to this scale, a person twenty-two years of age when initiated, pays a larger fee and more yearly dues than a person initiated at twenty-one—a person twenty-three, more than one twenty-two, with a gradual increase of rates as a person is of a more advanced age when becoming a member of the Order.

To illustrate the principle in a plain and unmistakable manner: If a person connects himself with the Order at the age of twenty-one, he would be required to pay a Lodge that allows three dollars weekly benefits, and thirty-five dollars funeral benefits, nine dollars and forty-nine cents for initiation fee, and four dollars and eight cents yearly dues each and every year during his membership; whereas, if he deferred his application until he was thirty years of age, in consequence of his being nine years nearer the decline of life, and that much nearer his grave, the ini-

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ation fee would be increased to eleven dollars and seventy-three cents, and the yearly dues to four dollars and fifty-six cents; and had he still deferred until the age of forty, the fee would be fourteen dollars and sixty-seven cents, and the yearly dues six dollars and sixty-six cents.

We have adapted the scale to Ohio Lodge, and have prepared a table showing the initiation fee and yearly dues for each age from twenty-one to sixty years, and have made it a part of this report.

Your Committee will not say that the table is a true one, and exhibits the proper relationship between dues and benefits, particularly when applied to Ohio Lodge; but they are certainly of opinion that the principle on which it is founded is exceedingly just. The principle, in fact, is already recognized, in a slight degree by our own as well as most other Lodges, by fixing the initiation fee for persons forty-five or more years of age at fifteen dollars instead of ten. But this amounts to almost nothing, further than the recognition, as forty-nine out of every fifty joining the Order are under that age; for the records show, that of three hundred and three members at this time, three were initiated aged forty-five and three aged forty-seven, while the residue became members before attaining that age.

Passing the justness of the scale, we will consider the necessity for its adoption; and to this end we have prepared, and report herewith, a table showing the receipts and disbursements for each year, commencing with 1850, with the increase or decrease of each respectively. Also, a table showing the age of the present members of the Lodge at the time of their joining; also, their present age, and how many of them were initiated during each year since the organization of the Lodge, etc., etc.

From the first of the tables last mentioned we learn this general fact, that the increase of the funds of the Lodge during six years and a half preceding July, 1856, has been $1,461 47, which looks very well, and shows a tolerably flattering result. Let us see if it is satisfactory. During this time we have received as property dividend, $844 93, and interest on money loaned and on deposit, $347 71, showing that the increase, exclusive of property dividend and interest, has been only $268 83. Leaving out the last six months, which has yielded an extraordinary increase of funds, by reason of the celebration in April last and the new law requiring dues to be paid in advance, and taking the result of the six years ending January 1st, 1856, we find that, exclusive of property dividend and interest, as before, the increase of funds has been only one dollar and fifty-three cents. The property dividend and interest fund which should have been set apart for the natural wear and tear of property, have narrowly escaped being attacked. True, there have been some extraordinary expenditures, as shown by the table, viz: Spring Grove Cemetery, $160 68; repairs to Hall, $270; Iowa College, $100;

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Norfolk sufferers, $100; James S. Irwin, $150—in all, say $780 68. But these appropriations and donations were made from necessity and motives of charity, and although these expenditures will not again occur, yet other objects of charity will ask for relief, and must, to a greater or less extent, receive a favorable consideration at our hands. We can not, and do justice to ourselves, reason in any other manner, or conclude otherwise.

Ohio Lodge, having no rent to pay, has then, during six years of practical operation under the present system of fees and dues, yielded a surplus of one dollar and fifty-three cents. Did she have rent to pay, she would be bankrupt that amount, less the one dollar and fifty-three cents.

Turning to the next table referred to, we find that the average age of the present members at the time of joining, was twenty-eight years, and that their present average age is thirty-six years, showing the average time of their membership to have been eight years. Had the scale under consideration been in force instead of the present system, the surplus for the six years, independent of property divdend and interest, instead of being $1 53 as now, would have been about $1,100, or an average additional contribution of $3 69 by each member during the time, or only sixty cents a year, and that their average yearly dues would be $4 41 instead of $4, being only one-tenth more.

When we look forward to the future, the question becomes of more importance. The present average age of the members is thirty-six years, already above the average life of man, and continually increasing. Looking more minutely at the age of members, we find that 105 are over forty years of age, that 70 are over forty-five, that 25 are over fifty, that 10 are over fifty-five, and that 6 are over sixty. The Lodge will soon have to pay weekly and funeral benefits for many of these, and after that, minister to the wants of families that will become the objects of our care and protection.

Can we look upon these facts, and not feel concerned for the future of Odd-Fellowship, if continued under the present system?

In this cold, selfish, and uncharitable world, a deaf ear is too often turned to the complaints of the suffering poor, and bitter frowns cast upon those who ask for relief, by those who, having plenty to make themselves happy and contented, become unmindful of the wants of others. It is in such a world that Odd-Fellowship has undertaken its mission of benevolence and charity. Against the evils resulting from the general principle of selfishness, have they to a certain extent undertaken to provide.

During the first few years of practical operation, while its members were young and active, healthy and vigorous—while very few had passed the prime of life, and yet fewer become enfeebled by disease and old age,

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it did its duty well; but now, when members of the Order, after doing their duty to the cause of Odd-Fellowship, during an active membership of ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years, battling in behalf of this institution of benevolence and charity, and dispelling the clouds of prejudice that, for a time, hung over us—now, when these pioneers are rapidly passing away—now, when disease and old age are rapidly gaining upon us, we see that our strength is wasting, and fear that we will be unable to fulfill our promises to those who come to us under the assurance that we visited the sick, buried the dead, protected the widow, and educated the orphan.

Your Committee, then, satisfied that the present system is inadequate to the wants and charities of the Lodge, are of the opinion that we must be less charitable, and become as selfish as the world is, turning a deaf ear to the cries of the suffering and distressed outside of our own Lodge, and reserve the funds for our own internal necessities, or establish other rates of fees and dues, in order to provide for the exigencies of coming time, and send Odd-Fellowship on its mission of benevolence and charity, to lend its aid in taking charge of the sick and distressed of future time—offer for adoption the following resolutions:

Resolved, That Ohio Lodge, No. 1, I.O.O.F., is in favor of the adoption of the scale of dues and benefits as recommended by the Grand Lodge of the State at its last two sessions, at as early a period as the Lodges of the city of Cincinnati will agree upon.

Resolved, That our Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the State, to be held in May, 1857, be instructed to advocate the incorporation of the said scale into the General Laws of the Order.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to each of the Lodges in the City of Cincinnati, and that they be requested to inform us what action is taken thereon.

Beauty of Solitude.—Unthinking minds, who have not learned to be alone, are in a prison to themselves, if they are not always with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are in a furor and hurry within are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of a crowd themselves. He who must needs have company, must sometimes have bad company. Be able to be alone; lose not the advantage of solitude, and the society of thyself; nor be only content, but delight to be alone and single with Omnipotence. To him who is thus prepared, the day is not uneasy, nor the night black. Darkness may bound his eyes, not his imagination. In his bed he may lie, like Pompey and his sons, in all quarters of the earth; may speculate on the universe, and enjoy the whole world in the hermitage of himself.

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Lodge Work.

There is an inexcusable remissness on the part of many officers of Lodges, in preparing themselves for a correct discharge of the duties of their several stations. They are oftentimes careless and indifferent, and neglect to give any attention to the work, excepting when circumstances compel them to yield a momentary compliance to their obligation. With well informed, correct officers, attentive, active and intelligent members, the mechanical work of the Lodge, from the entrance of the initiate to the conferring of the highest honors, is a school in which all may take a delight. And where the beautiful services are correctly performed, every feeling mind must thrill with pleasurable emotions. But where incompetency is manifest, the beautiful ritual loses its charm, and the harmony and perfect concord that should prevail, is entirely destroyed.

It is therefore an imperative duty incumbent upon every officer, from the highest to the lowest degree, to inform himself, and that thoroughly, in the minutest point regarding the work of the Lodge, so that he can at all times enact his part in a manner that will prove creditable to himself, and engraft upon the minds of those who are just entering the Order, or are advancing step by step in the higher degrees, the sublime and holy truths which it is designed to inculcate.

Where an officer of a Lodge, through indifference or culpable negligence, omits those high and morally important duties assigned him by the voice of his brothers, he not only lowers himself in the estimation of those who are cognizant of the manner in which the working of a Lodge should be conducted, but impresses upon the mind of the candidate who is about being instructed, that the interest which he supposed each and every member of the Order possessed, was misplaced, and by witnessing an indifference in those whom he already knows should perform their duty well, and have perfected themselves upon every point, becomes, from the outset of his career, as an Odd Fellow, indifferent himself. When the various duties of the Order are well performed, there can be no more sublime and impressive teachings conveyed to the mind of man; nor any that are better calculated to call forth the most exalted principles of his nature; but where those duties are enacted in a bungling, incomprehensible manner, they ofttimes become tedious and painful to the ears of the listener, and he sinks into an apathy akin to a lethargic slumber, from which he can seldom, if ever, be restored. And can we not from those very causes, come to the conclusion that the reason of so many Lodges being thinly attended, arises, in part, from negligence of those who are placed in authority? Should not, then, each and every officer strive, to the extent of his ability, to remedy an evil of so much importance, yet so

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easily rectified? By paying that strict attention to the various duties which, in his capacity of an officer, he is called upon to inculcate unto others, will he further the ends of our noble institution, by not only being better informed himself, but more capable of imparting knowledge to others, who have been deprived of these opportunities. We do not think that there is any officer who, when entering upon his responsible duties, intends to be remiss in them, but through carelessness suffers week after week to elapse—each succeeding one finding him incompetent, through that very negligence, of transacting his duties properly.

It should therefore be the first and all-controlling principle, in not only every officer, but every member of the Order, to strive and attain that knowledge in regard to the workings of a Lodge of Odd Fellows, which he is by right entitled to possess, and whereby he can more fully instruct those who are yet novices in its many intrinsic merits. Let the spirit of emulation, then, incite each brother to endeavor to excel in knowledge, as they now do in the good work of benevolence and charity, and a zealous, healthy spirit will be apparent in every Lodge, where now, perchance, indolence and indifference abides. The candidate will become, from the first hour of his initiation, a warm devotee to the cause in which he sees so much interest manifested, and will endeavor to attain the same exalted position, not by merely attending his Lodge, but by informing himself thoroughly in regard to its workings, thereby making himself capable of filling any of the higher offices which may be conferred upon him.—*Banner of the Union.*

The Approach of Winter.

The year is now on the wane. The harvest is over, and the husbandman has celebrated his "harvest home;" the fields are bare, and the garners filled; and the trees have thrown off their sere leaves for the sport of the autumn wind. The summer birds have set out for warmer climes. The earth begins to look desolate. The air feels damp and thick, and mists and fogs abound. The flowers are all plucked or withered. Here and there you may find a mouldering flower hanging on its stem; or, perhaps, one of the last of the year's roses; but the leaves of most of them are now scattered, and lying rotten on the damp cold ground, or are tossed about by the passing winds.

Yet a beautiful spirit seems to hover around the last days of autumn. It is at this season that we have some of the most "pictorial" days of the year. There is a ripened and mellowed beauty, tinged with melancholy, in the woods and fields, about the close of autumn, which makes

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the season often sweeter than all others. It seems to have a claim on our affections. It is an object we have loved that is about to leave us. Its breath flutters, and it gives indications of a speedy dying. Already we hear its wail—the wind sighing among the leafless trees. Its shroud of dead foliage has long been preparing. You may hear its sobs and sighs as it passes away among the dead. It longs to stay, and still casts its lingering radiance over us; but its time has come, and it must at length depart.

The year goes out, as it came in—with beauty. From early spring until now, the seasons have smiled peace and plenty upon man. We saw the spring's first approach, robed in softened light and warmth. On she came, as a bright maid dressed in smiles, the breezes of heaven kissing her beauteous cheek. Flowers were twined in her hair, their fragrance floated around her, and the green verdure sprang up fresh about her feet. Birds sang on every bough, the heavens laughed, and the whole earth was glad.

On she came; her eyes thrilling with love, her breath glowing, her step bounding. The light of her presence was everywhere. All things felt her beauty and her power. In the morning she rose up from her dewy couch, shaking the dew from the flowers as she passed; and at night she lay down on a golden cloud. Millions of stars set in the brow of night, kept watch over her.

On she came! The eddying of her garments caught the ear. Nature felt her ripening breath; blossoms grew into fruits; the fields waved with golden grain; and the earth teemed with her abundance. The reapers sung their glad songs as she passed, and the people praised her for that she had crowned their labors with plenty.

But age is now fast stealing upon her. Her locks will soon be silvered with white. Her beauty begins to decay. Her face shows wrinkles, and her frame becomes shrunken with cold. Her lips are already moist with the dews of death.

The year is indeed fast fleeting by. Spring and summer have come and gone, and the frost of the early mornings reminds us that the grave of the passing year is being dug. Yet, let us rejoice. Sunshine, and genial air, and blooms and shoots, and ripened abundance, have been the gifts of the year. The barns and garners are filled, and there is abundance of food in the land for man and for beast.

And winter, then, is again coming round. Yes, it grows cold. We once more love to toast our feet on the fender, and the sight of a glowing fire is again cheerful. Domestic comfort is now delicious, and a snug home is relished more than ever. Happy faces assemble round blazing hearths, the candles are early lit, the curtains are drawn, and the winter evening occupations commence. It is now that the comfort of a cheerful

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home is really felt, and our joyous fireside seems a sight more glad than any thing in the world beside.

Let those who have comfort in their homes, at such a season, think of them who have need of comfort, and who are homeless. Many a bruised heart may be healed, and a load of heavy misery lightened, by the helping hand of the good Christian being stretched forth in time of need. Though we would stimulate every effort at self-reliance and self-help, there really are occasions on which the preachment of such lessons is cruel. What self-help can you expect on the part of a stricken-down child or a broken-hearted woman? Such are they whom society must always help—supporting them till they have gained strength, and gradually educating them into self-dependence.—*Eliza Cook.*

BE CAREFUL OF SMALL THINGS.—Irving, in his life of Washington, dwells on the particularity with which the great hero attended to the minutest affairs. The Father of his Country, as his correspondence and account books show, was "careful of small things" as well as of great, not disdaining to scrutinize the most petty details of his household; and this even while acting as Chief Magistrate of the first Republic of the world. In private circles, in this city, tradition preserves numerous anecdotes of this characteristic, which, if necessary, we could quote.

The example of Washington, in this respect, might teach an instructive lesson to those who scorn what they call "petty details." There are thousands of such individuals in every community. We all know more or less of them. Yet no man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being "careful in small things." As the beach is composed of grains of sand, and the ocean made up of drops of water, so the millionaire is the aggregation of single ventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant, from Girard and Astor down, has been noted for his attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practiced in the courts, who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the most striking principles of the first Napoleon's mind. The most petty details of his household expenses, the most trivial facts relating to his troops, were, in his opinion, as worthy of his attention as the tactics of a battle, the plan of a campaign, or the revision of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivaled orator, was as anxious about his gestures or intonation, as about the texture of his argument or its garniture of words. Before such examples in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of the small minds that despise small things.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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Thoughts which are Thoughts.

SELECTIONS.—BY JOHN T. BANGS.
Georgetown, D. C.

Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of the heart, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

Among the last words which Buffon spoke were the following, addressed to his son: "Never quit the path of honor and of virtue; this is the only way to secure happiness."

Hume has very justly observed that no man will have reputation, unless he is useful to society, be his merits or abilities what they may.

On the death of Metellus, Cæsar obtained the office of High Priest, although two powerful men were his competitors. On the day of the election, seeing his mother in tears, he embraced her, and said: "To-day, you will see me High Priest, or an exile."

At a poor village in the Alps, some of his friends asked if in that miserable place power and rank occasioned discussion. "I had rather," said he, "be the first even in this place, than the second in Rome."

While at Corinth, Alexander the Great paid Diogenes a visit, but was astonished at the indifferent air of the philosopher, and made him an offer of service; but Diogenes replied, "I only want you to stand out of my sunshine." His independence made such an impression that Alexander exclaimed: "If I were not Alexander I should wish to be Diogenes." He once carried a lantern about Athens at mid-day, and being asked why he was so doing, answered, "I am looking for a man."

Anaxagoras, the philosopher, and preceptor of Pericles, being told that both of his sons were dead, laid his hand upon his heart, and, after a short pause, consoled himself with a reflection couched in the following words: "I knew they were mortal."

Upon the recognition of the Independence of the United States, Arnold retired to England. His reception was anything but flattering. The British monarch did all in his power to make him acceptable, but failed. On one occasion, he desired to make Arnold known to the high-minded Earl of Balcarras, and personally led them together. After the usual form of introduction, Arnold extended his hand to the Earl. "What! sir," said he to the King, at the same time drawing himself to his proudest hight, "is this the TRAITOR Arnold? He then walked haughtily away.

"The hand of Douglas was his own."

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There is a magical tie to the land of our home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps may roam;
Be that land where it may, at the line or the pole,
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.
'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave;
'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the brave!
Ask of any the spot they like best upon earth,
And they'll answer with pride, "'Tis the land of my birth."

Eliza Cook.

"That man was never born whose secret soul,
With all its motley treasure of dark thoughts,
Foul fantasies, vain musings, and wild dreams,
Was ever opened to another's scan.
Away! away! it is delusion all."

"Friendship is no plant of hasty growth,
Tho' rooted in esteem's deep soil, the slow
And gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection."

For myself, I know
Honors and great employments are great burdens,
And must require an Alps to support them.
He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself, richly endued
With depth of understanding, hight of courage,
And those remarkable graces which I dare not
Ascribe unto myself.—*Massinger.*

'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stored,
Make people noble, and the place adored.—*Fletcher.*

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The story of our fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.—*Shirley.*

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honor to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher who, being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was "a citizen of the world."—*Goldsmith.*

Marquis Bierre was celebrated for his wit, which he displayed in ready repartees and puns. When presented to Louis XV, the king asked him for a specimen of his wit. "Give me a subject," said Bierre. "Take me," replied the king. To which the witty courtier immediately responded, "The king is no subject."

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VARIETIES.

Rouse the blazing midnight fire!
Heap the crackling fagots higher!
Stern December reigns without,
With old Winter's blustering rout.
Kirk White.

It is said of Achilles, one of Homer's heroes, that his mother dipped him in the river Styx, which made him invulnerable, except in the heel, by which she held him. This one vulnerable point proved his ruin; for Paris slew him with an arrow that pierced his heel. Thus it is with all men; they may be invincible on almost every point, but there is a weak place in every man's character. Each one has his easily besetting sin.

He that flings the colorings of a peevish temper on things around him, will overlay with it the most blessed sunshine that ever fell on terrestrial objects, and make them reflect the hues of his own heart; whereas, he whose soul flings out of itself the sunshine of a benevolent disposition will make it gild the darkest places with a heavenly light.

"You say," said the Judge, "the Squire who married you to the first wife authorized you to take sixteen. What do you mean by that?"

"Well," said Hans, "he told me dat I should half four petter, four vorser, four richer, four boorer,—and in our country four times four always make sixteen."

Memory.—If you gather apples in the sunshine, or make hay, or hoe corn, and then retire within doors, shut your eyes and press them with your hand, you shall still see apples hanging in the bright light, with boughs and leaves thereto, or the tasselled grass, or the corn flags,—and this for five or six hours afterward. There lie the impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew it not. So lies the whole series of natural images with which your life has made you acquainted in your memory, though you knew it not, and a thrill of passion flashed light upon their dark chamber, and the active power seizes instantly the fit image as the word of its momentary thought. It is long ere we discover how rich we are.

A small boy went into the navy yard, in Philadelphia, some time since, to pick up some chips. A certain naval captain, passing by at the moment, bravely wrested the basket from the boy, thundering curses in his ears. The boy, looking at him with disdain, exclaimed, "keep it sir, keep it,—it is the only prize you ever took."

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READ what Captain Job Prest, in his "Wonderful Adventures," says of the Vegetable Kingdom:

The term vegetable—sometimes pronounced wegetable—is probably derived from the peculiar long and pointed form of this description of esculents, hence originally called wedge-eatable, then wedgetables, and now refined into the present term.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales as they come up to blow.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and ever armed with pistils.

They are migratory in their habits, for wherever they may winter, they are sure to leave in the spring, most of them very polite and full of boughs.

Like dandies, the coating of many trees is their most valuable portion. Cork trees and boot trees, for instance.

Grain and seeds are not considered dangerous, except when about to shoot.

Several trees, like watch-dogs, are valued mostly for their bark.

A little bark will make a rope, but it takes a large pile of wood for a cord.

Though there are no vegetable beaux, there are a number of spruce trees.

It is considered only right and proper to ax trees before you fell them.

Fruit trees have military characteristics; when young, they are trained; they have many kernels, and their shoots are straight.

Grain must be treated like infants; when the head bends it must be cradled; and threshing is resorted to to fit it for use.

Tares are mostly found with smaller grains—which require sowing.

Great indulgence in grain is dangerous—and too free a use of melons produces a melancholy effect.

Old maids are fond of pears, but cannot endure any reference to dates.

Sailors are attached to bays; oystermen to beeches; lovesick maidens to pine.

A MAN in health ought always to rise from the table with some appetite. If either the body or mind be less fit for action after eating than before, that is, if the man be less fit for either labor or study, he has exceeded the proper quantity.

Go slowly to the entertainments of thy friends, but quickly to their misfortunes.

A LITTLE boy, on coming home from a certain church, where he had seen a person performing on an organ, said to his mother: "O mammy, I wish you had been in church to-day to see the fun—a man pumping music out of an old cupboard."

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Testimony is like an arrow shot from a long-bow, the force of it depends on the force of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force though shot by a child.—*Boyle.*

An oil dealer sold some winter oil that was warranted to stand the severest cold, but it froze stiff. The purchaser went to the vender with loud complaints. "I told you it would *stand* the coldest weather," said he; "I didn't tell you it would *run*. You see that it stands perfectly still, and you can't make it budge."

Keep your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home; give the world only those to spare.

Melanchton was reproached by some one with changing his views. "Do you think sir," replied he, "that I have been studying assiduously for thirty years without having learned any thing?"

Took it Cool.—A soldier, many years ago, was sentenced for desertion to have his ears cut off. After undergoing the brutal ordeal, he was escorted out of the courtyard to the tune of the "rogue's march." He then turned, and in mock dignity thus addressed the musicians;—"Gentlemen, I thank you! but I have no further need of your services, for I have no ear for music."

It is with life as with coffee, he who would drink it pure must not drain it to the dregs.

A Fool in an elevated position is like a man in a balloon—everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

Sir Charles Napier wrote very beautifully and touchingly to a lady on the eve of his great victory at Meance—"If I survive, I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I have loved,"

A Schoolmaster being asked what "fortification" meant, replied that two twentyfications made one fortification.

A Just man should account nothing more precious than his word, nothing more venerable than his faith, and nothing more sacred than his promise.

Beware of a person who never forgives an injury, or takes back any thing he says—it is ominous of a dangerous disposition.

Don't think because a man does not answer your sarcasm, that he cannot, or that it is unanswerable—he may think you and it beneath an answer.

A Negro preacher, referring to the judgment-day in his sermon, said: "Brethren and sisters, in that day the Lord shall divide the sheep from the goats: and bress de Lord, we know which *wears de wool!*"

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THOUGHT.—Like the wind through the aisles of a cathedral, sweeps the stream of thought through the chambers of the brain. It may linger awhile, playing a melancholy music, but it is not thine, thou knowest not whence it cometh. It flashes on like the lightning from heaven, when thou least expecteth it, and all that is thine own is to recognize its presence. As the flute in the hands of the master renders a wonderful harmony, so it is with men. The mysterious fabric of the brain, with its organization of exquisite fineness, is but a flute or a bugle, and the breath of the master is the living God. Reader, what is memory but the shadow of the past? When events have lost the fulness of the present reality, they yet leave an uncertain image in their rear. On some it falls like sunbeams on the mountain summits, lighting them up with glory, like the deepest shade of midnight around the mountain's base. The saddest recollections of some men, are but as the shadow of a butterfly on a garden at noontide—they cover an atom of the soul, and that but for a moment; those of others are like the image of the earth cast upon the face of heaven, that reaches to eclipse the farthest star.

ONCE COLORED, ALWAYS COLORED.—A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, and among other things she said she had been in heaven. One of the ladies of color asked her:

"Sister, did you see any black folks in heaven?"

"Oh, get out! you 'spose I go in de kitchen when I was dar?"

This reminds us of the anecdote of another colored man, who was so convinced of the lowliness of his position, and that labor was his natural lot, that he was even indifferent as to the future state, believing that "dey'll make nigger work even if he go to hebben." A clergyman tried to argue him out of his opinion by representing that this could not be the case, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work to do in heaven. His answer was:

"Oh you g'way, massa. I knows better. If deres no work for culled fokes up dar, dey'll make 'em *shub de clouds along*. You can't fool this child, massa."

PATRIOTISM.—When Chancellor d'Auguesseau, who constantly resisted the encroachments of Louis XIV on the liberties of the people, was sent for to Versailles, by that monarch, he was thus encouraged by his amiable wife: "Go," said she, "forget in the king's presence your wife and children—sacrifice everything except your honor."

AN ECCENTRIC was used to say that it was not wicked to lie, swear, cheat, or steal, and that he could prove it by Scripture. Thus: it was not wicked to lie in a bed; to swear to the truth; to cheat the devil, or to steal from bad company.

EVERYWHERE endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you are at home.

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QUERISTS' DEPARTMENT.

BY P.G. GEO. B. JOCELYN.

"Can an officer of a Lodge, while under charges, continue in the exercise of the duties of his office?"

No. Page 374 of Moore's Digest, says: "A member under charges for unworthy conduct, is, for the time being, suspended from the ordinary rights and privileges of the Order."

A brother, referring to the answer to the above query, asks: "Does Lodge attendance constitute one of the 'ordinary rights and privileges of the Order' above alluded to? What do you understand as the rights and privileges of the Order?"

We presume that "Lodge attendance" constitutes one of the "ordinary rights and privileges of the Order" alluded to, and from which a suspended brother is always debarred, *except when under charges;* for if the fact of being under charges suspends a brother for the time being, the same fact admits him to the Lodge while his case is pending. See page 373 Moore's Digest, clause 2.

A sister writes, "Can the Daughters of Rebekah be admitted to the Lodge room, to witness the installation of the officers of a subordinate Lodge? Have they the right to organize themselves into 'Circles' or 'Lodges,' to carry out the evident design of their obligation, without permission of the State Grand Lodge or the G.L.U.S.?"

1st. No. The request has been twice denied by the G.L.U.S.

2d. Yes. The State Grand Lodge, in the absence of any law to the contrary, have no right to interfere with any system the sisters may adopt to carry out the object of the degree. Full power is invested in them at present to do as they please in this matter.

"A brother has applied to come into our Lodge as an ancient Odd Fellow, on a card granted by a Lodge which has become extinct since the granting of the card. Can he be admitted as such?"

No; unless the Grand Lodge having jurisdiction of the extiuct Lodge authorize the act; for when the Lodge granting the card dies, is suspended, or expelled, the card becomes null and void. See Moore's Digest, page 376, sec. 30, in which this principle is involved.

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J. S. C., of Iowa, writes: "A brother is here from New York, holding an unexpired legal card, from a Lodge in that jurisdiction. He has been guilty of conduct unbecoming an Odd Fellow. What is the legal course to be pursued?"

Report the facts to the Lodge of which the brother is a member, with the necessary testimony, and his Lodge will try him, and deal with him according to law. You have no power to try him; he is not in your jurisdiction. See page 375, sec. 23 Moore's Digest.

C. J., of Illinois, writes: "On page 375 of the Digest I see that 'the abuse of stimulating drinks has always been condemned by the Order, but a Lodge can not enact by-laws making the use of them a penal offense.' What do you understand to be the meaning of the word 'abuse?'"

Perhaps *our* understanding of the word "abuse" would not be the legal one for the Order; for Odd-Fellowship is not a total abstinence society. Each Lodge must determine for itself what is the abuse of stimulating drinks. Our opinion is that the *use* of them, except in sickness, is the *abuse* of them.

The same brother asks: "When is a man drunk?"

We would reply that the opinions on this much vexed question are *very much "variegated."* The best answer we ever heard was that of a Judge in Indiana, when the same question was asked him, viz: "When his friends can perceive that he is under the influence of liquor." That's the best definition we ever heard; but—everybody don't think so.

G. W. P., of Indiana, says: "A brother has been expelled from his subordinate Lodge. More than two-thirds of the Encampment to which he belongs do not believe him guilty. Must he go out of the Encampment?"

Of course; for there is no power in the Order to retain him in the Encampment, without an amendment to the law by the G.L.U.S. Page 368 Moore's Digest, sec. 26.

C. W. S., of Marion, Ohio, states: "Our N.G. resigned his office. On the next meeting night there were nominations made to fill the vacancy, and at the next meeting the ballots were cast for the N.G., but not counted, when a brother moved that the N.G. take back his resignation, which he did. Now, have we a N.G. or not, according to the laws of the Order?"

We presume not; for after the resignation was accepted by the Lodge,

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he could not take it back, unless the vote accepting his resignation were first reconsidered. During the discussion of the original offer to resign, he could, by consent of the Lodge, withdraw it. If the motion to reconsider was not put, and the course pursued above indicated, there was a vacancy in the N.G.'s chair, which can be filled only by nomination and election. The fact of the vacancy depends upon common parliamentary law; the filling of it, upon your law concerning vacancies. You have, therefore, no legal N.G.

"A brother takes out a card of withdrawal, at the commencement of a term. After receiving the new semi-annual pass-word, can he use that pass-word in visiting Lodges in his own State during that term, or must he visit on his card?"

He can use the new pass-word if he sees fit; for his final card grants him all the privileges of a visiting brother for one year, and it makes on difference in law or fact whether he visits on his card or the pass-word.

W. C., of Cannelton, Ind., writes: "A Bro. W., of Kentucky, came to our place, and visited the Lodge on his card, and then sent his card, with others, to the G.M. for a dispensation to start a new Lodge, and has not seen his card since. Is he entitled to membership in this Lodge without joining as an ancient Odd Fellow. There is no record of his ever joining by card or otherwise. He was elected N.G."

The fact of there being no record of his joining by card or otherwise, is strong evidence that he never was a member of the Lodge; but if he did join by card or otherwise, a failure to record that fact would not vitiate his membership, for the fault is not his. If he sent the same card upon which he visited from Kentucky to the Grand Master, it is proof positive that he was not a member of your Lodge. If, however, (the record being silent) he did deposit his card from Kentucky, and drew another card to open the new Lodge, he must return that card within thirty days, or else he stands as a brother out on a final card, and must come in by ballot as others do. Such is the law in our State. See General Laws, under the head of Cards.

"Is a Grand Patriarch clothed in appropriate regalia when he wears simply a royal purple scarf, without an apron?"

This query was answered wrong in the last number of the Casket. The regalia for an officer of the Grand Encampment is a purple collar (or sash) and black apron trimmed with gold bullion fringe. See Digest, page 394.

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INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.

ILLINOIS.

The following are the officers elected at the recent session of Grand Lodge, October last: G.M., A. C. Marsh, Quincy; D.G.M., G. A. Smith, Decatur; G.W., H. W. Griswold, Freeport; G.S., S. Willard, Collinsville; G.T., J. Jackson, Jacksonville; R.W.G.Rep., J. E. Starr, Alton; R.W.G.Rep., P. A. Armstrong, Morris. There are now two hundred and ten working Lodges in this jurisdiction.—GRAND ENCAMPMENT. G.P., C. Trumbull, Alton; G.H.P. I. G. Anderson, Peoria; G.S.W., A. C. Marsh, Quincy; G.J.W., G. G. Low, Griggsville; G.S., S. Millard, Collinsville; G.T., A. S. Bany, Alton; R.W.G.Rep., A. H. Dearborn, St. Charles.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Odd-Fellowship in the District of Columbia—while it has not rapidly increased during several years past, has nevertheless steadily augmented its strength, and will compare favorably with other jurisdictions in this respect. While we have desired its greater extension, so that its practical workings could have been more effective and wide-spread, we have no just cause of complaint; benevolently, socially, and otherwise it has here accomplished "great good," and is destined to be productive of greater results,—its future progress cannot be doubted. For in no section of our happy country is the secret work better understood or more thoroughly exemplified than in this jurisdiction.

Having a limited sphere of action, the officers of the Grand Lodge and its Grand Representatives take especial pleasure in visiting the subordinate Lodge twice yearly, and giving to their respective officers the secret work in its most minute details. The beneficial effects of this system are patent to the "initiated," as we have thereby the memory of the officers of the several Lodges, and their members, constantly refreshed, and the work kept up in its purity and completeness.

Could this system, by any possible means, be adopted and vigorously carried out in our State and Territorial jurisdictions, it would be a great desideratum, and have a tendency to revive and strengthen that interest in the "internal operations" of our organization, which is the main element of our success. The usefulness and efficiency of the Order would be greatly promoted, and more widely diffused.

To give prosperity to Odd-Fellowship, every individual member must be actively engaged in the work, and consider that it is his duty to enter upon the high mission of benevolence and usefulness connected therewith, with energy and cheerfulness. The following statistics will more fully

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show what has been accomplished with us for the year ending September 30th, 1856.

STATISTICAL RELIEF REPORT.

Number of brothers relieved	348
Number of widowed families relieved	35
Number of brothers buried	14
Number of orphans educating	31
Amount paid for relief of brothers	$3,290 00
Amount paid for relief of widowed families	944 56
Amount to Norfolk and Portsmouth sufferers	40 00
Amount paid for burying the dead	395 00
Amount paid for education of orphans	560 19
Total amount of relief	5,229 75
Amount of school fund on hand	1,635 60
Amount of general fund on hand	879 15
Amount invested	15,219 02
Amount invested and on hand	17,733 77

BUSINESS REPORT.

Number of initiations	93
Number admitted by card	30
Number of reinstatements	12
Number withdrawn by card	26
Number of suspensions	71
Number of expulsions	1
Number of deaths	14
Number of rejections	5
Number of Past Grand Masters	15
Number of Past Grands	319
Number of contributing members	1,357
Revenue to school fund	$776 08
Revenue to general fund	5,838 26
Revenue from special tax, etc	959 70
Total amount of revenue	7,574 04
Amount of contingent expenses	2,908 25
Amount of per-centage paid to Grand Lodge	576 36

Yours, with great respect,

JOHN T. BANGS, *Grand Secretary.*

WASHINGTON. D. C., Nov 12th, 1856.

GRAND LODGE LIBRARY.—We are pleased to learn from our correspondent, that the Grand Lodge of the District has it in contemplation to fit up a library room for the purpose of filing and preserving the proceedings of the various State Grand Lodges and Encampments, and of other documents pertaining to Odd-Fellowship. The movement is a good one, and it would be well if such a step were taken by all the Grand Lodges.

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EDITOR'S TABLE

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that with the present number closes the third year of our magazine. To us it has been a year of happiness, yet not unmingled with sorrow. We have experienced success, have acquired many new friends, and have made few enemies; we have been engaged in what we consider and esteem a good cause, and have gained experience to make our efforts for the future more effective, and of more lasting benefit than in the past. We enter upon the new volume of the Casket, with the determination to render the interest of its pages unabated, and yet we can scarcely promise to improve it. The Casket, from its first commencement, has continued the same line of policy in regard to the arrangement of its contents, and its present extended circulation attests the appreciation in which its merits are held by the fraternity. We hold the opinion, that a magazine which embodies a single idea, whether it be education, science, philosophy, or Odd-Fellowship, cannot be productive of as much good as one miscellaneous in its arrangement, and embracing all these subjects, thus making it a valuable family magazine, and at the same time rendering it an exponent of Odd-Fellowship that will fully explain the objects, benefits, and principles of the Order to those seeking light, and for the benefit of those, who have already entered the portals, providing intelligence of the progress and doings of the fraternity throughout the Union. Such has been our course, and we have now extended our list of correspondents, and made other arrangements that must henceforth render this latter department more complete and satisfactory.

We will commence in the January number a serial story by the author of "Stella," which appeared in our pages in 1854, and which was received with so many marks of approbation by our readers. The story is entitled "The Star of Linwood," and is fully equal in interest to the former story, already familiar to our patrons.

Price of Supplies.—We were in error in reporting, last month, that the price of cards had been increased one hundred and fifty per cent. The price of cards was increased one hundred per cent., and other supplies twenty-five per cent.

G.L.U.S.—The mileage and per diem of the Representatives to the last session of this body was $10,995.30. Constructive mileage was allowed to one of the California Representatives, amounting to over $500.

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THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.—"You Odd Fellows," said a friend to us recently, "can never mention your institution without alluding to the protecting hand extended to the widow and the orphan."

The speaker had been looking over a back volume of the Casket, and had noticed in many of the articles treating of the merits and beauties of Odd-Fellowship, and in orations delivered before the Order, that this feature of the fraternity was usually enlarged upon, and extolled in glowing words of eulogy. The remark was uttered in a sneering tone, designed to confirm the teachings of Holy Writ, "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." We did not deem it necessary to defend the course of the fraternity, and left his remark unanswered; but still the words of the Apostle Paul recurred to our mind, "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up," and induced a train of reflections something like the following.

Odd-Fellowship has always encountered opposition, not only from the selfish and uncharitable, but often from the philanthropist and Christian—those who neither knew its merits, or properly understood its objects. It has been regarded by many as only an oath-bound organization, having for its design mutual protection, through evil or good report, regardless alike of the claims of society, or of our fellow-man outside of our organization. We are constantly met with the objection, that we are exclusive in our charities, and confine to our own membership the benevolence, which, by virtue of our common humanity, we are bound to extend to the whole human family. It is to combat these ideas, and to avow our true principles to the world, that the public orators and writers for the press eulogize the benevolent features of our affiliation, that our objectors may be disarmed of their weapons of attack, and for this reason we set forth the principles of Odd-Fellowship, that "*by their fruits ye shall know them.*"

Where can we more triumphantly point to an unmistakable refutation of these charges, than in the charitable care bestowed upon the widow and fatherless babes of our deceased brother? When snatched from earth by the grim monster Death, his household are not left to the cold charities of an unfeeling world, but are provided for, and that far more acceptable boon than mere charity—sympathy—is present to assuage the sorrows, and mitigate the grief of the stricken ones. And not merely temporary relief is vouchsafed, but the watchful care of the Order is constantly exercised over them, providing them with employment, and placing them in the happy condition of self-dependence, where they may not feel the stings which the noble mind can never overcome when dependent upon another's bounty. The orphans are educated, and fitted for useful members of society, and grow up to manhood, proud monu-

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ments of the utility of Odd-Fellowship, and of the injustice of its opposers.

It is scenes like this, upon which orators and writers love to dwell—not for the purpose of boasting, but that Odd-Fellowship may be viewed in its proper light as a charitable association. History is defined as "Philosophy teaching by example," and why may not Odd Fellows apply the definition to their own institution, and glean from the history of the past, a refutation of the calumnies with which our Order is assailed? Must we sit down meekly, and rest content with letting our merits speak for themselves, instead of buckling on the armor of warfare, and with the shield of truth in our hands, overcome the adversaries of Odd-Fellowship by unanswerable arguments in its favor? For ourselves, we prefer the taunt of self-laudation to being misrepresented, and we shall continue to speak of the good deeds of Odd-Fellowship, whenever we are met with objections to the institution. "Go thou and do likewise."

We have been requested by Bro. Jocelyn to publish the following circular to his subscribers, which seems to be intended as a "farewell address." We would add, however, that Bro. Jocelyn will continue to be a regular contributor to the Casket.

To the Patrons of the Odd Fellows' Magazine:

With this number of the *Casket*, our contract to every subscriber is fulfilled—at least we do not know of a single person who paid for the *Western Odd Fellows' Magazine* who has not received it, or the Casket in its place. The Casket, though double the price of the Magazine, was sent for the time the latter was due. Let no man reproach us. We have done what we promised. Our labor, we trust, has not been in vain; if it has, our experience has not been so.

When we concluded to furnish the Casket for the Magazine, we requested those who felt willing to assist us in our difficulty, to forward us a small amount—twenty cents for six months, and forty cents for twelve months. Out of the 642 names we sent to the Casket, permit us publicly to return our thanks to P. J. Jocelyn, of California; R. Hubbard, of La Grange, Ind.; R. Wagner, of Hagerstown, Ind.; and J. Bullock, of New Albany, Ind., as those who responded to that request.

But the past is gone. Its sorrows have left darkness upon our heart; its joys still dwell greenly in our memory; its lessons can never be forgotten. We are somewhat older than when we entered upon the life editorial, more than seven years ago, during the last four of which we were connected with the I.O.O.F. press. We can never forget its cares or its pleasures. We toiled for the "good of the Order;" spent many a midnight hour in writing for its advancement and for the instruction of its members, and received the warm encomiums of some of our leading brethren. We part with our patrons with not an unkind feeling toward any one of them. Occasionally, perhaps regularly, we may speak to them in the publications of the Order, as a contributor; but as the proprietor, never.

Farewell to the past! Let us lay it in the grave, and heap above its faults the

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earth of forgetfulness, and engrave its virtues, in letters of gold, upon its tombstone. Its experience is ours. Let us look to the future, and toil for the right and the true. We have no time to idle away. Humanity demands all our energies. The blind are to be led; the deaf are to be charmed with the music of kindness; the lame are to be furnished with limbs; the sick are to be visited; the needy and distressed are to be relieved; the poor are to be assisted; the orphans are to be educated; the widows are to be cared for; the dead are to be buried. Look around you. Let not business make you forget that you are an intellectual, moral agent, and that God will hold you each responsible for the talents he has committed to your trust. Let us toil for the right. You need not look for rest. It is not to be found here. Once launched on Life's broad ocean, all is toil and turmoil till the voyage is over. Only see that the sails are properly set, that the helmsman keeps his eye upon the polar star of Truth, that the heart's crew are thoroughly imbued with the principles of friendship and love—then the gales shall not harm thee, sunken rocks lie not in your pathway, breakers are never ahead, nor can you drift upon a lee-shore; but *rest* you will not find until you reach that

Haven of rest, in the climes above,
Where the bark rides safely in a sea of love.

Labor, then, for God and the right, and in that beautiful triumph portrayed by the Divine Man of Galilee, you will be a participant; and that shall suffice for all you have suffered here:

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand: Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

"Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee; or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in; or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee?

"Verily, I say unto you': Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

May each of you stand in that blessed throng, is the prayer of your brother,

In F. L. and T., GEO. B. JOCELYN.

Sturgis, Mich., November, 1856.

Williams' Panorama of the Bible.—This popular work of art, which was destroyed by fire, some time since, has been repainted by Mr. Williams, and is now on exhibition in this city. Several new scenes have been added, and the execution of the painting is quite equal to the first. The scenes here portrayed are fraught with many valuable lessons, and we heartily commend it to all lovers of the beautiful in art. It is a work calculated to awaken deeper interest in Biblical literature, and lead the mind to a contemplation of the glory of the Most High. The Panorama will remain on exhibition in Cincinnati until after the holidays, at the Mechanics' Institute. It is a beautiful work of art, by a Western artist, and should be visited by all who have it in their power to attend.

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ODD FELLOWS'

LITERARY CASKET,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Edited by T. M. Turner.

"The Press is the great lever which, applied to any cause, gives it vitality and strength. Where the literature of the Order is most read, most encouraged, there Odd-Fellowship finds the most genial soil; there its principles are best understood."—G.M. Starr to G. L. of Ill.

VOLUME VII.

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Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TURNER.

VOL. VII. JANUARY, 1857. NO. 1.

The Star of Linwood.

BY BELLE BUSH.

There are few hearts in this cold world of ours,
Endowed with wealth of love enough to freight
Whole argosies of common souls; true hearts are they,
Whose every throb doth, from the wintry atmosphere of life,
Shake out the frost, and lend a mildness to it,
As if the spring had come.
Such hearts are oft in frailest forms enshrined,
And oft by cruel fate are they assailed,
Yet are they ne'er o'ercome—love is their buoy,
That to the fastened anchor of their hope
Is bound secure, and never can be broke.

CHAPTER I.

"This is your fifteenth birth-day, is it not, Stella?" said Mr. Linwood, one morning, addressing his niece, as they were about leaving the breakfast-table.

"Yes, dear uncle!" responded the young girl, in silvery tones, and looking up to him with an affectionate smile; she added, "but I hope we are to have no more demonstrations of your benevolence, on that account. I already feel too deeply indebted to you, so promise me that there shall be no costly presents for me, this time."

"I shall promise no such thing," replied her uncle, and playfully taking her hands in his, he drew her toward him, and held her a prisoner, until he had imprinted a kiss upon her two rosy cheeks. "There's one present to begin with," he said laughing, as he released her, and a real heart-gift it was, too, worth more than a casket full of the brightest jewels. "Now, what have you to say against that, star-beam?" he added, observing that his fair companion blushed and looked confused.

"Nothing, uncle—only—"

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"Only what?" he rejoined, perceiving her hesitation in finishing the sentence.

"Only I was thinking that, perhaps, I was getting too old to be kissed," she replied, stammering and blushing still more.

"Bah! where is the miserable sinner, who put that prudish notion into your young head, birdie?" exclaimed Mr. Linwood, indignantly; and the slightest perceptible shade crossed his manly brow.

"No one in particular," was the prompt reply, "only aunt Fanny remarked yesterday, that, 'as I was getting to be most a woman now, it was time I began to sober down a little,' and she advised me to leave off frolicking so much with you and cousin Alfred, 'because,' she said, 'it wasn't lady-like behavior.'"

"Fudge!" exclaimed Mr. Linwood, shrugging his shoulders, as he continued, "tell aunt Fanny, she may stop the poor prisoned canaries from singing, if she will, but that she must let my wild-wood birdie alone; I am not going to have any of the strait-jackets of conventional life put upon your free girlish nature, yet a while, Stella. It may answer to clip the wings of common fowls, but the skylark must soar and sing. You are *my* skylark, darling, and I intend no one shall have a hand in taming you but myself, and I reckon I shall choose a more ancient period than fifteen, to begin at, in proof of which I give you permission to frolic with cousin Alfred, or with your old uncle, to your heart's content, for full five years to come. Now, birdie, this way, to the library. I must have a half hour's serious conversation with you, this morning." Saying this, Mr. Linwood led the way from the dining-room, at the door of which the young girl, who gladly bore him company, disengaging her hand from his, sprang forward with the speed of a fawn, and, crossing the spacious hall, bounded into a room on the right. In an instant her fingers were busy in flinging open the window-shutters, and looping up the heavy damask curtains, which depended in graceful folds from the lofty ceiling. This done, she drew an easy chair to the window, for her uncle, and placed an ottoman beside it, for herself, and with a song, sweet as the warbling of a joyous bird, gushing in gladsome trills from the young lips, she waited the entrance of her uncle, who had returned to the dining-room for the morning paper.

While he is loitering, we will take a survey of the library, which his young niece has arranged for his reception. It is a large and airy apartment, with a summer-carpet of white matting on the floor, near the center of which is a large marble-table, covered with books of elegant engravings and works of recent publications. Book-cases, reaching to the ceiling, extended along three sides of the room, on the shelves of which were, carefully arranged, the works of the best poets, historians, philosophers, and men of science that the world has yet produced. The other

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furniture, consisting of a sofa, easy chairs, and a case of well selected and valuable minerals, were disposed about the room in a manner suggestive of good taste and skillful housewifery on the part of somebody. Stella St. Luke, the fair occupant of the room, whose girlish figure, relieved by the flood of golden sunbeams that, streaming through the open window, seemed to encircle her, as a halo, added no inconsiderable charm to the appearance of the apartment. So, at least, thought Mr. Linwood, as he paused on the threshold, to listen to her merry voice of singing, and watch her gracefully changing attitudes. To him the atmosphere of the room seemed composed of music and sunbeams, the harmonizing effect of which he was fully able to appreciate.

Muttering to himself that "it would be hard to let the sunbeams go," he stepped into the library, and, approaching the fair girl, laid his hand tenderly on her head, at the same time saying, with a smile indicative of deep affection: "My birdie's voice is sweeter than usual, this morning."

"Oh, uncle, I forgot I was going to be sober, and got to singing, before I knew it," replied his niece, with a deprecating shake of the head.

"Forget it always," was the tender reply; and Mr. Linwood stroked the fair brow that was turned up to him in childish confidence, and added, "forget always, my Stella, to make any attempt to hide the outgushing gladness of your soul. Let your harp of thought breathe the language of purity and truthfulness; never let deceit touch with her blighting fingers the chords that must thrill with the music of immortality. In this world of sickly hot-house plants, it is refreshing sometimes to see one natural character, one who dare act out the noble impulses of the heart. But, enough on that subject. You wanted me to promise not to make you any more costly presents, but so far from yielding a compliance with that request, I have been planning how I might best bestow upon you a treasure of such inestimable worth, that, compared with it, all that I have previously given you must sink into insignificance. But as nothing short of your active co-operation with me, in the plan proposed, will enable me to secure this blessing for you, I am under the necessity of asking your entire attention to what I am about to say, and I shall expect you to have patience enough to digest well even a few ounces of stupidity, that I may be obliged to make use of, in a half hour's serious conversation."

"O, uncle!" exclaimed the fair girl, "I warrant you, there will not be a penny-weight of stupidity in everything you will say—at least, I know I shall not discover it; I never did, yet; it is your 'serious talk,' as you call it, that interests me most."

"I believe you," rejoined her uncle, "for with all your mirthfulness, I have discovered in you a vein of deep feeling and earnest thoughtfulness, and it is to this part of your nature that I address my remarks this morn-

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ing. I would like you now to answer me a few sober questions. Have you, my child, any definite plans formed in your mind for the future, or, in other words, have you thought what you would like to become, in case our Heavenly Father should be pleased to prolong your earth-life for many years to come?"

"I have, dear uncle, thought about that a great deal, lately," responded his niece, and a shade of anxiety flitted across her beaming countenance.

"Then, doubtless, you have some cherished plans, which you desire to have carried out."

"I have."

"And what is the focus to which they all tend? Is it that which forms the favorite pursuit of the generality of your sex, 'hunting a husband?'"

"Oh! uncle Linwood, how can you talk so to me? Why, I am nothing but a child!"

"True, yet we would not have to go far, now-a-days, to find child-wives and child-mothers, with no more experience or wisdom to guide them, than you have this day. But since matrimony is not the point toward which your thoughts gravitate, will you tell me, love, what is your highest ambition."

"To become a *true woman!*" was the instant and emphatic reply, and Mr. Linwood looked at the radiant countenance before him with wonder and admiration, and there was a moisture in his eye, which expressed more than words could have done, how deep was his appreciation of an ambition, which appeared to him singularly pure and beautiful. It was as if the sweet, soft voice of nature had spoken to him, and declared, that 'mid the haunts of men, and along the dusty highway of life, even amidst the false glitter and show of fashionable society, she had preserved an altar unstained, and that a lovely priestess had come to watch over it. He desired to know if an idea, which occurred to him in connection with the train of thoughts suggested by her singular answer, had been presented to her mind, and continued the conversation, by asking her to explain what she understood to be the proper plan of action requisite to the accomplishment of her purpose to become a "*true woman.*"

"I do not know that I can give you an intelligible answer, uncle," said the fair girl.

"But you have bestowed considerable thought upon the subject, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, and at what conclusion has that wise little head enabled you to arrive?"

"Why, it seems to me, that in order to become a 'true woman,' it is necessary to secure the development of all the faculties of my being."

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"And in what manner do you think that can be accomplished?" said Mr. Linwood.

"If you will come with me to the garden, I will be able, I trust, with the help of those gentle teachers—the flowers—to explain to you what I mean," said Stella, and seeing that her uncle was willing to comply with her request, she sprang up, and, with steps of airy lightness, tripped across the hall, and was out in the garden in a moment. It was a charming spot, indebted more to nature than art for the beautiful arrangement of its vines, fruits and flowers, trees and shrubs. It was the place above all others, where the fair young girl, who was now treading its shaded winding paths, felt most at home; and as she glided on by each familiar object, the music that was in her heart found its way to her lips, from which it fell in accents as sweetly soft as the wave murmurs of a dimpling brook. Dancing onward like a sunbeam, she arrived shortly at her favorite seat in the garden, the trunk of a veteran peach tree, which stood midway between a luxuriant bed of roses and violets. Perching down upon this, she waited the coming of her uncle, whose footsteps she heard already in the garden.

"I have found you at last, my birdie!" exclaimed Mr. Linwood, coming up at length, and putting his hand upon her shoulder. "Well, I must say, I admire your taste in coming here in preference to staying in the house, which, let it be ever so finely furnished, is always a stupid place when the sun shines and Nature smiles upon us in her milder moods."

"Yes, uncle; I think so, too; and I have often wondered that so many ladies confine themselves so closely as they do to the house, when there are so many things to be admired out doors. The earth is a temple of beauty and magnificence, and it always seems to me I can think better when I am out under its blue dome; the air is so free and pure, and everything seems so cheerful and happy. Nothing in nature ever frets me."

"I believe you, birdie," said Mr. Linwood, with a sigh, as he added, "I wish I could say the same of the great human world with which I have to do. I sometimes think that you must have some fairy gift or talismanic power about you, by which you are able to ward off all the dull and disagreeable influences of life; for I do not remember to have seen a frown upon your brow for a twelve-month. In fact, there has been a constant flood of sunlight in your old uncle's castle ever since it was first opened for your reception, which, if I remember, was two years ago. Even your grief for the loss of your father had nothing depressing to me in it. There was that ever in your weary, woeworn looks that told of a sublime trust within; and I knew from that, that you had a spirit which would enable you to see the 'silver lining to every cloud.' I remember

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when you came to me first, and laid your head upon my shoulder and wept, how it seemed to me more like a summer shower, which brings with it refreshing and gladness; and yet I knew that your grief was deep and earnest; but still it seemed to me that in the midst of it I could see bubbling up a sweet well-spring of comfort, and I said to myself, 'She is not thoroughly miserable; her night of sorrow is thick set with stars, the silvery beams of which have penetrated her heart, and looking up through her tears, Faith points out to her the lunar bow of God's blessed promise to his children, I will never leave or forsake thee.' Was it not so, Stella?"

"It was, dear uncle: but I think it was your kindness as much as anything that first led me to discover the stars; so, I don't take any great credit to myself. I don't know that my faith would have found the ladder of contentment and happiness but for your guiding hand. It is to your goodness—"

"There! hush, darling!" exclaimed Mr. Linwood, interrupting her; "flattery is not a pretty song for my birdie to sing. I had rather you would explain to me now your idea as to what constitutes a true woman, and the means it is necessary for you to employ to become one. I think you said the flowers would help you in the explanation."

"Yes, uncle, I remember; and to begin with the illustration, I would like you to notice carefully, first this bed of roses at our right; and then the bed of violets at our left. You see what a great variety of both kinds there are."

"Yes, but what of that?" remarked Mr. Linwood.

"Why, you know what care it has required to make them all grow so thrifty, and bear so many and such beautiful blossoms. It has taken the rain and the sunshine, the dews, the zephyrs, the warm, soft mould, and the pruning-knife of the gardener. Labor and patient waiting have been necessary, too; but see, how abundantly is the reward that nature bestows at last! Here is a perfect community of rosebuds, roses and modest violets, each differing from the other, yet all nestled lovingly together. There is no strife, or envy, or jealousy among them; no deceit, no vain pride, or foolish pretensions. Smiling and happily they look always, the violet in its lowly bed no less so than the rose on its waving bough. No matter what position they occupy, the one aspires not after the other. The rose, wherever it springs up, is ambitious only to become a *rose;* and the violet is just as satisfied with being a violet, whether born in a garden, like these, or under a hedge, by the wayside. But each plant and shrub seeks the full development of its several parts, and no one part is suffered to prey upon and destroy the other, until each have performed their appointed office-work in the perfecting of the fruit or seed. The flower is not unfolded at the expense of the leaves; neither does its de-

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lightful odor take any thing from the flowers, but each adds to the beauty and agreeableness of the individual plant. Now, it is this perfect growth of everything in nature, uncle, that so excites my admiration ;" and here the young girl paused suddenly, as if at a loss to find language adequate to express the ideas which the contemplation of a theme so vast and soul-absorbing had awakened.

Perceiving her embarrassment, Mr. Linwood generously came to her relief, and remarked : "I think I see pretty clearly, darling, the conclusions to which you would come in your communion with nature, and I am pleased to find, how nearly allied your own associations are to the desire that I have cherished for you. But to carry out the comparison you so appropriately began : the human being, you would say, is like a plant, it needs the dews, the rain, and the sunshine of life, to develop it. The body, which is the first manifestation of an animal organization, requires for its growth and sustenance air, water, food, and exercise ; but this does not attain to the degree of perfection intended, until it has been adorned with the blossoms of thought ; and these have not the glory and beauty which the Creator designed for them, unless they glow with the light of intelligence, and give forth the aroma of goodness and truth. Have I given your idea, Stella ?"

"Yes, uncle, better than I could have done it."

"Well, then you would consider persons who attend only to the wants of the body as human plants, which bear no blossoms, but merely vegetate ; and those who cultivate only the body and the intellect, as plants which produce flowers that are odorless, or hurtful, and disagreeable in their odors. Then again, as we are none of us exactly alike, physically, you would infer that we are unlike intellectually, which being the case, you would say we should, none of us, labor to reproduce the ideas and sentiments of another, or aspire after their place and occupation in life, but we should endeavor to individualize ourselves, that is, let the faculties which God has given us, unfold into manifestations of goodness and intelligence different from all others of a spiritual origin. Were the whole human family to do thus, what an infinite and beautiful variety of manifestations should we have, of the great moving power of the universe-mind ; and what divine harmony would exist in, and govern them all ! Do you agree with me in this, darling ?"

"Yes, uncle, perfectly."

"Then I am at liberty to infer that you are desirous now to attend to the cultivation of your mind, your physical system having already attained to a degree of healthy development not common among girls of your age and position."

"Yes, uncle, my mind begins to hunger and thirst after knowledge."

"Then it shall be satisfied," exclaimed Mr. Linwood, adding : "for it

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were better to starve the body than the soul, since one is mortal, the other immortal."

"I am rejoiced that my aspirations meet with your warm approval, dear uncle. I have no longer any hesitation in asking your permission to resume the studies which the misfortunes and death of my father interrupted."

"It was that very thing which I had in mind this morning. The treasure I am anxious to bestow on you, is an education, and when I say that, I wish you to bear in mind the full significance of the term. Educe, you know, means to lead out, to unfold; and is diametrically opposed to the cramming and cramping process, through which far too many minds are compelled to pass, in the endeavor to acquire an education. It is impossible for any set of books, or any system of teaching, to form a viaduct through which the young student may pass without difficulty to the vast temple of learning. The great object should be, to teach them to rely upon their own faculties, and with those invigorated by exercise, go out to explore for themselves the illimitable realms of thought. In this manner, they will be almost certain to discover one or more of the innumerable rills of knowledge; following which, they will be guided onward through the flowery meads, to the great ocean of wisdom, on the shores of which they may be permitted to stand, and listen enraptured to its undying harmony; or, like a Newton, gather a few pebbles of divine truths, which are all the treasures we may hope to gain on earth.

"It is to your future life, Stella, that I shall look for evidences of the truth or falsity of a favorite theory of mine, respecting the education of woman. I am not one of the many among my sex, who would depreciate her intellect; I have seen too much of the true nobility of her character for that; miserable bachelor that I am, I have nevertheless taken a lively pleasure in studying the various phases of female character, that have come under my observation, and judging from these, I am well satisfied that, if her mental endowments are not in *kind* or *degree* the same as those of man, yet are the scales evenly balanced, since the faculties she possesses are equally as important as his, their office in the social economy being just as honorable.

"In expressing your desire to become a true woman, Stella, you echoed the very wish of my own heart respecting you, which is what I did not expect from one of your age. To the fine physical organization which you possess, I am anxious to see united a thoroughly cultivated mind. With a head and heart harmoniously developed, you will become a useful and happy woman, in whatever sphere of action you may be called by the providence of God to labor. See that you secure this at any cost, my dear Stella, and I will entreat Heaven for you, that you may become a STAR: 'if not *here*, then *there*.'" As he said this, Mr. Linwood paused,

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and taking out his watch, was surprised to find that the time spent in "serious conversation," instead of being confined to thirty minutes, had been lengthened to full two hours. Rising, he lifted his young niece playfully off her rustic porch, at the sa me time saying that he shouldn't wonder if she had found a whole pound of stupidity in his talk, this morning.

"Not a bit of it, uncle, I have been delighted, because I have been instructed."

"Well, then, darling, I will meet you here again, to-morrow morning, when I will disclose to you more fully the plans I have in view for your education." Saying this, Mr. Linwood withdrew to attend to business, and Stella St. Luke, his lovely niece, tripping lightly along the winding paths, disappeared behind the graceful branches of a fringe tree, but was seen again presently, ascending the steps of a verandah, which overlooked the garden. As she gains the top, she casts a look upward to the blue summer sky, then back to the spot where stand her eloquent teachers, the flowers, and with lips gently parted, she murmurs, "I will labor to become the Star he wishes me to be."

Safety among Strangers.

We live in an age of change. He who thinks himself settled to-day, knows not on what enterprise, or toward what country he may be bending his steps to-morrow.

Society is changing. Its elements may be said, almost without a figure, to be continually passing from pole to pole, while the great absorbing thought which possesses every mind, is, how to acquire possessions in the world. In this state of things, it is not surprising that there should be a lamentable carelessness respecting the wants of others; that, as a consequence, many who are deserving of a better fate, are left to pine in want, and die unattended and unwept; that others, reduced to poverty, and galled by what they call the wrongs of the world to them, should turn its enemies, and adopt those summary means of subsistence, which want often encourages, and which they are brought to consider a just retaliation on those who they conceive have wronged them, is not strange. In such a state of uncertainty, there are few who can leave their homes for other lands, without just apprehension of their safety, and any order of things which can contribute to allay these apprehensions, and lessen these uncertainties, is humane. But the Odd Fellow can throw himself on this troubled wave of human life, and let it bear him where it may; he has few apprehensions of want and suffering; he is conscious of holding in his hand a wand, which will bring him out of this great life-commotion,

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this ocean of active beings, help for this time of need. If sick, if his resources are exhausted, if unholy hands have in a moment stripped him of all that was his, though he is surrounded only by strangers, he has no occasion to beg, or to feel that he subsists on charity; he has only to prove himself what he professes to be, and his wants are redressed.

How often are we told of those we knew and loved, who, when far from home and friends, have at an unexpected moment fallen the victims of disease, and while prostrate, perhaps unconscious, have been made the victims of more cruel men; and who, when sufficient strength returned to enable them to rise from the couch which bore them, find themselves with shattered constitutions and penniless—disease, and more greedy men, having eaten out all their substance. Take the history of one such case. He has crept from his gloomy apartment, to the haunts of business, and of active, healthy life. He thinks of home, of friends, of the comforts which, were he there, would surround him. But his enfeebled limbs cannot carry him, his means are exhausted, and he cannot live where he is; there are none to whom he can apply for help, for he knows no one, and the story which he tells to those around him, is the one they have heard for the ten-thousandth time, and it has ceased to make an impression on their hearts. Still he is surrounded by the deadly miasma which has already left him a mere fragment of his former self. He sees those conveyances which might bear him on the wings of the wind to his home, going and returning daily, but they who guide them have iron hearts, which can only be penetrated by gold; pity for the poor, haggard wretch who crawls to their feet, and with all the eloquence which arises from the consciousness that his life depends upon the plea he makes, finds no quivering chord there to tremble responsive to his woe; he is again and again repelled, until despair seizes on his heart. He turns his eye, overflowing with bitter tears, towards his home; he thinks of a mother, a wife, a sister, it may be his babes, for whom he has braved all he endures; he sees their little hands reached out to beckon him home again, and the fond visions of the past crowd around his memory, peopled with the faces of loved ones; he thinks he hears the music of their sweet voices once more sounding in his ears, and in the intoxication of the delightful delirium, he sees the world swim round and round, and hopes it is bringing him to their embrace. * * The next morning it is simply announced in the public journal: "Found dead in the streets, a stranger." Potter's field closes over him, and they, the thoughts of whom were last in his chilling heart, weep for one whose rudely coffined form sleeps alone, unheeded, and unknown. How wide the contrast, where the officers of this society reach out their aid.

I see the stranger in the noisy city. He has this moment arrived. His pallid face and feeble step, as he summons all his remaining strength to

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hurry away from the din and noise of the busy streets, which crash down on his fevered brain like bolts of death, tell me of the disease which is enthroned within, and which breathes its deadly virus along the channels of his boiling blood. I tremble for his fate. I see he is intelligent, and his mien assures me that he has been used to the gentler influences of life. I feel an interest for the stranger, and wonder who will care for him here, where all is the intoxication of enterprise, or the bewilderment of change and curiosity. I fear for his treatment; and an instinctive shudder steals over me, as I contemplate how lonely he must be, what unmitigated suffering he must endure, and what neglect put up with; perhaps he may die alone, unpitied, and unwept. I am tempted to form his acquaintance, and do what little I can for his relief; but what can one do, a stranger and alone? While I thus muse, with a full heart, balancing as well as I can between prudence and duty, I see one in conversation with the host; they talk of the stranger; they pass to the apartment assigned him; soon other forms pass in, and with noiseless tread glide, spectre-like, to the door of the room he occupies; they gently lift the latch and enter; soon another, and then another group pass on, until that one chamber appears to be the center of attraction to all comers. I wonder at this. Soon, one by one, they pass out again, and, as they pass mine host, I hear them say in suppressed tones: "Give him every attention." I gain the ear of the house-master, and say, "I perceive the invalid gentleman is no stranger here;" and am surprised to hear him say,

"Yes, perfectly so; he was never here until this hour."

"But he appears to have friends, though a stranger."

"Yes, there are those here who will give him all needed attention."

I wonder at this. Am I in a city filled with such kindness and charity? Do the people here only need to be told that a stranger has arrived and is sick, to call them around him with such readiness? Do they understand instinctively when the needy sets his foot on their pavement, and as instinctively rally around him to proffer their aid? This must be one of Heaven's favored spots on our thorny earth. The reign of peace, with all its tranquilizing influences, must have begun here, and Eden have thrown back her morning to fan these hearts with her gales of love.

This must be the focal spot, whence shall radiate the glory of the long preached and long desired millenium to all the earth. It was thus I mused, when again the same light foot-fall caught my ear, and two men passed to the apartment of the stranger, in whose interest my feelings had now become intense; and with a heart filled with amazement at what had transpired, I sought my pillow for the night. At early dawn I awoke, and with a mind filled with the thoughts of the transactions of the preceding evening, went forth, determined to solve this beautiful mystery. In passing, I listened at the door of the apartment occupied by the in-

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valid—all was still within, and I passed on. Soon two gentlemen, whom I had seen the evening before, passed in and entered the sick-room; those who had watched out the night, passed away; and it was thus, day after day and night after night. Men came and went as regularly, and almost as noiselessly, as the sun and stars; until one morning, at early dawn, it was whispered in all our ears, that the stranger was touching with his feet the brim of the cold Jordan of death, and we all hurried to witness the last sad spectacle. We were struck, when we entered the apartment. There, in a wide circle, stood many gentlemen, who had assembled at this early hour, with true feeling and intense interest, to witness the last sad step of a fellow mortal from time to the unmeasured eternity. A dim light fell faintly on the noble brow of the dying man, and a silence which was overwhelmingly eloquent, reigned through the apartment, save when a deep drawn sigh, which, as it came from the heart's deep well of feeling, sounded and reverberated through the room like the low mellow peal of some great organ pipe among the old solemn arches of some gray and time-worn Gothic temple. Soon the sufferer opened his languid eyes, and as he looked around on those assembled—and such a look! a volume uttered all its pages of gratitude in its single expression—and then, in the merest whisper, which was made startingly audible by the stillness reigning through the room, he said:

"Brothers, I thank you for all your attention and kindness; this is all I have to give, except my poor prayers, which I have unceasingly offered for Heaven's blessings to attend and reward you. I trust," said he, and struggled with his deep emotion, "I trust you will inform my wife of all that has transpired in my sickness. Send to her what you have written from my lips—and O! my sweet boy, must we part? Must I look no more on those laughing eyes, and enjoy that merry, careless laugh, and hear no more the glad, childish shout which welcomes me to my happy home and fireside?"

And as one present wiped the great tears from his manly cheeks, he repeated, as though he would hush the rising emotion of those around him—for all were in tears: "But the Order will care for them. I have full confidence in their love and integrity. I die in peace; farewell; I die in peace." And without a struggle, his spirit passed to that happy land where there is no more death.

On the following day, just as the sun was hiding himself in the far-off west, we stood by the side of a new-made grave; the tenant had not yet been laid in its deep chamber; there stood around it a solemn and weeping concourse, and yet there was no mourner there. Still all seemed to mourn. Tears coursed down many a manly cheek. And when the coffin was let gently down into the earth, and the expressive evergreen fell on it from each passing hand, sobs mingled with the solemn and impres-

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sive service which fell from the lips of the weeping minister. All felt that a more potent eloquence came up from that stranger's grave and coffin, than ever fell from human lips, since He who went about doing good, spake to man. It was the eloquence of a God-directed Providence.

Now, who would hesitate which portion to choose, either for himself or his friend? And in such a choice, do we not assert the excellence of the portion which we select? Yet such is the bliss Odd-Fellowship is scattering all through our land. Thousands are the hearts it is causing to rejoice, in these daily and active ministrations. It is not doing this by reducing the needy to a crushing sense of beggary, but when the stranger appears at its door, it reaches out to him a full hand, and at the same time says, "Take this, it is your right." To those resting securely, and in the midst of abundance, at their homes, cases like those which we have detailed, may seem incredible. They cannot believe the world so careless and hard-hearted as one case represents it, or as kind and affectionate as it is made to appear in the other. But could they read the history which any of our large cities could present, for only a single day, of cases quite similar to those we have named, their doubts would vanish. But who would undertake the task of chronicling these events of poverty and scenes of heart-rending, in all our cities, for one brief year? And after they should be written out, who has a heart stern enough to read them? The truth is, our world is full of misery, and so far as man can see, multitudes of these sufferers are innocent. Many, whose prospects were for a time the most flattering, have, without any error on their part, been precipitated from their high elevation in a moment, and made subjects of the deepest want and suffering; and these form a large class, who make up the vast array that pine in solitude, without friends or bread. We have learned long before this, that there are no circumstances, and no station, in this life, which can insure us against these sad reverses, either at home or abroad. How pleasant, then, it is to know that our friends, when separated from us, and who are far away, have around them an additional protection; that they have a passport to strangers' hearts and affections; that they hold a title to property in all places whither Providence may direct them, and that it is always available, when other resources fail. Under such security, with how much greater confidence man launches his adventurous barge on the broad enterprise of life, and against how much of the spirit of sordid avarice does it protect him in his voyage. Being confident, as he well may be, under the shadow of this society, he banishes the ever-haunting thought of suffering wife and children, in case his health should fail, or death should remove him from them. The corroding cares which eat into the vitals of others, are banished from his circle while he and his family rest in peace.— *Odd Fellows' Amulet.*

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Mecca.

BY HARRY HAZLEWOOD.

Far away, in a sterile valley of Arabia, surrounded by mountains, is the holy city of the Prophet. Within its sacred confines the foot of a Giour may not tread, and its mosques and Beitullah (house of God,) have only been seen by other than Moslem eyes when stealth and disguise have been resorted to. The houses of the city are lofty, mostly built of stone, and the numerous windows which face the street give them a lively and European appearance. The city is open on every side. No trees or gardens cheer the eye; and except four or five large houses belonging to the Sheriff, two medresseh or colleges, and the great mosque, with some buildings and schools attached to it, Mecca has no public buildings to boast of. Neither khans, nor palaces, nor mosques, which adorn other towns of the East, are here to be seen. The streets, unpaved, are filled with dust in the dry season, and with mud during the rains. There are few cisterns for collecting rain, and the well-water is brackish: the best water is brought by a stone conduit from the vicinity of Arafat, six or seven hours distant. But the grand center of the Mohammedan world, the Beitullah, is located here, and to this shrine, by command of the Koran, every good Mussellman is required to make at least one pilgrimage during his life.

Previous to the time of Mohammed, the Arabians made no figure in history. They roved over their native deserts in a state of barbarian

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MOHAMMED INSTRUCTING HIS DISCIPLES.

independence, neither the Assyrians, the Persians, the Macedonians, nor the Romans, having been able to bring them under their yoke; and the only common object which united them was the pursuit of gain in some pillaging excursion, or the annual pilgrimage to their idolized black stone, or Kaaba, at Mecca. They were equally destitute of fixed principles and laws, licentious in their manners, and gross in their religious sentiments; they possessed, however, the wild virtues of clansmen,—they were generous and imaginative, full of rude moral strength, and overflowing with animal energy.

Mohammed was born at Mecca in A. D. 570, or, according to other accounts, in the Spring of 571. He was a child of the Koreish, the tribe which had been intrusted for five generations with the care of the sacred temple of Mecca, containing the black stone, and which claimed a lineal descent from Ishmael. In 609, when about forty years of age, he began to announce his new doctrines. From this time his influence increased, till he finally became very powerful, and began to propagate his religion by the sword. At the time of his death, which took place A. D. 632, the doctrines of the Koran were received and believed by large numbers, and in less than half a century his successors had raised an empire more extensive than what then remained of the Roman.

Mohammed having retained in his creed, among other former superstitions of the Arabs, the necessity of a pilgrimage to Mecca at least once in their lives, a great concourse of pilgrims takes place every year

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MOHAMMED.

to this holy city. And, notwithstanding the decrease of religious zeal, and the increased expense of the journey, it is said that so many as 100,000 frequently attend the Hadji, or festival in November. The Beitullah, or house of God, within which they offer up their prayers, forms an oblong square, near the center of the city, 250 feet long by 200 broad, and is surrounded by a covered colonade. The center is occupied by the Kaaba, or holy house, an oblong, massive structure, of rough stone, 18 paces in length, 14 in breadth, and from 35 to 40 feet in hight. It was rebuilt as it now stands in 1627, after it had been nearly reduced to ruins by a torrent. At the north-east corner is a black stone, which appears to be a piece of lava or black basalt, fixed in the wall, and is devoutly kissed by every pilgrim. The four sides of the Kaaba are covered with a black silk cloth, which hangs down, and leaves the roof bare. This curtain or vail, called Kesoua, is renewed annually at the time of the Hadji, being brought from Cairo, where it is wrought at the expense of the Ottoman Sultan. Within the wall is also the well Zemzem, and several other holy spots.

The inhabitants of Mecca, are an idle and dissolute race, who, with great professions of sanctity, openly set at defiance all the moral precepts of their religion. Many of them even neglect its very forms, and, like the Bedouin, never pray at all, thinking it quite sufficient to insure salvation that they have been born at Mecca. Their principal support is derived from the pilgrims, to whom they let their houses, and whom they supply with necessaries. Their number at one time amounted to as many as 100,000; but, after the invasion of the Wahabees, in 1818, it was reduced to about 18,000. It is probably now very considerably increased.

After the downfall of the Caliphate, Mecca became an independent state, under its own sovereign, called Sheriff; but it is now a dependency of Turkey. In the neighborhood are several holy places, which are visited by the pilgrims, as Mount Arafat, six hours' journey on foot, west of the valley of Mina, and the mountain of Hira, which contains the cave to which Mohammed was accustomed to retire for meditation on heavenly things, and where, he reported, the angel Gabriel appeared to him for the first time.

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Satirical Writers.

BY REV H. GILMORE.

Lucilius is said to have been the *inventor* of *satire*. He is known to us only by detached lines and short passages. He was favored with the friendship of Scipio and Lælius, and enjoyed both respect and impunity in the Roman Republic. Men of erudition, and even of high quality and consular rank, were frequently the subjects of his scathing censure. The fullness of satirical talent and glory never shone upon more than six poets after the days of Lucilius. Horace, in the politest age, under the reign of Augustus, insinuated himself into the graces of the Emperor, yet he was strict in marking the obnoxious and wicked characters of his age. He noted the name, the profession, and the rank of those whom he devoted to undying ridicule, or consigned to the eternity of fame.

Augustus and Mæcenas well knew the value of such a poet. They looked to the stability of government and the empire of good sense, and found them intimately connected with literature and poetry.

In the time of Nero and Trajan, Juvenal and Perseus exerted a severity without playfulness, and veiled themselves in obscurity, yet without being misunderstood. They applied their satirical weapons directly and irresistibly to callous and dspraved hearts .And though the writers were either spared or neglected, their works were circulated, read, and admired.

The power of satire, in its full and legitimate strength, was not felt again till the reign of Louis XIV, of France. Then appeared the extraordinary Boileau, a poet second to none of his predecessors; a philosopher; the friend of sense and of virtue; a gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however malignant or formidable. His compositions are said to have been far removed from conceit and forced thought, and of a finished character. He had an ardent zeal for propriety in sentiment and expression; a great sense of the dignity of the human character when understood; a great abhorrence of hypocrisy, profaneness, indecency, and even of indelicacy. Even his compliments to Louis, though rather lofty, are always conceived in the language of a gentleman and a man of genius, who feels that he is conferring honor, not receiving it. The ancient French language, in which he wrote, though not poetical, as contradistinguished from prose, was, notwithstanding, forcible, terce, and well adapted to the condensation of satirical expression.

Nearly at the same period, after some momentary gleams and flashes in the horison, satire arose in England. Dryden was the poet who brought to perfection what is called the "allegory of satire." Fables, apologues,

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and romances have always been the most ancient modes of reproof and censure. But Dryden placed his scene on the ground of actual history; and it was his peculiar happiness to give an eternal sense and interest to subjects which are transitory. Dryden's power of satire has been generally acknowledged in his MacFlecknoe; but his masterpiece is that wonderful and unequalled performance, Absolom and Achitophel. He presents to us the heroic subject in heroic numbers, a well constructed allegory, and a forcible appeal to our best feelings and passions. He paints the horrors of anarchy, sedition, rebellion, and democracy, with the pencil of Dante or Michael Angelo, and he gives the speeches of his heroes with the strength, propriety, and correctness of Virgil. It is satire in its highest form; but it is satire addressed to the few. The age in which he lived is thought to have had an unfavorable effect on his style. Hence, though he has enthusiasm, majesty, seriousness, severity, gravity, strength of conception, and boldness of imagery, yet he lacked the sprightliness, gayety, ease, badinage, and occasional playfulness so necessary to the general effect of satirical poetry.

Perhaps his genius was too sublime. He could not, or would not, descend to the minutia which are often required—the anecdotes and passing traits of the time. His satire had an original character. It was the strain of Archilochus sounding from the lyre of Alcæus.

But all that was wanting in Dryden found its consummation in the genius, knowledge, correct sense, and condensation of thought and expression of Pope, the last of this immortal brotherhood. The tenor of his life was peculiarly favorable to his office. He had first cultivated all the flowery grounds of poetry. He had excelled in description, pastoral, in the pathetic, and in general criticism, and had given an English existence in perpetuity to the Father of all Poetry. Thus honored, and with these pretensions, he left them all for that excellence for which the maturity of his talents and judgment so eminently designed him. Familiar with the great; intimate with the polite; graced with the attention of the fair; admired by the learned; a favorite with the nation; independent in an acquired opulence, the honorable product of his genius and industry; the companion of those distinguished for birth, high fashion, wit, rank, or virtue; resident in the center of all public information and intelligence—every avenue to knowledge and every mode of observation were open to his curious, prying, piercing, and unwearied intellect. His works are generally read and admired, and furnish to the literary world a rich intellectual feast.—(See "Pursuits of Literature.")

Many have endeavored to become disciples of these great masters of satire, but no modern author has been able to "follow copy." Yet, in the forum, at the bar, in the pulpit, and in legislative halls the power of satire has been displayed, and, in many instances, become more efficient in

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the exposition of error, and the vindication of truth than any other weapon employed. Still, great caution is requisite in giving it proper place and direction. It should ever be aimed at vice and falsehood, and remain the unbending advocate of truth and righteousness.

Happy the man who is able to wield this weapon with skill and efficiency! And wo be to him who comes in contact with its seathing, withering influence!

COLUMBUS, IND., Dec. 1856.

Man without Money.

"You blame me truly, mother; but oh! 'tis bitter hard to bear all this, and feel no resentful curse struggling on the tongue for utterance. Forgiveness, mother, cannot reach conduct so inhuman—patience cannot bear it, unless it be such patience as you alone possess. Patience! Such niggardly oppression, and its miserable consequences, cannot be, ought not to be endured by human weakness; how, then, can we, with human hearts and freeborn spirits, cringe and yield unmurmuringly, unresistingly, patiently, mother, as you would have me, to the accidental power of one, earth like ourselves, who insolently arrogates the privilege of crushing us to the very dust of poverty and wretchedness. Oh the little meanness of avarice! And such avarice!—such naked meanness! With his hand, that never felt the roughness of labor, crammed full with gold, clutching with a miserly eagerness the last, the only mite, from the starving and needy. Aye! the starving! and the wind playing coldly, O how coldly! with our thin rags. He, the great, the respected!—the money-holding, money-made, money-getting property-man—first in the town's society—the feared and the dreaded—the hated soul that hangs its happiness and existence on a paltry sixpence—whose fingers are at this moment playing wantonly with more idle change than would amply suffice to relieve us from our present distress—the heartless hoarder of earth's treasures, who thieves the very crust from the mouth of poverty, and snatches the last rag of comfort from the backs of such shivering, helpless wretches as we are—the tyrant oppressor, who never looked on misery but with an eye of icy indifference—the cursed—"

"Hush, Mary, hush! Curse not one of God's creatures, even though it be but the dog that bites at your heel. Hard, indeed, is our condition, and heartless and inhuman was the act that brought us so suddenly low in wretchedness; but let us rail not at our oppressor; let us not add to our misery the greater bitterness of conscious guilt. Curse not. God is our helper. The man has, with an unfeeling hand indeed, but exercised

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a right that was legally his; he has not to answer to us how conscientiously he has done it."

"A legal right, indeed, mother, he may have had; but oh! what a heart, what a soul!—What did he want with that money? Did he need it? Was he hungry or cold? Was he sick and helpless? What could he do with the money so gluttingly and harshly wrenched from our hands? What did he do with it? What satisfaction has he in reflecting upon what he has done? The cheering certainty that it is safely, snugly, O, how tightly, bolted up in the stone vault of the Bank! A few dear dollars added to the pile of thousands that have long lain there, undisturbed, unmolested! Or perhaps it has purchased an extra dozen of wine—or an additional cake for the approaching party—or it has been bet away, lost but not missed. And for this, our comfortable all is dragged from our possession, and sold in the public streets to the highest bidder, even the humble wheel by which we obtained a living; scarcely clothing enough left with this bed of straw to keep us warm these bitter chill nights. Our pile of wood, too, has added its trifle to replenish the rich man's pocket. This cold, bare floor—this empty wall—that naked fire-place, in which is left not even the tongs to stir the ashes that lie heaped up on the hearth—this deserted-looking room, that but a few days ago sheltered us so cheerfully—this ragged-looking bed—our own pallid and hungry countenances and blistered eyes—all bear testimony to the humanity, the benevolence, the religion of riches! O, mother, I wish I could think of these things as you do."

"Courage, Mary: brood not so despondingly over our misfortunes. Let us lift ourselves up with the strength of that independence which is still left us undisturbed by the oppressor's rake. Our trust is not in gold, for we well know how rapdily it takes wings and flies away. Our hope is a sure one. Go, Mary, to Mr. Smith's with the errand I gave you, and let not the gloominess of the present so sadly darken the prospects of the future."

Drearily swept the wind, raw and frosty, around the dwelling in which this conversation, so laden with sorrow and distress, took place.

"So goes the world,"

thought I, as I passed on my solitary way. I had been, attracted by the melancholy tone of those complainings, induced to pause a few moments at the half-open door, to ascertain, if possible, the occasion of so much distress. I tarried till a young girl passed out in obedience to her mother's last request, and hastily caught a glance of her face. Sorrow was in every lineament—paleness was on each wasted cheek; and tears trembled piteously in each red and unwiped eye. She dropped her head in the

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silent agony of her thoughts, and folding her arms across her breast, walked heavily on in the performance of her duty.

"So goes the world;—if wealthy, you may call
This friend, *that* brother;—friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless, witless, never mind it:
You may have been a stable-boy—what then?
'Tis wealth, good sir, makes *honorable men.*
But if you are poor—Heaven help you!" * * * *

It is indeed a sad and unwelcome reflection, how this thing of chance and accident which men call money; this glittering molded earth, to which men have affixed an adventitious value, arbitrary and perishable, has so divided the human race into the universal two classes, ever distinct and conflicting, of sufferers and oppressors, miserable and happy, famished and surfeited. What is in dust and rags so perishable, that possesses the magic power of dividing so surely between wretchedness and splendor? That assigns, with power and authority to enforce its will, to each free spirit of God, its place of earthly habitation? To one the rude and creviced hut, comfortless and wind-visited—to another the thick-walled mansion of stone, spacious and splendid: to one a bundle of damp straw—to another a bed of down, with silken tapestry: to one a brittle crust of bread, that can scarcely be softened by the cup of water that washes it down—to another a table richly burthened with meats and luxuries in countless variety: to one a poor weak rag to mock his misery, as he shivers with the keen, frosty bitterness of the wintry blast—to another warm and plentiful clothing that enwrap him cheerfully, bidding defiance to the frost and wind of winter. What, and whence is this "invisible spirit of" gold? that exercises on man's destiny and circumstances a control so complete and arbitrary, leading him peremptorily through earth's labyrinth of ways, blindfolded and helpless, to want or plenty, disgrace or honor, sorrow or joy.

Man is a sad judge of man; weighing character and worth in a balance whose beam is pride and selfishness, and whose weights are penny bits of gold and silver. But it is not as an arbitrator in questions of character, honor, and that peculiar state of civilization termed respectability, that I now wish to consider this "terrible thing" money, as I once heard it denominated; though in this capacity it is a powerful and uncompromising agent in the management of human affairs, and the distribution of happiness and misery to mundane probationers. I only wish to lead the reader to think of *man without money* as he now stands related to his more fortunate brother, man with money; as he is, and must be circumstanced, in the present state of civilization and society; his *locale* or cast, assigned to him by public moneyed opinion; and the character and degree of his earthly happiness, if happiness he have any.

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And let me here be truly understood as making, not that foolish, leveling, agrarian distinction that a few deluded politicians affect to discover, respecting rights and privileges, but only that distinction which wealth, as a general characteristic, is well known to assume, in its daily intercourse with, and bearings towards the many whom misfortune, accident, or sickness, has made wretched; that distinction, which is not so much the result of a false estimate of character, as the manifestation and operation of a sordid and selfish state of feeling, a frozen and circumscribed sympathy, and a miserly, metallized heart. Let us return to the cottage. We open the door, and the eye rests upon wo and wretchedness indeed. Our hearts start shudderingly at the cheerless prospect. We see a poor weeping, penniless widow, seated comfortless on a half-clothed bed, want depicted on a pale and emaciated countenance, bracing up her bruised heart with a mother's affection, and urging her desponding thoughts to the contrivance of some new means of obtaining a livelihood for herself and daughter. She hears us not—sees us not—she heeds nothing but the agony of her sorrows, and the cold despair that is creeping, spite of her resisting struggles, witheringly, like the benumbing freeze of death, over her shattered spirits. God help her in her desertion! But whence, and why is all this abject misery? Why so blasting a visitation on innocence and helplessness? Who breaks so rudely the "bruised reed?" Who presumes to crush with so daring an oppression—with so heavy a tread, one of the fair flowers of God's own planting? Who so base and malignant, as to commit such monstrous ravages in the quiet and humble home of virtue?

The oppressor and tyrant that spreads such sickening desolation about him, is *Wealth*. This poor widow owed one of our rich divesians a few paltry dollars rent for the room she had been occupying. Rent day came and went, and she reluctantly declared her inability to pay the amount due. The silver-souled rich man, in the meanness of his cupidity, declared that he must and would have it. The money could not be raised; and so the friendless woman's furniture and valuables were, by his order, sold. This is the result. Human depravity knows not a blacker crime. Man's passions could scarcely suggest a more heartless deed. This is one—a single instance only—of the dark, daily deeds of wealth. The power of riches made this woman miserable; the pride and selfishness of riches passed her by on the other side, and left her to perish. Yet riches could, without the slightest possible inconvenience or impoverishment, have turned that woman's sorrow to gladness, and relieved her torn bosom of every distress; and there would have been no agrarianism in the act. But such is not often the practice of riches. If it were, what a vast accumulation of poverty, and pain, and distress, could at once, as it were with the simple expression of a wish, be clean swept from the face of the

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earth; and the desert of many a heart would break forth into singing, and the waste places of many a deserted fireplace would rejoice and blossom as the rose.

In extending our observations from the cottage to the great world, we shall find that the condition of man without money is almost universally the same; though we shall also detect among the truly afflicted and needy an innumerable company of those whom even the purest and most liberal benevolence would not condescend to regard—the idle, the intemperate, and the dissolute; for such we have but little sympathy or concern; "they are joined to their idols—let them alone." Yonder you behold the tasty and cheerful mansion of one of earth's fortunate ones. The owner is abundantly supplied with every convenience and luxury, and within those walls, all is mirth and happiness. You see the happy man now—he is just descending the stone-steps, pulling on his gloves.

He is met on the sidewalk by a bonnetless, bare-footed, ragged little girl, apparently not more than eight years of age. She stops before him, grinding her hands together, looks timidly up to his face. She struggles to speak, and the rich man is becoming impatient. "Take care here; what do you want?" he exclaims, looking down on her with cold haughtiness. The child is frightened, and stammers worse than at first. What does she want? Money? food? clothing? The rich man stops not to inquire, but pushing her rudely aside, walks rapidly away. The poor, disappointed, abused creature sinks upon the cold pavement, and curling her frozen feet under her, buries her head in her lap, and weeps bitterly. It will be a weary while before she feels the kind hand of charity, or hears the voice of sympathy, bidding her rise and be comforted. Girl, thou hast commenced a long and lonesome journey, over a rough and gloomy way. Friendless and miserable will be thy lot. The keen sweep of the winter's wind about thy shivering limbs, is not more severe, than will be to thy heart the indifference and neglect of a proud and selfish generation. Thou hast no money, child; and therefore the humblest comfort will be denied thee; therefore thou must be forsaken, and be made to crouch, like a famishing dog, beneath the table of plenty; therefore thou must be crushed and burdened with grief; therefore thou must hunger, and starve, and be cold, and perish. Thou hast no money; what, then, hast thou to do with comfort or happiness? Ah! child, there is a dust that is dug out of the earth thou wast made free to tread and enjoy, would cheer thee in thy destitution; but most of it has been already collected and concealed by those who will but mock at thy sufferings, and be deaf to thy cries; and what is left is buried too deep in earth's rubbish for thee to reach.

But the girl has arisen, and is now making a bolder application at another door. Her request is for a stick or two of the rich man's wood,

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that is piled up so abundantly before his door. "Mother is sick, sir—and there's no fire, and it's very cold." Oh God! The man picks up a few rotten broken clumps, and dropping them into her upheld apron, brushes the dust off his hands, and turns in to enjoy his own bright blazing fire, and well warmed room. The little girl wraps her apron about the sticks, and bursts into tears. Home, girl, home with thy gift. Thy mother suffers, and thou art sick, heart-broken and cold. Linger no longer in this freezing wind? Thou hast no part with the happy, no hope at the rich man's door; and the world will but spurn thy petition.

"So goes the world!", Nor only so. Every day presents scenes of desolation, sighing, and oppression, in endless variety; all within the reach and control of those who have the power and ability to make all bright and comfortable. There is, indeed, something humiliating, besides disgusting, in the moral picture of one of earth's begilded worldlings. You know him by his foppish and conceited strut. Selfishness is the predominant motive of all his actions. His tinsel trappings, chains, rings and seals, are evidence of the strength and extent of his mental faculties, which are expended continually upon the poor frippery of dress; the effeminate adjustment of a curl, the shape of a hat, or the interesting curve of the toe of a boot. His heart is a foolish affectation of idle romancing and prettiness; untouched by one pure sentiment; unknown to any of those softening emotions that so sweetly elevate our affections, and dignify our social intercourse. His soul is an existence beyond the limit of his groveling consciousness, a practical embodiment of arrogance and folly. It is his perfumed presence that is disgusting. We are humiliated at the thought of the cold sneer, and the contemptible pretence with which he passes by the friendless and unfortunate; the haughty indifference he manifests at the cry of the destitute and needy. The petty superciliousness of his conduct towards those in an humbler, yet happier walk of life, who will not condescend companionship with him, but whom he affects to despise, we regard with proud pity. But we must confess a heart-sickening sense of shame and grief, when we compare the extravagant comforts which he enjoys with a sated wastefulness, with the crying wants and pining poverty of numbers around him, in heart purer and nobler than himself. We are affected and seriously disturbed, to see the life of virtue and worth so embittered and joyless, while folly and impertinence gathers idly about him every delicacy and luxury of earth. Every benevolent heart feels an oppression of mortification, at the unwelcome consideration, that the magic influence that creates and maintains this unrighteous distinction is money—a pitiful handful of gold; which this creature of starch and gilt, possesses by an accidental inheritance. There is also another variety of the oppressor of man without money, to which I need make but a slight reference. Its representative is well

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known by the dingy shabbiness of his clothing, his stingy parsimoniousness, and his inveterate covetousness. His rapid gait, clenched fists, and eyes turned always upon the ground—are all indicative of the low, groveling nature of his hopes and desires, the narrowness of his heart, the cold callousness of his feelings, and the death of each warming affection. The sapless, leafless trunk of the blasted forest-tree, is not so sad a picture of desolation and uselessness. Its life—the refreshing springs of its beauty and strength, its vigor and pride, are wasted and gone—"cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground." Draw water from the solid rock: strike the bright fire-spark from a clump of ice—but hope not, seek not to extract from the iron gripe of his fingers, the smallest passable coin, for the succor of the perishing and the comfort of the heart-broken.

Reader, let us wash our hands of the shame of such supreme selfishness. The poor we have always with us; let us not disregard their cry. We are all brethren of one family; and it seems not right that while one is begemmed, jeweled, and ringed, in costly and useless finery, another should perish in his destitution.

J. W. W.

Woodlawn.

DEDICATED TO MISS LIZZIE A. D. NUTTALL.

BY ALICE CLIFTON.

Dear Woodlawn!—through thy waving trees
How calmly sweeps the Summer's breeze,
Breathing peace to the wounded breast,
And whisp'ring so gently of rest!
The sweet Kentucky's rippling flow,
Keeps murmuring softly on below
Like mournful music to the heart
That sighs beneath sad sorrow's dart,
Filling the air, above, around,
With sweetly sympathizing sound
That steals the sting away from sadness,
Turning grief almost to gladness.
Far from the cold world, then, forgot
By all save in this quiet spot,
'T were sweet to live beneath the shade
Of Woodlawn's dear and lovely glade;
But sweeter far to pass away
With fading Summer's lingering ray,
And find a calm and quiet grave
Beneath the river's peaceful wave.

WOODLAWN, December, 1858.

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Good Advice to Odd Fellows.

BY P.G. JOHN T. MAYO.

In whatever light, my brethren, the world around us may choose to regard our enterprise, we at least can entertain no misgivings as to its real character and tendency. If that be a praiseworthy purpose which seeks to subdue the cold selfishness of our nature, and draw mankind together in the bands of fraternal affection, then is Odd-Fellowship entitled to the highest commendation. We know our detractors do not dare to condemn the principles which we profess to advocate, but content themselves by charging us with sheer hypocrisy. They allege that all this canting, as they term it, about charity and benevolence, is mere empty pretense, and designed to divert the public mind from the real character of our proceedings. The falsehood of this assertion is equaled only by its malignity. It cannot proceed from ignorance, for the streams of our benevolence have diffused themselves far and wide in every direction wherever the Order is known. There is not an intelligent observer of passing events in this community, but has had the fact palpably demonstrated before his eyes, that we not only inculcate, but actually practice the duties of benevolence. It is entirely too late in the day to accuse us of failure in carrying out our laudable professions. No, I repeat it, as the mature conviction of my own judgment, that, whenever this slander is hurled against us, it is with a full knowledge of its utter untruth, and is, therefore, dictated only by a spirit of base and detestable malignity.

But it would be out of place, on this occasion, to enter upon a vindication of the Order. I am now addressing those whose warmest impulses are enlisted in our favor, and who are ardently engaged in promoting its advancement and prosperity. For this reason, it is my design to be plain and practical in my remarks; and I trust that, even should I bring to view only familiar and commonplace topics, you will not condemn them as unworthy of a few moments' reflection.

When I have been asked, Why adopt so singular a name as that of Odd Fellows? I have sometimes answered, because we try to love one another, and to do each other all the good we can in passing through the world. It is, indeed, humiliating to think that such a course should render us *odd* from the great mass of our fellow men; but thus it is. And while we are endeavoring to perform these duties, and to enforce them by precept and by example upon mankind at large, we must calculate upon encountering reproach and opposition. From this consideration, I wish to insist upon the great and indispensable necessity of harmony and concert of action throughout the Order. Union, I allow, is an essential requisite in all societies; but I contend that, with us, it is the grand prin-

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ciple of vitality. We are surrounded with enemies from without, and if we once permit jealousy and disunion to gain the ascendency within, our existence is endangered ; and if we cannot grapple the monster Discord by the horns, and hurl him from the walls of our citadel, our doom is sealed, and we must utterly and ingloriously perish.

Nature herself reads us an instructive lesson upon the importance of union. Take the human body, for example. If one member suffers, no matter how insignificant, all the rest suffer with it. If I simply strike my toe, for instance, every part of my system instantly sympathizes with the injured member. In the complicated machinery of the human frame, what order and harmony is necessary to its well-being ! One cord severed, one ligament unbound, one bone fractured, one muscle paralized, and the whole man is disordered, and his very existence ofttimes rendered a painful burden. Thus the misconduct of one individual is calculated to bring sorrow and pain upon all with whom he is connected. We may remark, too, that the mind sympathizes in the derangement of the animal structure. It cannot, as before, expatiate, on free and tireless wing, through the boundless empire of thought. True, its inherent power is not destroyed : but it is checked and depressed, and at every effort to disengage itself, it is irresistibly called back, and its attention directed to the point of suffering. It is thus in society. It is so, brethren, in your Lodge. One refractory member may, for the time being, destroy the peace of the whole fraternity; and while your attention is directed to him, it must necessarily be diverted, to a greater or less extent, from the grand principles and objects of the institution.

Let it, then, be your constant aim to keep down every thing that may tend to interrupt your perfect harmony. Let all your proceedings be characterized, as far as possible, by unity of action. Cultivate the spirit of brotherly love. In the transaction of business avoid everything like unkindness or recrimination. Be ready, at all times, to make a reasonable sacrifice of private preferences for the sake of the general peace. Keep spirit out of your ranks. Union is so infallibly conducive to prosperity, that where we find a society in a languid and declining state, we may very safely conclude that one, and perhaps the only important cause of it is disunion among its members.

Suppose that, standing on the beach, you discover a boat heading toward the land, but apparently making no progress. It may be that wind and tide are adverse, but you perceive that the oars are manned by strong and able-bodied men, and you cannot resist the conviction that a "long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether," would send the boat onward in spite of wind and wave ; but you soon see, detect the difficulty ; part of the crew are rowing in one direction, and part in another ; and you at once cease to marvel that they make no headway.

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Bear it in mind, brethren, if you want to see our course go triumphantly forward, you must not only man the oars, but, what is of indispensable importance, you must all pull together.

I have just now alluded to the necessity of avoiding harshness of debate in the transaction of business. Suffer me to add a word upon that point, and this the more because I have in my visits to different Lodges, on some occasions, witnessed exhibitions of temper which no Odd Fellow should ever indulge. It is our duty to treat the opinions of brethren with respect, and not be too confident or tenacious of our own. It is proper to advance our views freely, but at the same time with mildness, and in such a way as not to give offense to others. All cannot see through the same medium. An old lady once said to me, "Is it possible you can't see through them specs! Why, I can see with them perfectly plain." No doubt the good lady spoke the truth; but that did not alter the fact that I could not see through them at all. If this person had seen fit to get into a passion about the matter, we should only have laughed at her absurdity, as we smiled at her simplicity. Is it not, then, ridiculous to suffer our temper to be ruffled, simply because our brethren cannot see as we do? Remember, that if you wish to bring others to your opinion, you will accomplish your purpose far more readily and effectually by a plain, modest, subdued course of remarks, than by loud tones, positive assertions, and ungenerous imputations.—*The Token.*

Salutations.

When men salute each other in an amicable manner, it signifies little whether they move a particular part of the body or practice a particular ceremony. In these actions there must exist different customs. Every nation imagines it employs the most reasonable ones; but all are equally simple, and none are to be treated as ridiculous.

The infinite number of ceremonies may be reduced to two kinds—to reverences or salutations, and to the touch of some part of the human body. To bend and prostrate one's self to express sentiments of respect appears to be a natural motion; for terrified persons throw themselves on the earth when they adore invisible beings. The affectionate touch of the person they salute is an expression of tenderness.

As nations decline from their ancient simplicity, much farce and grimace are introduced. Superstition, the manners of a people, and their situation, influence the modes of salutation, as may be observed from the instances we collect.

Modes of salutation have sometimes very different characters, and it is no uninteresting speculation to examine their shades. Many display a

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refinement of delicacy, while others are remarkable for their simplicity, or for their sensibility. In general, however, they are frequently the same in the infancy of nations, and in more polished societies. Respect, humility, fear, and esteem are expressed much in a similar manner; for these are the natural consequences of the organization of the body.

The demonstrations become in time only empty civilities, which signify nothing. We shall notice what they were originally, without reflecting what they are now.

The first nations have no peculiar modes of salutation; they know of no reverences or other compliments, or they despise or disdain them.

The Greenlanders laugh when they see an European uncover his head and bend his body before him whom he calls his superior.

The Islanders near the Philippines, take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it they gently rub the face.

The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against the person they salute.

Dampier says that at New Orleans they were satisfied in placing on their heads the leaves of trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace. This is at least a picturesque salute.

Other salutations are very incommodious and painful. It requires great practice to enable a man to be polite in an island situated in the Strait of the Sound. Houtman tells us that they saluted him in this odd way: They raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence over his face.

The inhabitants of the Philippines bend their bodies very low, in placing their hands on their cheeks, raising at the same time one foot in the air with the knee bent.

An Ethiopian takes the robe of another and ties it around his own waist, so that he leaves his friend half naked. This custom of undressing on these occasions takes other forms; sometimes men place themselves naked before the person whom they salute; it is to show their humility, and that they are unworthy of appearing in their presence. This was practiced before Sir Joseph Banks when he received the visit of two female Otaheitans. Their innocent simplicity no doubt did not appear immodest in the eyes of the virtuoso. Sometimes they only undress partially.

The Japanese only take off a slipper; the people of Arracan, their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house.

The grandees of Spain claim the right of appearing covered before the king, to show that they are not so much subjected to him as the rest of the nation.

The Negroes are lower in ludicrous actions, and make all their ceremonies farcical. The greater part pull their fingers till they crack.

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Snelgrave gives an odd representation of the embassy which the King of Dahomy sent to him. The ceremonies of salutation consisted in the most ridiculous contortions. When two negro monarchs visit, they embrace in snapping three times the middle finger.

Barbarous nations frequently imprint on their salutations the dispositions of their character. When the inhabitants of Carmena (says Athenæus) would show a peculiar mark of esteem, they breached a vein, and presented for the beverage of their friend the blood as it issued.

The Franks tore hair from their head, and presented it to the person they saluted. The slave cut his hair, and offered it to his master.

The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities. They even calculate the number of their reverences. These are their most remarkable postures: The men move their hands in an affectionate manner while they are joined together on the breast, and bow the head a little. If they respect a person, they raise the hands joined, and then lower them to the earth, in bending the body. If two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees, and bend the face to the earth, and this ceremony they repeat two or three times. If a Chinese is asked how he finds himself in health? he answers, "Very well, thanks to your abundant felicity." If you would tell a man that he looks well, you say, "Prosperity is painted on your face," or "Your air announces your happiness." If you render them any service, they say, "My thanks should be immortal." If you praise them, they say, "How shall I dare to persuade myself of what you say of me?" If you dine with them, they tell you at parting, "We have not treated you with sufficient distinction." The various titles they invent for each other it would be impossible to translate.

It is to be observed, that all these answers are prescribed by the Chinese Ritual or Academy of Compliments. There are determined the number of bows; the expressions to be employed; and the inclinations which are to be made to the right or left hand; the salutations of the master before the chair, where the stranger is to be seated, for he salutes it most profoundly, and wipes the dust away with the skirts of his robes; all these gestures and other things are noticed, even to the silent gestures by which they are entreated to enter the house. The lower class of people are equally nice in these punctilios, and ambassadors pass forty days in practicing them before they are enabled to appear at court. A Tribunal of Ceremonies has been erected, and every day very odd decrees are issued, to which the Chinese most religiously submit.

The marks of honor are frequently arbitrary; to be seated, with us, is a mark of repose and familiarity; to stand up, that of respect. There are countries, however, in which princes will only be addressed by persons who are seated, and it is considered as a favor to be permitted to

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stand in their presence. This custom prevails in despotic countries; a despot can not suffer, without disgust, the elevated figures of his subjects. He is pleased to bend their bodies with their genius; his presence must lay those who behold him prostrate on the earth. He desires no eagerness; he would only inspire terror.

Our Association.

BY T. G. BEHARRELD.

The fraternity of Odd Fellows is an association—a union of persons in a company or society, formed for the purpose of performing a work for mutual advantage. It has been said, and said correctly: "Man was made for association." The great Creator has so constructed the human mind, that it is adapted to it.

The creation of man was a part of the work of the Creator on the sixth day. "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul." A few hours only elapsed after he was created, until under the boughs of a spreading tree in Eden, Adam laid him down to sleep. And while in the "deep sleep" that fell upon him, the almighty God took one of his ribs "and closed up the flesh instead thereof" "and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman and brought her unto the man," for God had said of man, "It is not good that he be alone, I will make him an help meet for him." Adam understood that he was made for association, and at once plighted to the woman his unfailing faith.

The idea of association is kept before us in almost everything noted in the creation—both in animate and in inanimate nature. Light and darkness, day and night, heaven and earth, dry land and seas—the sun and moon as the greater, and the stars as the lesser lights.

The earth was adorned with its various herbage—innumerable spires of grass lifted their tiny forms to the newly created light, and displayed in union the glory of their Creator. Tall mountains, cedars and pines moved to and fro alike under the same passing breeze, and the flower plants opened their petals, and discovered their beautiful bloom—then sent their rich fragrance on the uncorrupted air.

But the idea of association has ever been kept up and exemplified in nature—behold it in the living animals, those that inhabit the seas, from him who makes the great deep to "boil like a pot," to the smallest living creature whose native element is the water. See it in the beasts of the earth—from those who carefully browse, standing upon earth, on the

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lower branches of the tall forest tree, to those who are hunted even to death by the ingenious and indefatigable ferret.

See it also in the fowls of the air—from the eagle who soars aloft and looking down on earth's mountains, and the battling clouds in times of storm; covers his head near the boundary line of earth's atmosphere; and who as he poises himself in that far-off region from earth, for the first time lowers his eye and talks in his own vernacular to his attendants—to the little humming-bird, as busily it goes from point to point, and intrudes its tiny bill into the center of the opened petals of the varied flowers. See it again in the creeping things of earth—from the great Alconda or the winding Boa Constrictor to the smallest creeping thing—all seem formed for association.

It is recorded of the Patriarch Jacob, that when on his way to Padanaram, he lighted on a certain place and "tarried there all night because the sun was set;" he laid him down and slept, and as he slept, he dreamed; "and behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and the angels of God were ascending and descending upon it;" thus we behold angels, associated in the work of their great Master, banded together to direct the attention of a perilled traveler to his home on high.

In the history of Israel's prophets, it is recorded of one of them, that he enraged the Syrian king by following the direction of the spirit under which he prophecied. The Syrian determined to destroy him; and to accomplish his purpose, he sent a company of armed soldiers to take him at Dothan. When Elisha's servant saw the soldiers approaching, he turned pale, and with fear and trembling said, "Alas, my master, what shall we do?" Afterward the eyes of the servant were opened, and to to his astonishment he discovered that the mountain was environed with horses and chariots of fire. He saw that the host that was united for their defense was far more numerous than the war-prepared company that had come to take them. This interesting fact in sacred history plainly teaches the importance of "faith in God" in the time of danger and peril. Every Odd Fellow's attention has been arrested by that motto of our Order: "Trust in God." In the time of danger and distress, we lift our eyes heavenward, and the prayer of a believing heart enters the ears of the Lord God of Sabbaoth. Odd-Fellowship is an association formed for mutual good and general advantage, recognizing in all its parts God's *Fatherhood* and man's *Brotherhood*—and resting on these two great facts, she is making a glorious march in the great work of fraternizing the world. She has a standing maxim, known to all her votaries, viz.: "The hand of an Odd Fellow is always open to supply the wants of the needy;" and practicing upon that maxim, she will continue to bless the world.

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El Ultimo Sospiro del Moro.

BY GRANVILLE MOOGIE BALLARD.

. . . . . Boabdil spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother and his faithful wife, Armine, awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its hight the vale, the rivers, the spires and the towers of Granada, broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sun-lighted valley and crystal river. An universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote, it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred King, in vain seeking to wrap himself in the eastern pride or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on, through the solitary defiles: and that place where the King wept at the last view of his lost empire is still called "El Ultimo Sospiro Del Moro," "The last sigh of the Moor."—Bulwer.

The Moorish King, alone and sad,
With folded arms and drooping head,
In weeds of sorrow humbly clad,
But none the less a monarch's tread,—

From jeweled crown and scepter flees,
Though his proud conquerers bid him stay;
For royalty is ill at ease
Encompassed by a victor's sway.

His beard is white as Jura's snows,
And hot the blood flows through his veins;
His cheek with fading honor glows,—
His eye the fire of youth retains.

Absorbed in thought akin to pain
Full many a league he wanders on,
When, lo! he stops to view again
The city where the crescent shone.

Afar, the royal city sleeps,
Bestud with moslems quaint and queer;
And high o'er all Alhambra keeps
Her watches through the waning year.

A sleepy pile of mountains rise,
Like islands veiled in ocean's spray,—
The sun still clings to Western skies,
As Winter to the skirts of May.

Farewell, Granada! Fare-the-well
Alhambra! Allah wills it so.
A sigh escaped, a tear-drop fell,
The first, the last one, *del Moro.*

Ah! Moorish King, thy Court's a camp
Within yon darker woodland now:

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'T was thine own hand that lit the lamp
That shed such luster on thy brow.

Though crown nor jewel decks thy head,
Thou art no menial serf nor slave;
For Honor in her childhood said,
Freedom emancipates the brave.

Beside the Xenil Freedom's song
Shall ever echo to thy name,—
The world its music shall prolong,
While Justice drives the car of Fame.

INDIANAPOLIS, IA., December, 1856.

The Cotton Caps of Tunis.

In the Bay of Tunis I observed an immense number of men, all of whom wearing cotton caps. Truly, it was not worth while to pass through Spain from Bajonne to Cadiz, to visit the shores of Africa from Tangier to Bizerre, merely to examine, after all these fatigues and troubles, such numberless lots of cotton caps. I inquired after their history. Here you have got it:

In the year 1826, under the government of the late Bey, a storm forced a captain of Marseilles to cast anchor in the Bay of Tunis. His ship carried a large cargo of cotton caps, to be shipped to Gibraltar. At that time, when entering the harbor of Tunis, every ship was bound to pay a certain tribute, the amount of which was fixed by the Raja-Marsa, the master of the harbor. He asked of the unlucky captain an enormous sum. Unable to pay it, he had to leave his goods behind, and went to the palace, imploring the grace of the Bey. The Bey, having listened attentively to the complaints of the Giaour, asked him:

"Do you wish to be treated according to the Turkish or French laws?"

The captain considered the question for some time, and, with full confidence in the justice of the laws of his own country, he at last replied:

"According to the French Code."

"Well!" said the Bey. "Return to your ship, and wait my commands."

The captain kissed the slippers of his Highness, returned on board of his ship, and awaited quietly the orders of the Bey. There passed one, two, three months. The captain grew impatient, and returned to the shore, expecting to meet the Bey. His Highness passed. The Captain fell on his feet.

"Highness!" he said, "you have forgotten me entirely."

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"No," answered the Bey; "ain't you the French captain who brought a charge against the Raja-Marsa?"

"And to whom you have promised justice!"

"But according to the French law."

"Certainly."

"Well, then, why are you dissatisfied?"

"Because I await your decision already these last three months."

"Hear!" said the Bey. "Since three years your Consul is treating me with disrespect; since three years I am bringing charges against him before your King, asking for immediate and impartial justice. I am waiting these last three years; you, too, in three years, please call again."

"The devil!" exclaimed the captain, who began to understand the importunity of this affair. "Is there no remedy for shortening this delay, your Highness?"

"You have asked for French justice."

"But if I would have asked for Turkish laws?"

"That would have been entirely different, and the case would have been decided long ago."

"Well, may I not do it now?"

"Why not? It is always time to do right."

"Well, then, Turkish laws, your Highness! Turkish laws!"

"So. Follow me."

The captain kissed the slippers of the Bey, and followed him.

The Bey returned to his palace.

"How much did the Raja-Marsa ask of you?"

"Fifteen hundred francs."

"And you find this sum too large?"

"Highness, that is my humble opinion."

"How much?"

"At least two-thirds."

"You are right. Here are two hundred piasters, making one thousand francs."

"Highness," said the captain, "you are the balance of justice!" He kissed the slippers of the Bey, and wanted to go away.

"Do you ask no indemnification of me?" asked the Bey.

"Certainly; but I do not dare mentioning it."

"Speak out."

"Well, it seems to me I am entitled to some reimbursement for the loss of time I experienced in awaiting this notable decision."

"You are correct."

"So much the more as the season for my goods in Gibraltar is over."

"What goods have you shipped?" asked the Bey.

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"Cotton caps, Highness."

"What is that?"

The captain took a pattern out of his pocket, and handed it to the Bey.

"What is the use thereof?" asked the latter.

"To put them on the head," and he covered his head with the cap.

"It looks very ugly, indeed," said the Bey.

"But it is very comfortable," replied the captain.

"And the delay of giving my decision has done you much injury."

"At least two thousand francs, Highness."

"Wait a little."

The Bey sent for his secretary. He soon entered the room, crossed his arms, and bowed down to the floor.

"Sit down and write," commanded the Bey.

The secretary obeyed. Having written the words which the Bey had dictated in the Arabian language, his Highness continued:

"Have this amra (command) cried out in the city."

The secretary went away.

"Pardon!" said the captain.

"What else?"

"May I ask after the contents of this command?"

"Certainly. It is an order to all the Jews in Tunis, that, under the penalty of death, within twenty-four hours, they have to cover themselves with cotton caps."

"Ah, I begin to perceive," exclaimed the captain; and he threw himself at the feet of the Bey, kissed his slippers, aud hastened to his ship.

During this time, by sound of trumpets, the following amra was published in the streets of Tunis:

"Praised be Allah! In the name of Sidi Hussein Pasha, Bey of Tunis, the Jews are forbidden to show themselves in the streets of Tunis without having covered their infidel head with a cotton cap. Whosoever transgresses this law will be put to death within twenty-four hours. The infidels are ordered to procure such a kind of covering. Given this April 20th, of the year 1243 of the Hegira."

The effect of this order was a terrible one. The 25,000 Jews, forming the Hebrew population of Tunis, looked frightened and scared one upon another. The most learned Rabbis were called upon, but no one knew what a cotton cap meant. At last a Gourni, a man from Livorno, recollected having seen, in Livorno, a Norman crew dressed with a similar covering. But how to procure these cotton caps? It is not an easy task to procure twelve thousand cotton caps. The men wrung their hands, the women pulled their hair, the children threw themselves on the ground—all lifted their hands to Heaven, exclaiming and praying, "Wherefrom shall we procure these cotton caps?"

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At once a rumor spread in the city, that a ship was laying at anchor in the Bay, loaded with cotton caps. The Rabbis caused inquiries to be made, and the messengers ascertained, it was a ship with three masts from Marseilles. The whole crowd all at once rushed to the boats, all thronged and crowded in. An entire flotilla rowed toward the Bay. Arrived at the Fort, still more people rushed in the boats, five or six of which were upset; but there being only four feet of water in the Sea of Tunis, fortunately nobody was drowned. In half an hour they arrived near the French ship. The captain awaited them on the deck. He had observed the embarking, the fight, and the shipwreck. In less than ten minutes his ship was surrounded by three hundred boats. Twelve thousand voices exclaimed: "Cotton caps! Cotton caps!"

The captain gave a sign with the hand; all observed that he wished them to be silent, and the noise and uproar ceased. "You want cotton caps?" he said.

"Yes, yes, yes," was the unanimous answer.

"Very well," replied the captain, "but cotton caps are very scarce; indeed, I have got news that they fetch a very high price."

"Yes, yes, we know it."

"Hear, my friends, I am an honest man," shouted the captain.

The Jews began to feel uneasy.

"I do not wish to profit by this chance, to extort money from you."

The Jews turned pale.

"I will sell you the cotton caps for four francs."

"Well, well," shouted the Jews. Twelve thousand arms were raised at once.

"Order," cried the captain; "come on board the ship on this side, and leave it on the other side."

Every Jew passed across the deck, received a cotton cap, and paid four francs. The captain had made a net profit of thirty-six thousand francs.

On the next day the captain waited on the Bey. "Ah, you are it," said the Bey. The captain fell on his knees and kissed the slippers again. "What do you want now?" asked the Bey.

"I come, Highness, to thank you."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Charmed and enchanted."

"And do you prefer the Turkish justice to the French one?"

"Decidedly, it is infinitely better."

"Are you done, now?"

"I am, your Highness."

"No, wait."

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The Bey called his secretary. The secretary entered the room, crossed his arms, and bowed down to the floor.

"Write," commanded the Bey; and he began to dictate.

"Praised be Allah! In the name of Sidi Hussein Pasha, Bey of Tunis, by the present order, under penalty of death, all the Jews are forbidden to appear in the streets of Tunis covered with cotton caps. Within twenty-four hours every owner of a cotton cap has to sell it at such a price as he can get for it. Given on the 22d of April, in the year 1243 of the Hegira."

"Do you understand that?" asked the Bey the captain.

"Highness, you are the greatest Bey, I ever saw."

"Well, return to your ship, and wait."

Half an hour afterward the trumpet sounded, in the streets of Tunis, and the population inquisitively surrounded the heralds. The Jews among the crowd were easily recognized by their cotton caps. The Amra was read. The first impulse was to throw the caps into the fire. But a second thought led them to the consideration, that it would be better to lose a trifling than the whole. Having a respite of twenty-four hours, a bargain was made with the boats-men, not to charge too high a price for the passage. Two hours afterward the ship was again surrounded by the boats.

"Captain," shouted twelve thousand voices, "we offer you for sale our cotton caps."

"Pah," replied the captain.

"You shall have them cheap."

"I have just been informed that cotton caps are very low."

"We are willing to sell below cost price."

"I can only take them for twenty sous a piece. Whosoever intends to sell his cap for twenty sous, let him enter the ship on this side, and leave it on the other side."

"Oh, Captain. Oh, Captain!"

"Halloh, boys, weigh anchor," shouted the captain to his crew.

"What are you going to do, Captain?"

"Captain, for forty sous."

The captain continued his orders, to weigh anchor.

"Captain, for thirty sous!"

The crew began to wind up the anchor.

"Captain, you shall have them!"

"Well," said the captain

One Jew after another entered the ship, handed over his cap, received his twenty sous, and left the ship. At the loss of three francs they had twice saved their lives, and they considered that price very cheap. The captain had his goods back, and a net profit of thirty-six thousand francs.

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Being well bred, he took eighteen thousand francs, and went to the Bey.

"What is the matter?" asked the Bey.

The captain threw himself down and kissed the Bey's slippers. "I come to offer your Highness my sincere thanks."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Charmed. I am coming to offer your Highness—"

"What?"

"Half of thirty-six thousand francs, I have made by that operation."

"Go on!" replied the Bey; "did I not promise you justice according to Turkish fashion?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"Well, the Turkish justice is practiced gratis."

"Storm and weather!" exclaimed the captain; "in France they never would have been satisfied with the half; they would have taken at least three-quarters."

"You are mistaken," said the Bey, "they would have taken the whole!"

"Truly," replied the captain, "you know European justice as well as I do." He kissed once more the Bey's slippers, and one-quarter of an hour afterward he sailed away booming. He was afraid the Bey might change his mind.

But the Jews were so pleased with this new fashion, that they preferred the cotton cap to the yellow Fez or the black turban. They petitioned the present Bey to grant them the permission of changing their coverings, which was willingly agreed to. Hence the numberless lot of cotton caps, which I saw in the Bay of Tunis. But this desirable article is introduced no longer from Livorno or Gibraltar; the old Turks themselves are knitting the cotton caps.

HAPPINESS.—To watch the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw over ploughshare or spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope—these are the things to make men happy; they have always had the power of doing these; they never *will* have the power to do more. The world's prosperity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things, but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in nowise. And I am utopian and enthusiastic enough, to believe that the time will come when the world will discover this. It has tried fighting, and preaching, and fasting, buying and selling, pomp and parsimony, pride and humiliation—every possible manner of existence in which it could conjecture there was happiness and dignity. and all the while God had placed its real happiness in the keeping of the little mosses by the wayside and of the clouds of the firmament.—*Ruskin.*

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The Sponge an Animated Jet-d'eau.

The sponge of commerce is entirely composed of a most intricate interlacement of horny filaments, between which water passes freely through all parts of the spongy mass. When highly magnified, the manner in which these filaments unite in every direction with those around is distinctly seen. Its entire substance is made up of countless minute intercommunicating cells, circumscribed on all sides by the horny meshes.

The horny network above described, is, however, only the framework or skeleton, upon which the living portion of the sponge is supported and spread out. Whilst the sponge is alive, or recently détached from the rock on which it grew, every filament is found to be coated over with a glairy albuminous film, almost as liquid as oil, or as the white of an egg, and it is this semi-fluid film which constitutes the living portion of the creature; being endowed with the power of absorbing nourishment from the surrounding water, and, as it grows, of forming for itself a horny support, which it arranges in definite and beautiful forms, characteristic of the species to which it belongs.

If the living sponge, thus constructed, be examined while in its native element, it is seen to be possessed of faculties and capabilities of a most extraordinary and inexplicable character. It was, I believe, Professor Bell who, many years ago, first announced in a paragraph in Nicholson's Journal, that when the sponge is watched in its natural condition, its substance is seen to be permeated in all directions by strong currents, the course of which may be easily made apparent by diffusing a little powdered chalk, or other opaque particles, through the surrounding water.

Professor Grant has more recently, and more minutely examined this part of their economy; and it is, indeed, principally to his patient observations, that we are indebted for such a history of sponges as induces modern zoologists to classify them as members of the animal creation.

By a careful examination of living sponges, the last-mentioned observer ascertained that the water wherein the sponge is immersed is perpetually sucked into its substance through the countless minute pores that cover its outer surface, and as incessantly is again expelled through other and much larger orifices, that are placed at distant intervals upon prominent portions of the body of the sponge. The water sucked in by the general porous surface is gradually collected by some inherent and vital power of the sponge into larger and still larger channels, and at length is forcibly ejected through wide openings.

The account given by Professor Grant of his first discovery of these entering and issuing currents is extremely graphic. Having placed a portion of live sponge in a watch-glass with some sea-water; "I beheld,"

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says he, "for the first time the splendid spectacle of this living fountain vomiting forth from a circular cavity an impetuous torrent of liquid matter, and hurling along in rapid succession opaque masses, which it strewed everywhere around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene in the animal kingdom long arrested my attention; but after twenty-five minutes of constant observation, I was obliged to withdraw my eye, from fatigue, without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction or diminish the rapidity of its course."

We next come to the consideration of a numerous race of compound polyps, having skeletons so branched and slender, that they easily might be mistaken for most elegant and delicate plants. Ladies collect them on the beach, and having placed them in their albums, some are pleased to call them "sea-weed." Beautiful, certainly, are sea-weeds of this kind, when so collected, and even when so placed; but, if a sea-weed such as this, instead of being dried as in the herbarium of a botanist, had been examined living, while immersed in the salt-water where it grew, the spectacle had then, indeed, been worth contemplating. The least branch, the smallest twig, or most minute filament of one of these delicate structures—of the zoophyte, for example—presents a scene of wonder whilst it is alive and in its native element. One side (or oftener both) of every slender branch is fringed with little horny cups, arranged in different modes, in various forms of *Sertularidæ;* and in each one of all the thousand cups observed upon a coralline like this is placed an active, hungry polyp; thousands of mouths feeling one common body, which is placed *within* the horny branches of the skeleton.

The stem, and every part derived therefrom—each thread, for such the branches sometimes seem viewed by the naked eye, is found, examined closely, to be tabular, and filled from end to end with a soft substance, in the same manner as the alder tree has every bough filled up with pith. The semi-fluid pith that thus passes through every portion of a *sertularia*, is, in fact, the living animal to which the active polyps, fishing from the external cups, minister food that afterward becomes diffused, from stem to stem, to the remotest parts.

Let knowledge, taste, and religion be the three graces that adorn the farmer's home, and they will make the humblest dwelling more beautiful in the eye of God than the palace of wealth and luxury. It will be the abode, not of splendor, but of contentment; not of pride, but of peace; the home of virtue and happiness.

The countenance of a Father in heaven sheds a soft and subdued light on every landscape, and the child of God, while communing with nature, is silently communing with Him.

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Wisdom of Laughter.

Democritus being once at the court of Darius, when that monarch lost his favorite wife, promised to restore her to life, provided they would give him the names of three men who had never known adversity, that he might inscribe them upon her tombstone; and upon the prince acknowledging the impossibility of complying with their request, he asked him, with his usual laugh, why he should expect to escape affliction when not one among so many millions was exempt from calamity. Here was philosophy as well as laughter: and, indeed, we doubt whether there be any wisdom more profound than that which developes itself by our risible faculties. Laughter, as well as reason, is peculiar to man, and we may, therefore, assume that they illustrate and sympathise with one another. Animals were meant to cry, for they have no other mode of expression; and infants who are in the same perdicament, are provided with a similar resource; but when we arrive at man's estate (the only one, by the way, to which most editors succeed) both the sound and physiognomy of weeping must be altogether brutal and irrational. The former is positively uninscriptible, and we should never utter anything that cannot be committed to writing; and as to a lachrymose visage, we appeal to the reader whether it be not contemptible and fish-like beyond all the fascinations of Niobe herself to redeem. All associations connected with this degrading process are hateful. Perhaps we may be fastidiously sensitive on this point; but we confess that we have an antipathy toward a whale, because it has a tendency to blubber, and would rather get wet through than seek shelter under a weeping willow.

It was a capital heaven, that of the ancients—it was so well provided with heart-easing mirth. Besides that,

> ——"Goddess fair and free,
> In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,"

there was Venus, expressly termed by Homer the laughter-loving queen; Vulcan, who threw the whole court of immortals into fits by his awkwardness; Jove, who was so fond of recreation that he even laughed at lovers' perjuries; and Momus, the jester, instructively represented as the son of Sleep and Night, whereby we are taught to go to bed betimes, if we would have cheerful and hilarous days. But in these somber and anti-risible times, it seems to be the fashion to attack laughter, notwithstanding the cowardice of assailing a personage who is obliged to be constantly "holding both his sides," and is, therefore, incapable of other self-defense than that of sniggering at his assailants. We are too old for laughing, they tell us; though we have had as many hard knocks in our journey through life as most people, it is by laughing that we have lived

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to grow old, and they may as well take our life as that whereby we live.

"Laugh and grow fat" may be a questionable maxim, but "laugh and grow old" is an indisputable one; for so long as we can laugh at all we shall never die, unless it be of laughing. As to performing this operation "*in one's sleeve*," it is a base compromise—no more comparable to the original than is a teeth-displaying simper to that hilarous roar which shakes the wrinkles out of the heart, and frightens old Time from advancing toward us. Fortune, Love, and Justice, are all painted blind; they can neither see our smiles nor frowns. Fate is deaf to the most pathetic sorrows; we cannot mend our destined road in life with a gloomy sigh, nor drown care in tears. Let us, then, leave growling to wild beasts, and croaking to crows, indulging freely in the rationality of laughter—which, in the first place, is reducible to writing—Ha! Ha! Ha!—and should be always printed with the capital letters, and a prop of admiration between each to prevent bursting its sides. And secondly its delicious alchemy not only converts a tear into the quintessence of merriment, and makes wrinkles themselves expressive of youth and frolic, but lights up the dullest eye with a twinkle, and throws a flash of sunshine over the cloudiest visage, while it irradiates and embellishes the most beautiful. Including thee, reader, in the latter clause, we counsel thee to give the experiment a frequent trial.

The Mississippi.

"I have been
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
Has dashed me on the sawyer."

The North American continent, in its impenetrable forests, its fertile prairies, its magnificent lakes, its variety of rivers with their falls, is the richest portion of our globe. Many of these wonderful exhibitions of nature are already shrines where pilgrims from every land assemble to admire and marvel at the surpassing wonders of a new world. So numerous, indeed, are the objects presented, so novel and striking is their character, that the judgment is confused in endeavoring to decide which single one is worthy of the greatest admiration; and the forests, the prairies, the lakes, the rivers, and falls, each in turn dispute the supremacy. But to us, the Mississippi ranks first in importance; and thus we think must it strike all, when they consider the luxurious fertility of the valley through which it flows, its vast extent, and the charm of mystery that rests upon its waters. The Niagara Falls, with its fearful depths, its

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rocky heights, its thunder, and "bows of promise," addresses itself to the ear, and the eye, and through these alone impresses the beholder with the greatness of its character. The Mississippi, on the contrary, although it may have few or no tangible demonstrations of power, although it has no language with which it can startle the sense, yet in a "still small voice" it addresses the mind, with its terrible lessons of strength and sublimity, more forcibly than any other objects in nature.

The name Mississippi was derived from the aborigines of the country, and has been poetically rendered the "Father of Waters." There is little truth in this translation, and it gives no idea, or scarcely none, of the river itself. The literal meaning of the Indian compound Mississippi, as is the case with all Indian names in this country, would have been much better, and every way more characteristic. From the most numerous Indian tribe in the South-west we derive the name; and it would seem that the same people who gave the name to the Mississippi, at different times possessed nearly half the continent; judging from the fact that the Ohio in the north, and many of the most southern points of the peninsula of Florida, are from the Choctaw language. With that tribe the two simple adjectives, *Missah* and *Sippah*, are used when describing the most familiar things; but these two words, though they are employed thus familiarly when separated, when compounded, form the most characteristic name we can get of this wonderful river. Missah, literally *Old big*, Sippah, *strong*, OLD-BIG STRONG; and this name is eminently appropriate to the Mississippi.

The country through which this river flows is almost entirely alluvial. Not a stone is to be seen, save about its head waters; but a dark, rich earth "looks eager for the hand of cultivation," and in its wildness sports with its own strength; for vegetation lies piled upon its surface with a luxuriant wastefulness that beggars all description, and finds no comparison for its extent, except in the mighty river from which it receives its support. This alluvial soil forms frail banks to confine the swift current of the Mississippi; and as might be imagined, they are continually altering their shape and location. The channel is capricious and wayward in its course. The needle of the compass turns round and round upon its axis, as it marks the bearings of your craft, and in a few hours will frequently point due north, west, east, and south, delineating those tremendous bends in the stream, which nature seems to have formed to check the headlong current, and keep it from rushing too madly to the ocean. But the stream does not always tamely circumscribe these bends: gathering strength from resistance, it will form new and more direct channels; and thus it is that large tracts of country once on the river, now become inland, or are entirely swept away by the current; and so frequently does this happen, that "cut-offs" are almost as familiar to the

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eye on the Mississippi as its muddy waters. When the Mississippi, in making its "cut-offs," is ploughing its way through the virgin soil, there float upon the top of this destroying tide thousands of trees, that covered the land, and lined its carving banks. These gigantic wrecks of the primitive forests are tossed about by the invisible power of the current, as if they were straws; and they find no rest, until with associated thousands they are thrown upon some projecting point of land, where they lie rotting for miles, their dark forms frequently shooting into the air like writhing serpents, presenting one of the most desolate pictures the mind can conceive.

These masses of timber are called "rafts." Other trees become attached to the bottom of the river, and by some elasticity of the roots they are loose enough to be affected by the strange and powerful current, which will bear them down under the surface; and the tree, by its own strength, will come gracefully up again, to be again engulphed; and thus they wave upward and downward, with a gracefulness of motion which would not disgrace a beau of the old school. Boats frequently pass over these "sawyers," as they go down stream, pressing them under by their weight; but let some unfortunate child of the genius of Robert Fulton, as it passes up stream, be saluted by the visage of one of these polite gentry, as it rises ten or more feet in the air, and nothing short of irreparable damage, or swift destruction ensues, while the cause of all this disaster, after the concussion, will rise above the ruin as if nothing had happened, shake the dripping water from its forked limbs, and sink again, as if rejoicing in its strength. Other trees will fasten themselves firmly in the bottom of the river; and their long trunks, shorn of their limbs, present the most formidable objects to navigation. A rock itself, sharpened and set by art, could be no more dangerous than these dread snags. Let the bows of the strongest vessel come in contact with them, and the concussion will drive through its timbers as if they were paper; and the noble craft will sometimes tremble for a moment like a thing of life, when suddenly struck to its vitals, and then sink into its grave.

Such are the "cut-offs," "rafts," "sawyers," and "snags" of the Mississippi; terms significant to the mind of the Western boatman and hunter of qualities which they apply to themselves and their heroes whenever they wish to express themselves strongly: and we presume the beau ideal of a political character with them would be one who would come at the truth by a "cut-off;" separate and pile up falsehood for decay, like the trees of a "raft;" and do all this with the politeness of a "sawyer," and principles as unyielding as a "snag."

The vast extent of the Mississippi is almost beyond belief. The stream which may bear you gently along in mid-winter so far south that the sun is oppressive, finds its beginnings in a country of eternal snows. Follow

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it in your imagination thousands of miles as you pass on from its head waters to its mouth, and you find it flowing through almost every climate under heaven; nay, more, the comparatively small stream on which you look receives within itself the waters of four rivers alone—Arkansas, Red, Ohio, and Missouri, whose united lengths, without including their tributaries, is over eight thousand miles; yet this mighty flood is swallowed up by the Mississippi as if it possessed within itself the capacity of the ocean, and disdained, in its narrow limits, to acknowledge the accession of strength.

The color of this tremendous flood of water is always turbid. There seems no rest for it that will enable it to become quiet or clear. In all seasons the same muddy water meets the eye; and this strange peculiarity, associated with the character and form of the banks, strikes the mind at once as the dark sediment which has for centuries settled upon the river's edge, and thus formed the "ridges" through which it runs; or in other words, it has *confined itself;* and in this we behold one of its most original features. On the Mississippi we have no land sloping down in gentle declivities to the water's edge, but a bank just high enough, where it is washed by the river, to protect the back country from inundation in the ordinary rises of the stream; for whenever, from an extensive flood, it rises above the top of this feeble barrier, the water runs down into the country. This singular fact shows how all the land on the Mississippi, south of the thirty-fourth degree of latitude, is liable to inundation, since nearly all the inhabitants on the shores of the river find its level, in ordinarily high water, running above the land on which they reside. To prevent this easy and apparently natural inundation, there seems to be a power constantly exerted to hold the flood in check, and bid it "go so far and no farther;" and but for this interposition of Divine Power, here so signally displayed, the fair fields of the South would become sand-bars upon the shores of the Atlantic, and the country which might now support the world would only bear the angry ocean wave. Suppose, for an instant, that an universal spring should beam upon our favored Continent, and that the thousands of streams which are tributary to the Mississippi were to become at once unloosed: the mighty flood, in its rushing course, would destroy the heart of the North-western Continent. But mark the goodness and wisdom of Providence. Early in the spring, the waters of the Ohio rise with its tributaries, and the Mississippi bears them off without injuriously overflowing its banks. When summer sets in, its own head waters about the lakes, and the swift Missouri, with its melting ice from the Rocky Mountains, come down, and thus each in order makes the Mississippi its outlet to the Gulf of Mexico. But were all these streams permitted to come together in their strength, what, again we ask, would save the Eden gardens of the South

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In contemplations like these, carried out to their fullest extent, we may arrive at the character of this mighty river. It is in the thoughts it suggests, and not in the breadth or length, visible at any given point to the eye. Depending on the sensee alone, we should never think of being astonished, or even feeling the least degree of admiration. You may float upon its bosom, and be lost amid its world of waters, and yet you will see nothing of its vastness; for the river has no striking beauty; its waves run scarce as high as a child can reach; upon its banks we find no towering precipices, no cloud-capped mountains. All, all is dull—I might say, tame. But let us float day after day upon its apparently sluggish surface, and, by contemplation and comparison, once begin to comprehend its magnitude, and the mind is overwhelmed with fearful admiration. There seems to rise up from its muddy waters a spirit, robed in mystery, that points back for its beginning to the deluge, and whispers audibly, "I roll on and on, *altering*, but *not altered*, while time exists!" Here, too, we behold a power terrible in its loneliness; for, on the Mississippi a sameness meets your eye everywhere, without a single change of scene. A river incomprehensible, illimitable, and mysterious, flows ever onward, tossing to and fro under its depth, in its own channel, as if fretting in its ordered limits; swallowing its banks here and disgorging them elsewhere so suddenly that the attentive pilot, as he repeats his frequent route, feels that he knows not where he is, and often hesitates fearfully along in the mighty flood by the certain lead; and again and again is he startled by the ominous cry, "Less fathom deep!" where but yesterday the lead would have gone down "where never plummet sounded."

Such is the great Aorta of the Continent of North America; alone and unequaled in its majesty; proclaiming in its course the wisdom and power of God, who only can measure its depths, and "turn them about as a very little thing." T. B. T.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.—Each living soul has its influence over others in some manner and to some extent, consciously or unconsciously; each one has some power, more or less, direct or indirect; one mind colors another; a child acts on children; servants upon their fellow servants; masters on those they employ; parents on their children; friends on friends. Even when we do not design to influence others—when we are not thinking, in the least degree, of the effect of what we do—when we are unconscious that we have any influence at all, when we do not wish our conduct or our way of life to affect any but ourselves, our manner of life, our conversation, our deeds, are all the while having weight somewhere or somehow; our feet leave their impression, though we may not look behind us to see their marks.

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The Temptation.

A few evenings since, as a gentleman residing in this city was about entering a woodshed attached to his residence, his attention was arrested by the sound of a noise within. He paused, and looking through the half-opened door, beheld, standing before his woodpile, a poor, thinly-clad woman, whom he recognized as one who, at various times, had been temporarily employed about the house. One of her arms was filled with wood taken from the pile, and in her hand she had another stick, as if undecided whether to place it with the others or to throw it upon the floor. As she stood thus hesitating, the feeling which agitated her bosom found utterance in words. She spoke aloud to herself:

"I know it is wrong to take this wood. O! what shall I do! Must I go home to my cold rooms to-night, and see the children shivering and freezing, without one chip to make a fire! It is wicked for me to steal it; but—my baby! The family are rich, and will never miss this armful. But, then, they have always been kind to me. No; I can not—will not, rob them!"

Here the poor woman threw down the wood; but she turned not away from the spot—standing there, as if yet irresolute whether to yield to temptation. Finally, the thoughts of the comforts which so slight a theft would insure to her family, decided her mind; and again she commenced picking up the sticks, still thinking to herself, and endeavoring to excuse the deed.

"They will never miss it," she said; "it can do no harm to them; and O! how much good it will do to my poor children! Nobody sees me, and it will never be found out. Yes; nobody sees me; nobody—but God! Shall I dare break His commandment! Shall I steal for the first time in my life! No; no; it is too wicked: I can not do it!"

Here her feelings overpowered her, and she burst into an agony of tears.

But still she hesitated. The thoughts of the loved little ones suffering through the long hours that arctic night still held possession of her breast, and once more she began to gather up the wood. The temptation had prevailed again for the moment over the munitions of the pure spirit which strove to restrain her from the contemplated sin.

"I must; I must," she cried. "I do it to save their lives. God forgive me! I know it is wrong. But—but—this wood would keep them warm and comfortable. I have no money to buy; and I must take this. The family have enough to eat, and clothes and fuel to keep them warm. And I am without money, food, or wood. But, then, to take it would be stealing—*stealing*—STEALING! and I will not become a thief."

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So saying, she flung down her load for the third time, and turnin hurriedly away, as if she dare not look at it again, fled from the building and plunged into the cold, icy air of the street.

It is unnecessary to add, that the gentleman who, unobserved, ha witnessed the conflict between good and evil in her breast, and the tri umph of the former, hastened to relieve her necessities. Her little one were not allowed to suffer from cold. Her baby did not perish; and sh had occasion to bless the hour in which she resisted so fearful an incen tive to crime.

This little incident is illustrative of the temptations which beset th path of the poor. It shows how much more difficult it is for a poor ma to be upright, in the common acceptation of the term, than for a rich man Are there not many wealthy and respected men in our community, who if placed by reverse fortunes in the position of the poor woman, could no have resisted the temptation to steal the armful of wood rather than sub ject to the stern realities of cold and suffering a young and tender family The honest poor man deserves more credit for his integrity than the hon est millionaire who is not called upon to resist temptation. If the poo man's feelings gain, for a moment, the mastery, and silence the voice o conscience, and if, during that moment of sore temptation, he takes a loa of bread or an armful of wood belonging to another, he becomes a thie If it is discovered, and man is not charitable, he becomes an outcast an a criminal. God pity him then!

Thoughts which are Thoughts.

SELECTIONS.—BY JOHN T. BANGS.
Georgetown, D. C.

Solitude procures sublime pleasures, which never fade, at least, if th soul does not inhabit a body entirely decayed. These pleasures give se renity in every situation of life, afford consolation in all misfortunes, ar never exhausted, and become at length as necessary to our happiness a trifling to the debauched man of the world, who is continually running from door to door, in quest of contemptible joys which he never finds.

Men of exalted minds have always, amidst the bustle of the gay world and even on the brilliant career of heroism, retained a taste for menta pleasures. When engaged in the most important affairs, notwithstanding the many objects that employed their attention, they were still faithful t the Muses, and perused with delight the works of the sublimest geniuses They were not of the opinion that a great man has no occasion for read

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ing or knowledge; nor were they ashamed to become writers themselves. When Philip, king of Macedonia, invited Dionysius, the younger, to dine with him, at Corinth, he began to ridicule the father of that prince, because he had been both a sovereign and a poet, and had composed odes and tragedies.

"When," said Philip, "could your father find time to write all these trifles?"

"In those hours," replied Dionysius, "which you and I spend in drunkeness and amusement."

Cardinal Richelieu one day said to Mr. Lost, a celebrated physician, "How happens it that my hair is white and my beard black, while the contrary is the case with you?"

"My Lord," replied the physician, "it is because you labor heard with your head, and I with my jaw-bones."

The desire of enlarging one's glory by noble deeds, and of increasing one's credit by internal dignity and greatness of soul, has advantages which neither birth nor rank can bestow, and which cannot be acquired, even in the most exalted positions, without virtue, and without having one's eyes continually fixed on posterity.

A flatterer once complimented Alphonso V, in the following words:

"Sire, you are not only a king like others; but you are also the brother, the nephew, and the son of a king."

"Well," replied the wise monarch, "what do all these vain titles prove?—that I hold the crown from my ancestors without ever having done anything to deserve it."

Glory may be compared to a fire burning on an eminence, from which it dazzles the eyes of the beholder; but he who attempts to climb toward it often finds with regret this deceitful splendor, like an *ignis fatuus*, fly before him, and elude his pursuit.

The following couplet on a selfish politician, who committed his speeches to memory is one of the best things ever written by Byron:

"C—— has no heart, you say—but I deny it;
He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it!"

Dr. Franklin relates the following anecdote of an American merchant, Mr. Denham, with whom he was once a fellow-passenger to England. He had formerly been in business at Bristol; had failed, and was in debt to a number of people; compounded, and returned to America; there, by close application to business, he acquired a plentiful fortune in a few years. "Returning to England in the ship with me, he invited his old creditors to an entertainment, at which he thanked them for the easy

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compensation they had favored him with; and when they expected nothing but the treat, every man, at the first remove, found under his plate an order on a banker for the full amount of the unpaid remainder, with interest."

Those works are the best which have longest stood the test of time, and pleased the greatest number of exercised minds.

Mr. Curran being retained against a young officer who was indicted for a very gross assault, opened the cause in the following manner:

"My lord, I am counsel for the crown; and I am first to acquaint your lordship, that this soldier—"

"Nay, sir," said the military hero, "I would have you know, sir, I am an officer."

"Oh, sir, I beg your pardon," said the counselor, dryly, "why, then, my lord, to speak more correctly, this officer, who is no soldier."

A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her with great brilliancy for half an hour; but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastic spring which a love of knowledge only can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement to all that come within its reach; not collecting its force into single and isolated achievments, like the effort made in the fine arts; but diffusing equally over the whole of existence, a calm pleasure, better loved as it is longer felt, and suitable to every variety and every period of life. Therefore, instead of hanging the understanding of a woman upon walls, or hearing it vibrate upon strings—instead of seeing it in clouds, or hearing it in the wind, we would make it the first spring and ornament of society by enriching it with attainments upon which alone such power depends.—*Sidney Smith.*

We cannot look upon the sportive exercises for which the spirit of Milton ungirds itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind, that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of its fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.—*Macaulay.*

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great Poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title of superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his cotemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigor and

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activity of his mind. And it is well if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen, in our own time, great talents, intense labor, and long meditation, employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.—*Macaulay.*

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.—*Shelley.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Her I hold
My honorable pattern; one whose mind
Appears more like a *ceremonious chapel*.
Full of sweet music, than a thronging presence.

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost: th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
Or what else not to be overcome—
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me.—*Milton.*

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies,
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul disperse,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.—*Rogers.*

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd the first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When, rapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shake the world below,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!—*Campbell.*

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VARIETIES.

THE LAW OF LIFE.—The law of life is: In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread. No man can evade the law with impunity. Like all God's laws, it is its own executioner. It has strange penalties annexed to it—would you know them? Go to the park or the esplanade, or to the solitude, after the night of dissipation, and read the penalties of being useless in the sad, jaded, listless countenance—nay, in the very trifles which must be contrived to create excitement artificially. Yet these very eyes could, dull as they are, beam with intelligence; on many of those brows is stamped the mark of possible nobility. The fact is, that the capacity of *ennui* is one of the signatures of man's immortality. It is his very greatness which makes inaction misery. If God has made us only to be insects, with no nobler care incumbent on us than the preservation of our lives, or the pursuit of happiness, we might be content to flutter from sweetness to sweetness, and from bud to flower. But if men with souls live only to eat and drink, and be amused, is it any wonder that life be darkened with despondency?

TRUTH can never contradict itself, but is eternal and immutable, and the same in all ages. The states of men's reception of it are as various as the principles and subjects of natural creation.

FIX your mind closely and intently on what you undertake—in no other way can you have a reasonable hope of success.

LITTLE opportunities of doing good are neglected by many who are waiting for an occasion to perform great acts of charity.

DR. JOHNSON complained of the disappointment which an intimate acquaintance with eminent men often occasioned. "At a distance," he said, "we see nothing but magnificence, and sublimity, and state; but upon a close and familiar approach, we discover narrowness and insignificance."

A GOLDEN crown cannot cure the headache, nor a velvet slipper ease the gout, nor a purple robe fray away a burning fever.

A FANTASTICAL preacher quarrelled with a friend on Christmas *Eve*.

"If I were *Abel*," said the parson, "I would *Cain* you."

"I don't care *Adam* for you," replied the other, "your religion is a mere *Job*."

THOSE who believe that money can do everything, are frequently prepared to do everything for money.

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SIDNEY SMITH ON KISSING.—The Rev. Sidney Smith once said, in writing on kissing: We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness, when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be continued too long; and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy. Let there be a soul in it. If she closes her eyes, and sighs deeply, immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slabber a kiss, but give it as a humming-bird runs his bill into a honey suckle—deep and delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss, when well delivered. We have had the memory of one we received in our youth, which has lasted us for over forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we will think of when we die.

"WHAT are you doing with that lumber?" cried a steamboat captain to an Irishman, who was staggering toward the boat, beneath the weight of a huge plank, just as the bell was ringing for the last time.

"What am I doing? sure, wasn't it yerself as said, 'all ye's as is going get a board,' and isn't this an illegant one intirely?" said the Hibernian triumphantly, amid the laughter of the spectators.

The captain gave him his "board" and passage, that trip.

FROM THE PICKWICK PAPERS.—"There is no deception now, Mr. Weller. Tears," said Job, with a look of momentary slyness, "tears are not the only proofs of distress, nor the best ones."

"No they aint," replied Sam, expressively.

"They may be put on, Mr. Weller," said Job.

"I know they may," said Sam; "some people, indeed, has 'em always ready laid on, and can pull out the plug whenever they likes."

AN angry man who suppresses his passion, thinks worse than he speaks; and if an angry man will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

THERE is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must sadden, or at least soften every reflecting observer.

AS THE lovely cedar is green throughout the barrenness of winter, so shall the Christian alone flourish amid the winter of death, and bloom in immortality.

RICHES.—Let us not forget that the time will soon come, when our poverty or our riches will be matters of perfect indifference. The great question will be, what moral character we have formed, how far we discharged our duties to God and to our fellow-beings, and what ground we have to expect a joyful entrance into eternal life. Worldly possessions, distinctions, and pleasures dwindle into insignificance in the opening light of eternity. It is greatly wiser now to take the view of things earthly, which at the close of life we shall certainly take; for that is the true view.

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AN EASTERN LEGEND.—There is in Afghanistan, a country abounding in legends, one to this effect:—That Satan entered into a compact with the people to teach them to cultivate the earth and bring forth its fruit, the produce to be divided among them. The proposition was acceded to, and the soil was prepared by the labor of the people. Satan then produced the seed, which in due course of time came up carrots, turnips, and other vegetables, the value of which lies beneath the ground. When the time for division arrived, the ignorant people took that which was above the surface. Discovering their mistake, they complained loudly. Satan heard their lamentings with composure, and then, to soothe them, blandly promised that it should be different next year. The people were to take all the produce beneath the soil, and so Satan this time sowed wheat, barley, and such like grain. He obtained all the profits, and so this time they were tricked again, having nothing for their share but useless roots. This legend has a moral. Satan never sows any seed in the human heart, that brings forth any fruit by the growth of which any but himself is the gainer.

AN illiterate person once sent a note to a waggish friend, requesting the loan of his "noosepaper," and received in return his friend's marriage certificate!

A YOUNG lady, who, perhaps, is better acquainted with French than farming, was recently married to a farmer. In examining her new domains, she one day visited the barn, when she thus interrogated her milk maid: "Bye-the-bye, Mary, which of these cows is it that gives the buttermilk?"

"I SEE you are in black," said a friend of ours, the other day; "are you in mourning for a friend, Thomas?"

"No; I am in mourning for my sins."

"I never heard that you had *lost* any," was the instant and keen reply.

A PERSON inquired in an oyster cellar, if any one there could tell him whether Mr. So-and-so lived in the building.

"This is not an intelligence office," said the bar-keeper.

"True," replied the inquirer, looking at the man and his oysters, "I don't perceive a ray of intelligence in the place."

FORGIVENESS is the most refined and generous point of virtue that human nature can attain to. Cowards have done good and kind actions; but a coward never forgave—it is not in his nature.

NO MAN would overcome and endure solitude, if he did not cherish the hope of a social circle in the future, or the imagination of an invisible one in the present.

AN egotist is especially hated by all other egotists.

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It is recorded of Whitfield, that a man who had heard the same discourse no less than thirteen times, who knew every word and gesture of it, who was acquainted with every action and motion of the preacher during its delivery, was, notwithstanding all this, as deeply impressed with the discourse on the thirteenth as he was on the first hearing.

We are to judge what is right, prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good. The conscience is a sacred inclosure, set apart and consecrated to the service of the Most High, and on this hallowed ground the foot of man has no right to tread.

To be angry with a weak man, is proof that you are not very strong yourself.

Different sounds travel with different velocities. A call to dinner will run over a ten acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

It is not a little singular that the letters that spell debt, are the initials of the sentence, "Dun Every Body Twice;" and the letters which spell credit, are the initials of the sentence, "Call Regular Every Day—I'll Trust."

There are men who may be called "martyrs of their health;" not content with being well, they are always wishing to be better, until they doctor themselves into being confirmed invalids, and die solely, you may say, of too much health.

"Water may be carried in a sieve, if you only wait."

"How long?" queries impudent and impatient Young America, who can hardly wait for his bread or the old man's obituary.

"Till it freezes!"

Curious Grammatical Constructions.—In a sentence of thirty-one words, how many times can the word "that" be grammatically inserted? Answer, fourteen. "He said that that that that person said, was not that that that man should say; but that that that that person said was that that that man should not say."

This reminds us of the following says and saids:

"Mr. B., did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said you said? Because D. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you do say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say you said?

When our desires are fulfilled to the very letter, we always find some mistake which renders them anything but what we expected.

Money in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.

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QUERISTS' DEPARTMENT.

"The By-Laws of our Lodge contain the following clause: 'Any officer absenting himself from three successive meetings of the Lodge, shall thereby forfeit his office,' etc. Our V.G. was compelled to leave home, and was absent on business for five weeks. Would the N.G. be compelled to declare the office vacant, when he knew the V.G.'s absence was unavoidable?"

No. The design of such a clause is, to rid the Lodge of inefficient officers, who take too little interest in Odd-Fellowship to be at their posts and perform their duties. It would be very unfair to deprive an officer of his honors for a circumstance over which he had no control.

"Our N.G., after being installed into office, removed from our town to a city twenty miles distant, still retaining his office. During the first twenty nights, he attended but six times, when, finding that it would be impossible to be present at any future meetings of the term, he resigned. Would his successor be entitled to the honors of the office?"

The brother accepting the office, who must be qualified by having passed the Sec.'s and V.G.'s chairs (in some States the V.G.'s chair alone is sufficient), would be entitled to the honors to the full extent of the brother who resigned. But the latter, having absented himself so frequently as to render it impossible for his successor to comply with the law requiring him to serve a majority of nights in the term, he would thereby forfeit the honors. The number of times that the former N.G. was present, added to his own, were he present at every meeting after his elevation to the chair, would be but twelve, a number insufficient to comply with the law.

"Our Lodge, on its anniversary, held a special meeting for conferring the Degree of Rebekah. The N.G. was compelled to be absent, and requested a P.G. to officiate in his stead. Was this correct, and according to law?"

It was both contrary to law, and an act of discourtesy toward the V.G. to supplant him in his rights. The G.L.U.S., at its last session (see Journal for 1856, page 2676), decided that "the laws of the Grand Lodge require the N.G. of a Lodge always, when present at its meetings, to preside, and the V.G. to act as N.G. in the absence of that officer; and that a N.G., or V.G. acting as N.G., has not the right or power to waive his right, and place a P.G. in the N.G.'s chair during the presence in the

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Lodge room of either of the first two officers above named: provided, that this decision is not to be considered as applicable to a temporary absence, during a portion of a Lodge meeting, of these officers; in which case the chair must be filled as provided in the charge book."

"Should a D.D.G.M. serve on a committee to try a brother upon charges preferred?"

By no means. As he is the head of the Order in his District, in the absence of the Grand Master, he should not accept such an appointment. A question might arise in the course of the trial which would require his official interference. It is his duty to see that the laws are strictly adhered to.

"Is it optional with members taking out visiting cards to return them upon the expiration of the time for which they were granted?"

The law very emphatically declares that (see Digest, page 36, sec. 8): "When the time has expired for which a visiting card was granted, it is the duty of the brother holding it to return it to the Lodge or Encampment granting it." The Secretary should keep a register of all cards granted, with the date of their expiration, and report to the Lodge, from time to time, any members who may have failed to comply with this requirement.

"A gentleman engaged as a traveling agent, having no family, and calling no place in particular his home, made application for membership in our Lodge, located at C——, the residence of his employers. Would it be legal for the Lodge to admit him under such circumstances?"

This question involves a nice point that we are scarcely inclined to express an opinion upon. It would seem to be unfair to deprive a worthy man of the privileges of the Order merely because he was not located at any particular point; and yet it is questionable whether the Lodge would be just to itself were it to take him without a better acquaintance. We would recommend, however, that the applicant's petition be well deliberated upon, and his character thoroughly investigated by corresponding with other sections where he formerly resided, before receiving him. Even then the advantage will not be mutual, as the brother will be only a contributing member, and will not be able to participate in the duties of attendance upon the sick and other offices of our affiliation.

The Grand Lodge of Michigan meets at Detroit, on the third Wednesday in January.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

Lodge Visitations.—Every member of the Order who has ever reflected on the subject, is convinced that official visitations by the Grand Officers of the jurisdiction are attended with highly important results to the fraternity, in awakening the membership to a more lively and zealous interest in the work of the Lodge. Indeed, so well is this understood that it has, by common consent, become tacitly acknowledged by those accepting the office of Grand Master that their duties remain unperformed so long as this is neglected. While the Order was in its infancy, and struggling for existence against violent opposition from those prejudiced against it on account of its reputed "convivial practices" (which were understood as Bacchanalian revelries) and its secrecy, the Grand Lodge of the United States formed a Movable Committee, of which Grand Sire Wildey was chairman, whose special duty it was to visit the Lodges in the various States, and inspire the members with confidence to stem the tide of opposition and to intrench themselves firmly behind the integrity of their principles, which must eventually triumph. Grand Sire Wildey faithfully performed the trust reposed in him, and visited every State in which the banner of Odd-Fellowship had been unfurled. From Massachusetts, where the Order had become almost extinct, to the then Republic of Texas, he pursued his weary pilgrimage, restoring confidence to the despondent, encouraging the weak, and stimulating them to greater effort; and lighting fires on altars which had not yet been dedicated to Friendship, Love, and Truth. To this wise foresight on the part of the National Grand Lodge is our Order probably indebted for its perpetuity—certainly for its rapid extension and wide-spread influence.

In the present proud position which the Order maintains, it has few of the elements of weakness that it then encountered. With an efficient organization in every State of the confederacy, it suffers little from prejudice—none from opposition; but within our own ranks, in not a few Lodges, the spirit of Odd-Fellowship has ceased to glow, while the substance remains. Without a membership "zealous of good works," Odd-Fellowship must fall far short of the object of our affiliation, and any measure having for its end the re-awakening of zeal among its apathetic membership, must be viewed with interest. Our remarks will not apply to the membership at large; for the instances of slumbering zeal among the Lodges are rather exceptions to the rule: but of those who too little appreciate the important objects of their affiliation, we speak, and to them we suggest the remedy.

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In some of the Eastern cities, within a few years, the practice has obtained of the frequent interchange of Lodge visitations. The Lodge visited, through the N.G. or some member appointed for the purpose, welcomes the visitors, to which an appropriate response is made, and, after the transaction of the Lodge business, a recess is declared, and speeches are made by the brethren generally. In this manner a spirit of emulation is excited, and the members retire with a more devoted love for the Order, and with a determination to excel in the work, that, on a similar occasion, when visited in return, they may not have cause to blush at the awkward manner in which their work is performed. This practice has numberless advantages that will suggest themselves to every mind, and which it is unnecessary for us to enlarge upon.

In conclusion, we would urge this subject upon the attention of the Order. These friendly interchanges of fraternal visitations may be made with profit by every Lodge, however well organized and efficient the membership, and, our word for it, its beneficial effect will at once become apparent to those who participate. Which of our Cincinnati Lodges will take the lead in introducing this practice here?

STATISTICS OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.—The following interesting items in regard to the present condition of the Order, its disbursements for charitable and relief purposes, etc., we compile from the tables reported by Grand Secretary Ridgely to the G.L.U.S. The figures are very unreliable, and fall far short of the amounts which would be shown, were the reports from each jurisdiction full and complete. There are 37 State, Territorial, and Provincial Grand Lodges subordinate to the G.L.U.S., and subordinate Lodges under its immediate control in New Mexico, Nebraska, and Oregon Territories, and in Canada East and Sandwich Islands; making a total of 3,397 Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The total number of members in affiliation, 193,614; number of brethren relieved, 21,743; number of widowed families relieved, 2,491; amount paid for the relief of brothers, $335,834.23; amount paid for the relief of widowed families, $71,715.99; amount paid for the education of orphans, $10,663.33; amount paid for burying the dead, $74,572.66; amount of the annual receipts, $1,180,325.22; total amount paid for charitable and relief purposes, $492,786.21, or nearly one-half the receipts. The expenditures for relief of widowed families, and for the education of orphans, is a little over twelve per cent.

In the Encampment branch the expenditures for relief purposes amounted to $37,886.14, or nearly thirty per cent. of the entire receipts. There are 612 subordinate Encampments; number of Patriarchs, 23,749.

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These figures will compare with last year's report as follows: decrease in membership, 6,986; decrease in initiated, 3,008; increase in number of Lodges, 84; decrease in number of Encampments, 18; increase in annual receipts of Lodges, $33,191.27; increase of membership in the Patriarchal Branch, 668.

These tables, it will be recollected, are made up from the semi-annual reports submitted by each Lodge and Encampment to the State Grand Body which has jurisdiction over it. From these reports, the Grand Secretaries and Scribes prepare a report for the G.L.U.S., and in this manner we attain a complete knowledge of what work the institution is engaged in; whether it is increasing in number or usefulness, and whether it is fulfilling the great objects of our affiliation. Such *would* be the result, were the reports full; but owing to the neglect of subordinate Lodge officers, in sending up their reports in season, it is impossible to more than approximate the true figures. We doubt not that the actual membership is at least ten thousand more than shown in the above statistics; but we must rest under the imputation of declining in strength and importance, merely because dilatory officers will neglect their duty.

The bill of Bro. Jas. Young, of Baltimore, against the G.L.U.S., for printing and paper from the 19th September, 1855, to 12th September, 1856, inclusive, amounted to the sum of $2,687.01. The bill of E. Sandys for printing cards, during the same period, was, $328.12; L. Bonsal, for binding, $328.25. Making the total expenditures for printing and binding, for one year, $3,343.38. The expenses for postage during the sessions of the Grand Lodge, which continue usually about one week, average $175.00. The postage bill from the 19th September, 1855, to 12th September, 1856, amounted to $354.28; the stationery bill, $153.38.

Digest G.L.U.S.—A new edition of this important work, embracing all the laws up to the close of the session of 1855, is announced by the Grand Secretary as ready for distribution. This work consists of two parts: the first containing the Digest to the first three volumes, with a correction of such errors as have been discovered, and the Constitution, By-Laws, and Rules of Order, as now in force; part second embracing the decisions of the sessions of 1852, '3, '4, '5. The book forms a volume of six hunderd and twenty-six pages, bound in cloth, and is supplied at $1.75 per copy.

Solitude is the despair of fools, the torment of the wicked, and the joy of the good. It is alike pandemonium, purgatory, and paradise—according to the soul that enters it.

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CORRESPONDENCE.—A brother at Ste. Genevive, Mo., sending us sixteen subscribers, writes as follows:

"Our Lodge numbers some twenty-five members, all good and true. I had hoped to have sent you more subscribers, but some of the members live in the country, and I have not seen them for some time; but as soon as I do, I doubt not they will subscribe. I may be able to add quite largely to the circulation of your valuable magazine. Our Lodge was instituted in May, and we are progressing finely, though watchful, that we admit none but those who are worthy of our confidence. The officers for the present term are Bros. A. W. Leavenworth, N.G.; R. J. Boas, V.G.; C. C. Rezier, Sec.. G. D. Scott, Treas."

We sincerely thank our correspondent for his kindness. Sixteen subscribers out of a body of twenty-five members, with the promise of more, speaks well for the prosperity of their young Lodge. Their cautiousness in regard to taking in new members, is an example which should generally be followed.

A P.G. at Lancaster, Keokuk county, Iowa, writes:

"Our Order is prospering finely in this county. Sigourney Lodge, No. 98, was instituted, on the 14th Nov., by W. Morland, the Most Worthy Grand Master, and this week one will be instituted at Talleyrand, in this county, making four Lodges in Keokuk county."

G.L. OF SOUTHERN NEW YORK.—We seldom hear from this jurisdiction, except through the correspondence of our exchanges. We learn with regret, that the Order there is still on the decline—not only in membership, but in want of interest among those who remain. "This latter," says Grand Master Langdon, "is undoubtedly the prominent cause of our present condition, and could it be remedied, all would soon be well again; but when we see duties that once were sacred, neglected, and the most trivial excuses offered for non-attendance upon our sick, and see the funerals of our members attended by the officers only, while the Lodges to which they belonged number their scores, we may well indulge in the language of lamentation, and be tempted to exclaim: 'Our glory is departed!'"

HARPER'S WEEKLY—*A Journal of Civilization.*—The enterprising publishing house of Harper Brothers, of New York, announce a journal of quarto form, to commence with the new year, which will be a true exponent of the world's progress. They promise to keep a vigilant eye on the English, German, and French press, and make it a complete mirror of the age in science, literature, the arts, and news. Terms, $2.50 per annum. This magazine will fill a place heretofore unoccupied in our literature, and will undoubtedly attain a large circulation. It will contain sixteen pages weekly, of the size of the Illustrated London News.

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Odd Fellows'
LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TURNER.

VOL. VII. FEBRUARY, 1857. NO. 2.

The Star of Linwood.

BY BELLE BUSH.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning found Mr. Linwood and his lovely niece *tete-a-tete* again in the garden. At first their conversation was of that playful desultory kind, which betokens mutual confidence, and a happy, mirth-loving spirit; but gradually it assumed a more serious character, and, at last, the all-important subject of Stella's education was introduced, and her uncle proceeded to divulge to her the plans he had in mind for securing to her the possession of so inestimable a treasure.

"They are not," he remarked, by way of preface, "exactly what my heart would dictate, could I have the control of circumstances; for in that case, I should not be obliged, as I am now, to contemplate the prospect of an approaching separation from you."

"Oh, Uncle Linwood!" exclaimed the fair girl, with an expression of deep sadness in her tone and manner, "don't say that—don't talk of separation. If you are not tired of your troublesome little niece, let her stay with you still. Don't say that I must go away among strangers. I should never learn anything, then.

"Is this your fortitude, Stella?" said Mr. Linwood, looking grave and disappointed. "Have you," he added, "no more confidence in me than to imagine I would consent to your leaving me for any purpose, were it possible for me to prevent it?"

"Oh, Uncle, forgive me!" said Stella, tears of sorrow springing to her dark eyes. "I know you will plan everything for my good. Forgive the momentary weakness into which my great dread of being thrown again among strangers has betrayed me, and I will endeavor to manifest a more courageous spirit in the future. I believe it is necessary for me to have a brave heart to get along well in this world."

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"That it is, child," said Mr. Linwood, "and I doubt not you will have one yet; so cheer up, my pet, we will take good care to cast no more clouds on that sunny brow of thine. The plans we have in view, are, you know, only for the present. I hope your next birth-day will find your education progressing under my own supervision. I would it could be so now; but business of importance renders it necessary that I should sail for Liverpool early next month, and I shall probably be detained there until the last of November. Were it not for this, I should procure private instructors for you, and keep you with me; but as it is, I think the better plan will be to place you at an institution of learning recently established at B——."

"Why, that is where Mrs. Griswold lives—the good lady who was so very kind to me during father's misfortunes and death. I would rather live with her, if she would be willing," said Stella. "I could attend the school you have spoken of, all the same, could I not?"

"I presume so; and I have no objection to your making such an arrangement, Stella," replied Mr. Linwood.

"Then I shall not feel so unpleasantly about being separated from you, dear Uncle," said the timid girl. "I shall not be entirely among strangers. Mrs. Griswold reminds me very much of my own dear mamma. She has the same gentle, confiding spirit, and that happy faculty of making every one feel at home with her, that mamma had; and then she has *her way* of speaking kindly to everybody, no matter how poor or humble they may be. I wish you knew her, Uncle: I am not sure but she would make you feel quite like becoming a deserter from the ranks of bachelorhood. She is a widow, you know!"

"Then I should be most happy to see her," said Mr. Linwood; "for, to tell you the truth, I am in no way tenacious to maintain longer the post of honor I have so long held in that most ancient of all brotherhoods. I confess myself quite ready to turn traitor to the cause whenever a fair opportunity shall present itself. But I see you are in a mood marvelous, Sunbeam," perceiving that his fair niece looked more than usually thoughtful. "Art puzzling thy young head, child, to find some clue by which to unravel the heart-secrets of thy old Uncle?"

"I was just then wondering," said Stella, "why you had never married—you, who seem to enjoy so much the society of women! The thought has frequently recurred to me; but the fear of seeming rude and of hurting your feelings, has always restrained me from alluding to the subject in any way."

A shade of inexpressible sorrow rested upon the countenance of Mr. Linwood while his niece was speaking, and twice he raised his hand and brushed it quickly across his eyes, and when she had ceased, he essayed to speak, but the words died unuttered on his lips.

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Stella stood a moment silent, a terrified witness to his unwonted emotion, then came the fear that, for some reason, her remarks had deeply grieved him; and, springing to his side, she wound her arms tenderly about his neck, and kissing his pale brow, exclaimed, in tones of the strongest sympathy:

"My dear Uncle, forgive me; I thought not to wound your feelings; they were foolish words I uttered—pray, forget them, and don't try to tell me anything about yourself that may cause you pain to recall."

"You have said nothing to grieve me, pet," said her Uncle at length, mastering his emotions. "On the contrary, your delicate sympathy is very grateful to me. It was but a momentary weakness, as you said a while ago, occasioned by a painful recollection. I have not time now to explain more. At some future period I will tell you how it happened that I have lived to become an old bachelor. You know the old song says, 'There's not a heart but hath some dream of love.' Well, I believe that; so will you, some day, Stella, if you do not already. Very beautiful dreams are they; but brief sometimes as they are beautiful. It is chiefly our own follies, though, that make them so—pride, jealousy, or selfishness, one or all of these vices, like evil geniuses, stand ready, on every occasion, to change the hue and texture of our dreams, until we scarce can recognize their object. I hope I shall be permitted to watch over and cheer your destiny for a few years to come—that is, so far as human agency can influence the affairs of others. I trust then I shall be able to save you from many of the errors, and their consequent ills, into which the inexperience of youth will be likely to lead you. But in case I should not have this privilege granted me—for it may please Providence to order it otherwise—I will say to you now, that you will find it a most difficult task to overcome all the obstacles that will attend your efforts to become a true woman. The state of society is such that it will require a degree of moral courage amounting to actual heroism to enable you to resist its perverting influences, and to stand firmly by those principles through which alone you can hope to attain your high purpose. This you will not be able to do at once. As it requires years for the physical system to reach its full development, so with our moral and intellectual nature. No one can become good or learned in a day. All important changes, whether in the spiritual or material universe, are gradual in their development. We may receive a sudden impulse from the inward monitor, that may lead us to form a settled resolution strictly to adhere to the rules of right; but only so far as this resolution is carried into effect, in our subsequent action, can it be said of us that we are progressing in goodness. It is only by a constant struggle that we can remain true to our purpose, and even then, there will be times when we will have occasion to mourn over some inadvertent step, or deed of

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wrong, that an unerring conscience will tell us we ought to have avoided. Your highest aspirations, my dear Stella, could not, if realized, exceed my desires on your behalf. Yet I almost shudder when I think what you may have to suffer from the antagonistic influences that will assail you from without; and should you have strength given you to persevere to the end—should you become what you desire to be, 'a true woman'—ten chances to one, the world will make a martyr of you; for it is thus that she too often rewards the virtues of her noblest children. This is a discouraging picture to present you of that world into which you so soon must enter; but take heart, my dear child; I give it, not to depress you, but that you may be the better prepared to meet the changes and the vicissitudes of life. Ere the advent of another year, you will doubtless have had to mourn over many deviations from what your conscience will tell you is the law of right, of truth, and of justice. Then will follow new resolutions to 'do better in the future,' from which you will gather strength to go on again in the path of duty; but opposing influences from without will draw their snares closer about you, and you will have to weep over these new resolutions broken in an unguarded hour. This is the period of greatest danger to the young; they are apt to give up then in despair, and become reckless. That is no part of valor; on the controry, it is cowardice, but of a kind that, considering the temptations that surround them, needs to be treated with all charitableness. I don't know why I should make these remarks to you. I have no wish to excite in your mind apprehensions as to the future. I had rather that you would be cheerful, and look confidingly to it, as a great temple in which stand many good things. And yet I feel impressed to speak to you, my pet, as if it were possible that the world, which has already grown gray in wickedness, should add to the enormity of its crimes by doing you some grievous wrong, as if you would have need some day to remember my words. I hope this will not be the case, though; for it has been a pleasure for me to mark out for you a brilliant and happy career, and greatly would it pain me to think that this dream would never be realized. It is possible it may not be, exactly in the manner I have proposed to myself; but in the end, I believe it will be, and that you will have a bright destiny. But in case you should, in journeying toward it, have to traverse the bleak moors of adversity, or sit down to weep by the dark rivers of sorrow, I feel constrained to say to you—Fear nothing so much as wrong-doing. Never shrink from the performance of a known duty, through apprehension of what others may think or say of you. Endeavor to do right under all circumstances, so shall your peace be as a river, and you shall have songs in the night—songs of joy and gladness that no earthly trials can take away. These are principles so little understood and appreciated by the great mass of humanity, that it is necessary I should warn

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you, in case you are inclined to follow my counsels by adopting them, not to expect very much sympathy or fellowship from others. I must tell you, too, that a strict adherence to what you may conceive to be the path of duty for you, may or may not, according to circumstances, place you in a false position in regard to the world: hence, you will have to disregard the voice of censure, or else become a bubble on the tide of Society, that every breath of public opinion will cause to change its position. In all the annals of history, there is no more beautiful example of a fearless adherence to these divine principles than that furnished us in the life of Christ, who maintained them even unto death. As this will probably be the longest interview we shall have together before our separation, I would complete my parting instructions to you by saying, Strive as he did to garland your soul with blossoms of truth, of love, and of charity—so shall the crown of thorns, should the world weave one for you, as they did for him, rest lightly on thy brow, and thou wilt keep undefiled the simplicity of thy nature, which is thy chief beauty. One other charge I would give you, which is, Show your love to God by loving all his creatures. Let there be no exceptions; the poorest, the most despised, and the vilest have hidden within the thick fold of darkness with which ignorance has enveloped them, germs of divine beauty that the Father hath implanted there, and it needs but some friendly hand to remove these and guide them to the light, and the immortal germs will expand into true life and loveliness. Perhaps you will find some such to guide and instruct; if so, and you have the means, let no mercenary motives induce you to withhold your hand. Cultivate all the graces of mind and heart with which you have been endowed, and so live that you may impart their sweetness to others. May God bless you, my dear darling, and impress those and yet higher truths upon thy young mind."

Here Mr. Linwood paused, and Stella, half smiling and half in tears, looked her thanks for these precepts, so affectionately expressed, and assured him, with much earnestness, that she would remember them always, and endeavor to manifest them in all her actions.

"Then," resumed her Uncle, "I may have the satisfaction of believing that I have not been talking 'sublime nonsense' to you. You have understood me, have you?"

"Yes, I think so, perfectly, all but one thing."

"And what is that?"

"Why, you said (did you not?) that a strict adherence to duty, might, under some circumstances, place us in a false position as regards the world? I do not think I exactly understand how that can be."

"Heaven grant, then, that you may never learn it by experience," said Mr. Linwood. "But," he continued, "can you think of no circum-

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stances under which you might feel constrained, by a sense of duty, to act in direct opposition to the advice of all your friends?"

"Yes, I can conceive of circumstances where it might be necessary for me to do so; but I can't exactly see why that should place me in a false position. It seems to me that the path of duty so far from leading us astray, is the very one that should conduct us to our true position in life."

"That is undoubtedly true in theory, but in reality it not unfrequently fails to do so, though it never fails to bring peace and sweet satisfaction to the mind."

"And is not that," said Stella, "our true position which brings us this peace of mind?"

"Yes, as it regards ourselves it is; but in respect to the world, it may be a false one, and bring upon us many and severe trials. Society, you see, Argus-eyed as it is, and ready to ferret out and expose all the faults of its members, cannot perceive all the links in the chain of circumstances by which every individual is more or less bound. We will suppose you commit an act that of itself would appear criminal in the sight of the world, but which, considering the circumstances that control you, may be perfectly justifiable and laudable. Now, let that act be isolated from its train of causes, and think you not the world would condemn you for it? And friends in whom you had trusted, how would they turn against you, and add to your loss of reputation, and reproach and neglect you? Ah! I know but too well the tricks of the world. I have seen them in the case of many a helpless victim of its injustice. God forbid you should be among their number! Do you understand me now?"

"Yes, Uncle, I think I do, and I thank you for the explanation," was the grateful reply.

"Then we will speak of other matters. Do you think you could be ready to accompany me to B—— by the day after to-morrow?"

"So soon! Must we go so soon?" exclaimed the fair girl, sadly.

"It is not positively necessary that you should go then; but as the school I wish you to attend will commence its second session on Monday, and as I have more leisure now than I shall have a week or two later, I thought it would be better for you to enter upon your new duties as early as possible. I wish to see you established in your new home, wherever it may be, myself, as when I am away it will contribute much to my pleasure, in thinking of you, to know how you are situated."

"I will endeavor to be ready, then, for my departure at the day you have mentioned," replied Stella, slowly, while her eyes wandered over the garden with a dreamy gaze, as if she was already taking a farewell look at each cherished object, and as she caught a view of the old family mansion, which had been her happy home for two years, she shuddered,

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sighed deeply, but said nothing, though she could not help wondering if it would ever be the same home to her again that it had been. As this thought passed through her mind, a favorite rose-tree of hers, that stood in full bloom by her side, shaken too rudely by the fingers of some wandering zephyr, cast a shower of snow-white leaves at her feet, and as she stooped to pick some of them up, there was something in their pale presence and shattered forms of beauty that seemed to whisper to her—

"We shall be what we have been,
Nevermore!"

She shuddered, sighed again heavily; for the burden of her heart-song was the echo "Nevermore!" but she still kept silence, and her uncle, perceiving from her abstracted manner, that there was a struggle going on in her mind, forebore to question her as to its nature, thinking it was nothing more than a natural feeling of regret at the thought of so sudden a departure from the scenes and the home she so fondly cherished. At length, with an effort, she seemed to throw off the spell that had bound, and turning with a sweet smile to her uncle, she said:

"If you have nothing more of importance to say to me, this morning, had I not best return to the house, and begin at once to make arrangements for my departure? You know I shall have but little time to do anything for myself, I shall have so many calls to make, and so many of my young friends will be coming to see me as soon as they learn I am going away. Dear me! Aunt Fanny, I am afraid, will go really distracted when she knows that all my clothes must be got in readiness for a long absence, and only two days to do it in. Had I not better go at once, and tell her?"

"Wait just a moment," said Mr. Linwood. "Your speaking of Aunt Fanny has reminded me that I *have* something else of importance to say to you." And putting his hand into his pocket, Mr. Linwood drew forth a heavy gold chain, to which was attached a medallion of the largest size, and an antique key that Stella remembered to have seen on a desk in his private office.

"This medallion," he said, flinging the chain over the head of his fair niece, "contains the likeness of your old uncle. I thought it might afford you some pleasure to have it to look at, once in a while, during the absence of the original; and so I had one taken on ivory by one of the best of American artists."

"Oh! I thank you a thousand times," exclaimed Stella. "You could not have given me a more beautiful present."

"As to beauty," rejoined her uncle, smiling, "I think you will find that chiefly confined to the outside; but, as I was going to remark of that key, I wish you to take especial care not to let it go from your possession, on any account, for a single moment, during my absence. It is

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one that my father had made during our troubles with the Mother Country, when every house that was suspected of containing any valuables was liable to be searched at any hour by a band of marauding soldiers. His property, which was principally in money, he was anxious to secure from so unjust a seizure, and for this purpose he constructed with his own hand a secretary containing a secret drawer, in which he deposited his money and valuable papers. That same secretary stands in my office, and this key belongs to that secret drawer, in which I intend, previous to my departure for England, to place all my papers of value. I would here say that in case anything should happen to me, to prevent our meeting again on earth, you will there find a will making you and Alfred equal heirs to all my property."

O, Uncle Linwood!" exclaimed Stella. "How could you think of such a thing? Why make this preparation, as if you were never to return? And here, overcome by the terrible thought, the poor girl leaned her head upon her uncle's shoulder, and burst into tears.

"Life, my dear Stella, is, you know, always uncertain as to duration in this mortal state. In view of this fact, I have thought best to leave all my affairs arranged just as I should wish them to be did I know that this was to be our final parting."

Stella shuddered as he uttered these last words, but said nothing, and he continued:

"Do not, my dear, let these thoughts distress you. I have no fears for the future. A divine Providence overrules all things; let this belief console you under all circumstances. Attend now to what I have yet to say: Before we part, I will give you written directions for finding this secret drawer, the existence of which, until to-day, was known only to myself. You may go now, but see that you communicate to no one, not even to Alfred, anything that I have told you."

Still weeping, Stella arose to depart; but, turning back again, she said, "Are you quite sure, dear Uncle, that you are not wronging Aunt Fanny by placing me before her in your—WILL? This last word she uttered with difficulty, as if it gave her great distress to refer to it. "I would not, for the world," she added, vehemently, "be the cause of any wrong to her. Oh! let her have all, rather than that it should be said I wronged her."

"My poor lamb," said Mr. Linwood, taking her hand tenderly, "you distress yourself unnecessarily. Aunt Fanny has a fortune of her own. She needs nothing from me, and I am sure she would tell you so herself, if you should ask her."

"I don't know," said Stella, sorrowfully. "I think she expects something, notwithstanding, from you."

"Tut, tut! She's got more now than she knows how to spend," said

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Mr. Linwood. "But, since you're such a generous little creature, I suppose I shall have to add a codicil to my will to the effect that all my kitchen furniture shall, after my decease, belong, by right of inheritance, to Miss Fanny Spencer, my maiden aunt on my mother's side."

"Oh! Uncle Linwood!" exclaimed Stella, shaking her head, yet smiling in spite of herself, "how can you talk so? Aunt Fanny would feel so insulted, did she hear you. I'm sure you can't mean to do any such thing."

"And why not? The kitchen furniture is all that has any value in her estimation. The rest she would sell to-morrow, if she had the right, and the money she would put in the bank, where she already has some ten thousand dollars deposited, which might easily be put to much better use, had she an eye, as you have, to the wants of the poor and friendless. Ah! trust me! I know who will make the best keeper in my vineyard. But, hark! did you not hear a step in the garden walk? I thought I saw the shrubbery yonder shake, a moment ago, as if somebody had brushed it in passing."

"I heard nothing. It was probably the wind that stirred the shrubbery," said Stella.

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Linwood, but, as if he half doubted it, he kept his eye fixed in the direction of the house, in order to see if he could discover any one retreating toward it from the garden; but, after some minutes had elapsed, perceiving no one, he concluded it was only his fancy, and rising, he conducted Stella to the library, which he said he wished her to put in order once more for him, when she might consider herself excused from further duties of the kind, until her next birthday. He then left her, with a kiss and a fond good-bye, and with a sad heart Stella set about obeying his last request. She lingered long and with tearful gaze over every loved object that the room contained, and when she had completed her task she took a prolonged survey of the familiar apartment, and then, turning sorrowfully away, sought her own room, murmuring as she ascended the winding staircase, "When shall it be again,—when shall it be?" to which the only reply that came was, "NEVER-MORE!"

THE MIND.—Nature has irrevocably decreed, that our prime dependence in all stages of life after infancy and childhood—nor do I know that this latter ought to be excepted—must be upon our own minds; and that the way to knowledge shall be long, difficult, winding, and oftentimes returning upon itself.

THE man who passed through life without enemies, could not have had a character worth depreciating.

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The Bow and Arrow.

BY PUBLIUS LICINIUS.

A Saul may seek thy life with rage
And make his wrath-created vow;—
But up from youth to hoary age
A *friend* shall guide thee safely through.

Let not thy heart give place to fear;
Let not thy hands hang feebly down;
As Friendship's voice thy heart shall cheer,
And joy succeed the tyrant's frown!

Though jealous foes are on thy track—
The signs betoken ill to thee—
Yet tremble not,—thou shalt not lack
A *friend* in this extremity.

Go hide thee quick in yonder field!
Let EZEL there conceal thy form;
The faithful arrow there shall shield
Thy head from the impending storm!

This trusty *bow* in strength abides,
And shall the warning *arrow* send.
Three times along the air it glides,
To blind the *foe* and save a *friend*.

Our *covenant* shall never fail;
Pure Friendship's pledge is ever true;
The foe may now thy life assail,
But still thy onward way pursue.

A *brother's* love grows stronger still,
Young David's friend is ever near,
Who every promise will fulfill,
Which makes his friendship doubly dear.

Then cheer thee up! for honors bright
Will cluster round thy faithful brow,
And this dark hour be changed to light,—
A *friend* shall lead thee conqueror through!

COLUMBUS, IND., December, 1856.

A part, how small, of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! YOUNG.

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The Locality of Heaven.

It may be considered by some persons as presumptuous, if not sacrilegious, to attempt to show, in a deliberate manner, that Heaven—the abiding place of the blessed—has any particular locality. But if the subject is approached in a reverential manner, worthy of the sublime theme, there can be no impropriety in considering it; but, on the contrary, great good may result by the formation of the habit of contemplating so elevating a subject.

Some persons think that the earth, after it becomes purified by fire, is to be the home of disembodied spirits; others, that the illimitable regions of space being the habitation of the Almighty, no particular part is pre-eminently his Throne. There are other theories in regard to this subject, but I shall instance no more. Every person who thinks at all on these matters, has some vague idea of a material Heaven. So graphic are the pictures drawn in Revelations of the New Jerusalem, with its golden streets, its gates of pearls, it walls of jasper, and its other resplendent glories, that we are accustomed to consider it, not as an allegory, but a reality, having locality, and length, and breadth, and hight. This is the impression which grows up with us from childhood. It becomes habitual, in the life of a Christian, to contemplate the bliss of the future state as being enhanced by the glories of the Heavenly City, so glowingly described by John the Divine; and by the "green pastures and still waters" which the sweet Singer of Israel tells of. In that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," Jesus resides, ready to receive the sanctified of earth, after their pilgrimage here is done. He has said, "in my father's house are many mansions," and he has gone before, to prepare, in those blissful realms, an abode for his disciples. We associate all our ideas of Heaven with objects of material beauty, where we shall live in the perpetual light of God's presence and the glorious scenes of our Heavenly home.

To the Christian, it is a delight to think of these things, and to roam in fancy over the Elysian fields which, in the eye of faith, all mankind see, and which, to the disciple of Jesus of Nazarath, is fraught with such happy associations. There no sorrow will enter—happiness unalloyed will reign supreme. There earthly friends, separated here by the ruthless hand of Death, will be reunited—and oh! how joyful will be the meeting. There they will rove together through those blissful groves; they will "lie down in green pastures;" they will be "led beside the still waters."

If Heaven be indeed a locality, where is it situated? Toward what part of the universe must we turn on the resurrection morn to meet the

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eye of the Omnipotent? This is an inquiry which, of course, can not be answered. It is, for some inscrutable purpose, hidden from us. Suffice it for us to know that if we act well our part here, so as to reflect in our conduct the image of our Maker, it will be our blessed destiny to participate in the joys of that Heavenly Paradise.

While we are forbidden to lift the vail which hides the glories of Heaven from earthly sight, we can still conjecture in regard to its locality. Every one has a theory for himself or herself. The writer has one which may be worthy of consideration.

Astronomers say that beside the revolution of the sun on its axis, that orb has a positive motion in the heavens, and that, of course, the system of which it is the center, has the same motion. Other and more distant of the celestial bodies have a mysterious motion which astronomers have speculated upon, and endeavored in vain to account for. This motion seems almost imperceptible, and is apparently so slight that it can not be measured. In the illimitable circle of the universe, there must be a center—a great, common center—with prodigious attraction, sufficient to keep suns and systems in their orbits. Our immense sun, with its numerous retinue of planets and their satellites, is but a minute part of the great system of the universe. Large as it seems to us, the earth is but a mote in the vast expanse of space. The satellites revolve around their respective planets—the planets around the sun—the sun perhaps around another greater sun, or (how sublime the thought!) around the material Heaven—the throne of the Living God—the New Jerusalem!

So with other satellites, planets, suns, systems. This theory is ar easonable, a plausible one—that Heaven is the grand center of the universe; the All-powerful One who reigns there, the great centripetal force that keeps the heavenly bodies in their orbits; the Power which launched them forth at their creation, and shall continue them in their appointed places till time shall be no more. This theory carries out the beautiful harmony of the universe to a perfect system, with a common center, and it accounts for that mysterious motion said to belong to our sun and all the other heavenly bodies. They are, perhaps, performing the great revolution which it will require ages to accomplish, that may, for aught we know, comprehend the duration of Time, and the accomplishment of which may mark the beginning of Eternity.

"The morning stars sang together." What is this ("the music of the spheres,") but the harmony of the great system of worlds revolving around a common center, and that center, HEAVEN—the abiding place of the Omnipotent—the future home of the just made perfect.

Another thought has struck the writer in this connection, and he gives it for what it is worth. There is an incomprehensible force in nature, called magnetism. By its influence, certain objects point to the north,

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and in that direction there exists a mysterious attraction, by means of which great benefits are conferred upon mankind. May not the locality of heaven be in the north—the chief of the cardinal points? If not, what strange influence exists in that direction to produce an attraction apparently so independent of mundane causes. Magnetism has never been explained. It seems to be beyond the limits of human comprehension; but as a mere theory, this is perhaps as good as any. There are more wonders attached to this agent of nature than have yet been discovered; and it will sometime be proven to be the most important of nature's laws. One thing is admitted by many philosophers; that, like the tides, it depends on some ultra-terrestrial cause: but, unlike the tides, that cause is hidden in mystery.

Whether these speculations are of any value or not, the contemplation of such themes has been a source of enjoyment to the writer; and it is hoped that these thoughts may be read with some interest, and pondered over with benefit. If our minds should dwell on these subjects more than they do, we should become more reverential beings. Our hearts would become purified, our affections enlarged, and we could claim a nearer alliance with the works of God, and a closer acquaintance with his wonderful ways. Mc.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan., 1857.

A Valentine.

BY ALICE CLIFTON.

AN ACROSTIC.

In this wild world of smiles and tears
Long I've wandered free from cares;
O, why, then, this causeless wo!
Vainly, oft, I've sought to know.
Every joy is tinged with sadness;
Trailing tears and causeless gladness
Hold by turns my soul in thrall.
End all doubt,—I see it all,—
E'en these lines unfold the spell.

WOODLAWN., KY, December, 1856.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget—
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears!

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Capture of Stony Point.

BY AN AMERICAN.

What patriotic American heart does not swell with emotion at a recital of the brilliant achievement of Wayne in the storming and capture of the fortress at Stony Point? It was one of the most gallant exploits in the course of the war, and is pronounced by historians as almost without a parallel in the annals of warfare. This fortress occupied an apparently impregnable position. Situated on a hill overlooking the Hudson, which flowed at its base, it was protected on the other sides by a marsh, which was overflowed by every tide. Besides these natural advantages of position, it was defended by a double row of abatis, surrounding the entire hill, and the ramparts bristled with cannon. The garrison consisted of six hundred veteran troops.

Gen. Anthony Wayne, at his own request, was assigned the arduous and difficult task of capturing this stronghold. It was no ordinary undertaking; but the impetuous Wayne, who, by his astonishing intrepidity and daring, had already acquired the soubriquet of "Mad Anthony," was not to be deterred by any common obstacle. He is said to have remarked to Washington, while conversing on this project, with his characteristic impulsiveness: "General, if you will only plan it, I will storm h—l!" On the 15th of July, 1779, having first reconnoitered the ground, and arranged his plan of attack, he started from Sandy Beach, at the head of a strong detachment of the most active infantry in the

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American service. These troops had a distance of about fourteen miles to travel, over high mountains, through deep morasses, difficult defiles, and roads exceedingly bad and narrow, so that they could only move in single file during the greatest part of their journey. About eight o'clock in the evening, the van arrived within a mile and a half of their object, where they halted.

While they were in this position, Wayne, with some of his principal officers, went to reconnoiter the position of the garrison; and near midnight, while the unsuspecting enemy were buried in profound slumber, he divided his forces into two divisions, one of which was to enter the fortress on the right, and the other on the left. Each division consisted of one hundred and fifty men, and was preceded by an *avant* guard, or forlorn hope, consisting of an officer of the most distinguished courage, accompanied by twenty of the most desperate private men, who were intended to remove the abatis and whatever obstructions lay in the way of the succeeding troops. Knowing that his hope of success depended altogether on the use of the bayonet, General Wayne issued the most positive orders to both columns not to fire a shot, while the first man who should take his gun from his shoulder or utter a word without orders, or attempt to retreat, was to be put to death by the officer nearest him. Fixing a piece of white paper in front of their caps, to distinguish them from the enemy in the impending conflict, they gallantly moved onward at the whispered word of command. But the approach was found more difficult than even their knowledge of the ground had led them to suspect; for, coming to the marsh, they found it overflowed by the tide. Even this obstacle did not dampen the ardor of the brave troops, but plunging boldly in, they moved silently on. The garrison was alarmed, however, and they were compelled to advance in the face of the most incessant fire of musketry and of cannon loaded with grape shot. But they forced their way, at the point of the bayonet, through every obstacle.

The ramparts were alive with soldiers, and amid shouts, and hurried words of command, the fiery torrent from the summit kept rolling on those devoted men. The water around them was driven into spray by the grape shot and balls that fell in an incessant shower, while the hissing, bursting shells, traversing the air in every direction, added inconceivable terror to the scene. Yet these forlorn hopes toiled vigorously on, and heaved away at the abatis to open a gap for the columns, that, without returning a shot, stood and crumbled under the fire, waiting, with fixed bayonets, to rush to the assault. At the head of one of these was Wayne, chafing like a lion in the toils, at the obstacles that arrested his progress. The forlorn hope in front of him worked steadily on in the very blaze of the batteries, and the rapid blows of their axes were heard in the intervals of the thunder of artillery that shook the midnight air,

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while one after another dropped dead in his footsteps, till, out of the twenty that started, only three stood up unharmed. Yet still their axes fell steadily and strong till an opening was made through which the columns could pass, and then the shout of Wayne was heard above the din and tumult, summoning his followers on. With fixed bayonets, they marched steadily through the portals made at such a noble sacrifice, and pressed furiously forward. Through the morass, over every obstacle, up to the very mouths of the cannon, and up the rocky acclivity, they stormed on, crushing everything in their passage. Towering at the head of his shattered column, pointing still onward and upward with his glittering blade, and sending his thrilling shout back over his followers, Wayne strode steadily up the hight, till at length, struck in the head by a musket ball, he fell backward amid the ranks. Instantly rising on one knee, he cried out, "March on! Carry me into the fort; for I will die at the head of my column!" And these heroes put their brave arms around him, and bore him onward. Not a shot was fired; but taking the rapid volleys on their unshrinking breasts, their bayonets glittering in the flash of the enemy's guns, they kept on, over the living and dead, smiting down the veteran ranks that threw themselves in vain valor before them, till they reached the center of the fort where they met the other column, which, over the same obstacles, had achieved the same triumph. At the sight of each other, one loud shout shook the hights, and rolliag down the bleeding line, was again sent back till the heavens rang with the wild huzzas, and then the flag of freedom went up and flaunted proudly on the midnight air. The thick volumes of smoke that lay around that rock slowly lifted and rolled up the Hudson, the stars appeared once more in the sky, and all was over. Mournfully and slow those forlorn hopes and their brave companions, who had fallen in the assault, were brought up from their gory beds and conveyed to their graves.

Wayne's wound proved not to be severe, the ball having only grazed the skull for two inches, and he lived to wear the laurels a grateful nation placed upon his brow. The country rung with his name, and congress presented him with a gold medal. The whole plan of the assault was most skilfully laid, and the bearing of Wayne throughout gallant in the extreme. He chose the post of danger at the head of his column, and led his men where even the bravest might shrink to follow, and when struck and apparently dying, heroically demanded to be carried forward that he might die in the arms of victory, or be left where the last stand was made. His troops were worthy of such a leader, and more gallant officers never led men into battle. Their humanity was equal to their bravery, for, notwithstanding the barbarous massacres perpetrated by the English, they did not kill a single man after he asked for quarter.

Eulogiums came pouring in upon Wayne from every direction. Even

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Lee, whom he had condemned for his conduct at the battle of Monmouth, wrote to him, saying, "What I am going to say, you will not, I hope, consider as paying my court in this your hour of glory; for it is at least my present intention to leave this continent. I can have no interest in paying court to any individual. What I shall say, therefore, is dictated by the genuine feelings of my heart. I do most sincerely declare that your assault of Stony Point is not only the most brilliant, in my opinion, during the whole course of the war, on either side, but that it is the most brilliant I am acquainted with in history; the assault of Schweidnitz, by Marshal Laudon, I think inferior to it. I wish you, therefore, most sincerely, joy of all the laurels you have deservedly acquired, and that you may live long to wear them." Layfayette congratulated him; and Benjamin Rush wrote him, saying, "My dear sir, there was but one thing wanting in your late successful attack upon Stony Point, to complete your happiness: and that is, the wound you have received should have affected your *hearing*, for I fear you will be stunned through those organs with your own praises. Our streets, for many days, rang with nothing but the name of General Wayne. You are remembered constantly next to our good and great Washington, over our claret and Madeira. You have established the national character of our country; you have taught our enemies that bravery, humanity, and magnanimity are the national virtues of the Americans."

War.

Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for a morning meal!
The poor wretch who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongue
Like mere abstractions, empty sound to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of their god-like frames
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to Heaven, translated, and not killed:
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him! — *Coleridge.*

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Lodge Officers.

Bro. Turner: In the Dec. No. of the Casket, which has just reached me, I find a short article, headed "Lodge Work," which pleased me much. I wish it could be read by every brother of our Order, especially those who occupy official stations, or who are likely to assume the duties of office. The article alluded to, although brief, is comprehensive and to the point, and I wish many more such articles were written and published, for the importance of the subject is beyond question.

Perhaps, no other one cause retards the growth and prosperity of Odd-Fellowship more than the inefficiency and negligence of the officers of subordinate Lodges. Although much of the prosperity and influence of a Lodge depends upon the conduct of the members at large, by far the largest share of the responsibility rests upon the officers. It rests with them to give the Lodge a respectable and influential standing before the world, or to cripple or even altogether destroy its influence. In view of these facts—and that they are facts no one can deny—no brother should accept of office unless he is conscious of possessing the requisite qualifications; and, when he has accepted, he should discharge the duties devolving upon him faithfully and promptly.

It may be argued that members themselves are not the best judges of their own qualifications for office. This is undoubtedly sometimes the case with those who lack the capacity, but seldom, or never, with those who possess it. One who does not possess the necessary capacity may sometimes think that he does; but one who is really competent to discharge the duties of office creditably to himself and profitably to his Lodge, is very sure to be conscious of his capability. Each brother should carefully examine himself, and make his decision with an eye single to the good of the Order. No good Odd Fellow will ever solicit an office, nor will such ever refuse to accept one when offered him by the brothers of the Lodge, unless he is satisfied of his own incompetency, in which case, it is his duty to refuse.

I have been an Odd Fellow more than seven years; and having traveled extensively during that time, and visited a great many Lodges, I have thus had an opportunity of observing the degree of prosperity the different Lodges have enjoyed, and of noting the causes of that prosperity, and *vice versa*. I have almost invariably found those Lodges only in a flourishing condition whose officers were faithful and competent.

I find the democratic doctrine of "rotation in office" prevailing almost universally in the Lodges I have visited. New members must be advanced, and passed through the chairs, not because they are best qualified, but because they desire the honors that ensue from the service.

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The desire to advance in rank in the Lodge is a very commendable ambition, which, so far from being condemned, should be encouraged—but never at the expense of the prosperity of the Order. Every qualified brother should perform the duties and receive the honors of office as soon as the members choose to advance him; but no one should ever be elected to office merely for the sake of advancement—as I have frequently known to be the case. If a Lodge should be so unfortunate as to have but one member who is thoroughly competent to perform the duties of any one office (as sometimes is the case), it is far better to re-elect him term after term, and even year after year, than to excuse him merely because he has served in that particular chair, and elect some one who either cannot, or will not, perform his duties faithfully and well.

The offices of Noble Grand, Secretary, and Conductor should be particularly attended to, as they are much more responsible even than the others. There are few persons who are thoroughly competent to preside over every kind of deliberative assemblies; and those who are exactly adapted for a Noble Grand of a Lodge are still more rare. The duties of the Secretary are much more responsible than many suppose, and there are but few who are competent to fill the office properly; and unless the Secretary is a faithful and efficient officer, the work of the Lodge will always be in confusion.

I have written thus much, more in the hope of awakening thought in the minds of your readers than with the view of conveying instruction. I hope the subject will be discussed by others who possess the ability to do it better justice than I can hope to. B. J. F. H.

CHESTER, ILL., Dec. 1856.

NIGHT levels all artificial distinctions. The beggar on his pallet of straw snores as soundly as the king on his bed of down. Night—the earthly paradise of the slave, the sweet oblivion of the care-worn soul, the nurse of poetry, devotion—how the great heart of humanity yearns for the return of night and rest! Sleep is God's special gift to the poor; but for the great there is no fixed time for repose. Quiet they have none; and instead of calmly awaiting the approach of events, they fret, and repine, and scare sleep, and chide the tardy hours, as if every to-morrow were big with the fate of some great hereafter. The torrent of events goes roaring past, keeps eager expectation constantly on tiptoe, and drives timid slumber away. There is something strangely beautiful in the contemplation of night—when the smiling stars seem to do homage to their pale-faced queen, and the clouds float silently through the tranquil sky, and the wind speaks in soft whispers, as if fearful of waking the sleepers. Such is the sweet repose of blameless conscience.

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The Avalanche.

A small cluster of houses, at a place called Bergemoletto, near Demonte, in the upper valley of Stura, in Switzerland, was on the 19th of March, 1755, entirely overwhelmed by two vast bodies of snow, that tumbled down from a neighboring mountain. All the inhabitants were then within doors except one Joseph Rochia, and his son, a lad of fifteen, who were on the roof of their house clearing away the snow, which had fallen for three days incessantly. A priest going by to mass, advised them to come down, having just before observed a body of snow tumbling from the mountain towards them. The man descended with great precipitation, and fled with his son, he knew not whither; but scarce had he gone thirty or forty steps, before his son, who was follow-

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ing him, fell heavily to the ground, when, looking back, he saw his own and his neighbors' houses, in which were twenty-two persons in all, covered with a high mountain of snow. He lifted up his son, and reflecting that his wife, his sister, two children, and all his effects were thus buried, he fainted away; but, soon reviving, he proceeded with his son to the house of a friend, at some distance.

Five days after, Joseph being perfectly recovered, got upon the snow with his son, and two of his wife's brothers, to try if he could find the exact place where his house stood; but after making many openings in the snow, they could not discover it. The month of April proving hot, the snow began to soften, and he again used his utmost endeavors to recover his effects, and to bury, as he thought, the remains of his family. He made new openings, and threw in earth to melt the snow, which, on the 24th of April, was greatly diminished. He broke through ice six feet in thickness, with iron bars, thrust down a long pole, and touched the ground, but evening coming on, he desisted.

His wife's brother, who lived at Demonte, dreamed that night that his sister was still alive, and begged him to help her; the man, affected by his dream, arose early in the morning and went to Bergemoletto, where Joseph was, and after resting a little, went with him to work upon the snow. They made another opening, which led them to the house for which they were searching, but finding no dead bodies within its ruins, they sought for the stable, which was two hundred and forty feet distant. Having found it, they heard a cry of "Help, my dear brother." Being greatly surprised, as well as encouraged by these words, they labored with all diligence till they had made a large opening, through which the brother who had the dream immediately went down, where the sister, with agonizing and feeble voice, told him, "I have always trusted to God and you, that you would not forsake me." The other brother and the husband then went down, and found, still alive, the wife, the sister, and a daughter about thirteen years old. These they raised on their shoulders to men above, who pulled them up as if from the grave, and carried them to a neighboring house. They were unable to walk, and so wasted that they appeared like mere skeletons. They were immediately put to bed, and gruel of rye flour and a little butter was given to recover them. Some days after, the intendant came to see them, and found the wife still unable to rise from bed or use her feet, from the intense cold she had endured, and the uneasy posture she had been in. The sister, whose legs had been bathed with hot wine, could walk with difficulty, and the daughter needed no further remedies.

On the intendant's interrogating the women, they told him that on the morning of the 19th of March, they were in the stable with a boy of six years old, and a girl about thirteen; in the same stable, were six goats,

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one of which having brought forth two dead kids the night before, they went to carry her a small vessel of rye-flour gruel; there was also an ass and five or six fowls. They were sheltering themselves in a warm corner of the stable till the church-bell should ring, intending to attend the service. The wife related, that wanting to go out of the stable to kindle a fire in the house for her husband, who was clearing away the snow from the top of it, she perceived a mass of snow breaking down towards the east, upon which she went back into the stable, shut the door, and told her sister of it. In less than three minutes they heard the roof break over their heads, and also part of the ceiling. The sister advised to get into the rack and manger, which they did. The ass was tied to the manger, but got loose by kicking and struggling, and threw down the little vessel, which they found, and afterwards used to hold the melted snow, which served them for drink.

Very fortunately, the manger was under the main prop of the stable, and so resisted the weight of the snow. Their first care was to know what they had to eat. The sister said she had fifteen chestnuts in her pocket; the children said they had breakfasted, and should want no more that day. They remembered that there were thirty-six or forty cakes in a place near the stable, and endeavored to get at them, but were not able for the snow. They called often for help, but were heard by none. The sister gave two chestnuts to the wife, and ate two herself, and they drank some snow water. The ass was restless, and the goats kept bleating for some days; after which they heard no more of them. Two of the goats, however, being left alive, and near the manger, they felt them, and found that one of them was big, and would kid, as they recollected, about the middle of April; the other gave milk, wherewith they preserved their lives. During all this time they saw not one ray of light, yet for about twenty days they had some notice of night and day from the crowing of the fowls, till they died.

The second day, being very hungry, they ate all the chestnuts, and drank what milk the goat yielded, being very near two pounds a-day at first, but it soon decreased. The third day they attempted again, but in vain, to get at the cakes, and resolved to take all possible care to feed the goats; but just above the manger was a hay-loft, whence through a hole, the sister pulled down hay into the rack, and gave it to the goats as long as she could reach it, and then, when it was beyond her reach, the goats climbed upon her shoulders, and reached it themselves. On the sixth day the boy sickened, and six days after desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him at his length in the manger. She did so, and taking him by the hand, felt it was very cold; she then put her hand to his mouth, and finding that cold likewise, she gave him a little milk. But he grew rapidly worse, notwithstanding

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his mother's care, and crying, "Oh! my father is in the snow! O, father, father!" breathed his last.

In the meanwhile, the goat's milk diminished daily, and the fowls soon after dying, they could no longer distinguish night from day; but, according to their reckoning, the time was near when the other goat should kid, which at length they knew was come, by its cries; the sister held it, and they killed the kid, to save the milk for their own subsistence; so they found that the middle of April was come. Whenever they called the goat, it would come and lick their faces and hands, and give them every day two pounds of milk, on which account they long afterwards bore the poor creature a great affection.

They said that during all this time hunger gave them but little uneasiness, except for the first five or six days; and their greatest pain was from the extreme coldness of the melted snow-water, which fell on them; from the smell of the dead animals around them; but more than all, from their uneasy posture, the manger, in which they necessarily sat squatting against the wall, being only three feet four inches broad.

This interesting case of overwhelming by an avalanche, which has been frequently printed, is not solitary in the annals of Switzerland. Instances of a similar nature, though more disastrous in causing loss of life, are of frequent occurrence. A case of overwhelming, attended with circumstances very closely resembling those in the above narrative, happened as lately as the spring of 1818. The village of La Colle, in the lower Alps, was covered by an avalanche, which buried one of the houses for a period of twenty-three days. At the end of that period, the villagers gained access to the house by digging away the snow, when a man and a young girl were found in it alive. By a most fortunate circumstance, these two persons, at the time of the fall, were together in a part of the dwelling in which were all their provisions, with a cow and a goat; and the milk of these animals, which they fed with potatoes and bread, distributed with the most careful economy, had sufficed for their sustenance during their long and dismal captivity.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health regained by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship soothed into forgetfulness, even forfeited reputation won by patience and virtue,—but who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years — stamped with wisdom and effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time!

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks but for another heart to make happy, will never seek in vain.

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Odd-Fellowship Exposed.

BY JOHN BULLOCK.

That Odd-Fellowship really deserves to be "shown up," no one will deny. Men's curiosity to see a *true expose* has been excited by the fact that numerous books have been published, pretending to be "a showing up of the humbug;" in some a wonderful goat that "kicketh and baa-eth fiercely," is pictured out as the divinity to which the brethren of the mystic tie pay their devotions; in another, we are told that the mode of entering the fraternity is by ascending, feet foremost, a greasy pole, with a loaf of bread in the mouth, and if he reaches the ceiling, he is pronounced "worthy;" still another tells us that the candidate for initiation is conducted through "dark and dreadful passages," and brought in close and unpleasing contact with "spirits from the vasty deep," and wicked forms of air.

It is not my purpose to confirm or contradict these stories, for I might destroy the interest which is taken in these tales, which, certainly, are as readable as the stories of "Tom Thumb" and "Johnny Horner, who sat in a corner." But I do propose to state some of the features of this *odious institution*. First:

IT IS A SECRET SOCIETY.

When a stranger desires to become a member of the Order, and the Order decide *not* to admit him, it is then we are commanded "to keep the secret," to tell it not, lest we injure our fellow-man.

When sorrows and misfortunes have surrounded those who have claims to our succor and sympathy, then Odd Fellows do not let the right hand know what the left hand doeth; they relieve the suffering; they minister to them in the offices of love; but *they keep the secret;* they do not add poignancy to others' afflictions by blazoning abroad their need, their dependency, their humiliation; but maintaining the inviolability of the *secret*, they seek no reward, except from God and their own consciences. The applause of multitudes never follow us, for they have not learned the secret,

The kings of the east, when they found among their subjects one worthy, used to confer on him a ring. This ring was the proof to all officers and other subjects that he who wore it was a man entitled to their support, their respect, and their confidence. In this, our day, when men with lying tongues deceive their neighbor, and abuse his benevolent intentions, Odd Fellows have found it convenient to organize in one body, to admit none but honorable, honest, benevolent men, to communicate to each other their *secret* of signs, pass-words, degrees—this *secret*, like the king's ring of old, is their passport to favor, sympathy and

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help—it is the *proof* that they are *men* who will not abuse our confidence or our benevolence. The ministrations of Odd-Fellowship are not confined to those who have entered a Lodge room. Every child of the Almighty, every being in the form and fashion of a man, is a member of that mighty Order whose members no man can number,—whose Master and Maker is God. Each and every member of this Order has the same origin, feels the same joys, bears the same pains, experiences the same sorrows, is animated by the same hopes, and at last lies down and mingles his dust with that of others in our common mother earth. To enforce and carry out the duties of men in these relations, is the object of Odd-Fellowship. Her whole superstructure is built upon that maxim on which Christianity, honor, morality. and society must alike stand, "All things whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Inscribing high upon her banners "Friendship, Love and Truth," she does not claim to be an exclusive teacher or practicer of these virtues, but holds that all men, in all places, and upon all occasions, are bound to teach, preach and practice them.

We shall not inquire whether Odd-Fellowship will not become obsolete and useless in that "good time coming" of which poets sing, when there shall be no rich to oppress the poor, no poor to need relief; when every human being shall have enough, and none too much; when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the flowers of earth bloom amid perpetual spring.

Neither shall we inquire whether Christianity shall not yet reach all the desolate places of the earth; whether it shall not by its mighty sanctifying power subdue the hearts of all God's creatures, and banish sin, sorrow and suffering from the earth, introducing us to that glorious millenium when the brotherhood of Heaven shall shout "peace on earth and good will toward men," and an echoing response be found in the hearts of every inhabitant of the earth.

It is enough for us, that there now exists in the present age a field occupied by Odd-Fellowship, unappropriated to those having higher claims, and that she is doing good work and efficient service in the dissemination of the principles of benevolence and charity, silencing the widow's wail and the orphan's moans, and making many a desolate hearth cheerful, and many a desert spot blossom like the rose.

The true estimate of an individual is not ascertained by his accidental or occasional achievements, but his every-day habits. A nation's character is not determined by his masses, and the character of the age by the vices or virtues were so inherent as to be unnoticed.

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The World of Water.

All the land in the world, I have been told at school, would barely cover the Pacific. Twenty-seven miles of water in the world for every ten miles of land; what a wilderness that is for a sprat to lose his way in! Wilderness?—not at all. We talk about the watery waste as if it was just a desert—very useful as a highway to the nations, but in itself a barren surface of salt water, playing pitch and toss with ships, to the distress of passengers. The fact is that not only does the bed of the sea consist of hills and dales, springs, mountains, and volcanoes, differing from our own only in the character of their abundant vegetation—not only are these hills and dales peopled with forms innumerable, but, in the great flood of water above, zone over zone teems with life. One set of marine animals peoples the region between high and low water mark, and declines to mix with the creatures immediately below, which again keep up their position in an equally exclusive manner. So there are ten such zones to pass before you touch ground in the deep water, just as, in a thoroughly enlightened country town, there may be ten sets, each to itself a world, between the squire, with his right foot on a carriage step, and the laborer, with his right foot on a spade. If the expanse of the sea be vast, vast also is the variety of its inhabitants; fishes, crustaceans, molusca, polyps, and yet more—classes, genera, and species—each individual almost incredibly fecund. The spawn of a single adult oyster will supply twelve thousand barrels. In the Arctic Sea, the water is for hundreds of miles colored olive green by little entomostraca, the whale's food. Scoresby calculated that there were twenty-three thousand, eight hundred and eighty-eight million million of them in a cubic mile. Of course, their zone, however, is not a mile deep. Life in "the ocean wave" is gayer when we come between the tropics. In the narrative of the exploring "Voyage of the Fly" among the coral reefs north-east of Australia, there is a quaint illustration of this, not less quaint to the unscientific reader for the number of strange names with which he is perplexed: "A block of coral rock that was brought up by a fish-hook from the bottom, at one of our anchorages, was interesting from the vast variety and abundance of animal life there was about it. It was a mere worn dead fragment, but its surface was covered with brown, crimson, and yellow nulliporæ, many small actiniæ, and soft branching corallines, sheets of flustra and eschare, and delicate reteporæ, looking like beautiful lace-work carved in ivory. There were several small spunges and alcyonia, seaweeds of two or three species, two species of comatula, and one of ophiuri, of the most delicate colors and markings, and many small, flat, round corals, something like numulites in appearance. On breaking into the rock, boring-shells of

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several species were found buried in it; tubes formed by annelida pierced it in all directions, many still containing their inhabitants, while two or three worms or nereis lay twisted in and out among its hollows and recesses, in which likewise were three small species of crabs." "This block," says Mr. Jukes, "was not above a foot in diameter, and was a perfect museum in itself, while its outside glared with beauty from the many sprightly and variously colored animals and plants. It was by no means a solitary instance; every block that could be procured from the bottom, in from ten to twenty-five fathoms, was like it." The blocks themselves, too, it must be remembered, were, in the first instance, built by little members of the vast and industrious community which swarms within the crystal palace of the sea.

An argument to the stomach is at all times so satisfactory, that one has only to remind the rich of callipash and callipee as sea begotten. One has only to say to the collective hunger of the nation, "Oyster! lobster!" and at once the sea is acknowledged to be, not a desert, but appears green and refreshing in all eyes, and will bear description as a highly valuable tract of pasture ground. We were in the neighborhood of Australia just now. As we are on the way, perhaps you will not object to step down to the South Pole for a minute, or at least to the vicinity of the great Southern Continent, visited lately by our Phantom Ship. Cold water is to be found in perfection near this great refrigerator, and from thence it flows in a vast ocean river toward the Equator. Now, starting from the icy shores of South Victoria, let us, like good, quiet beings, travel with the stream.

What causes the stream, though? That is soon told. Water at the Poles is cold enough to ice Champagne, and at the Equator it is nearly warm enough for shaving. Water expands when warmed; our pots boil over; and although the ocean certainly is nowhere hot enough to boil a leg of mutton, the great mass of water rises under the influence of tropic heat above the common level, and runs over toward the Poles, leaving its place empty for cold water to rush in and occupy. Precisely in the same way, air, which is another ocean, swells at the Equator, and pours out its deluge north and south, over the colder current which runs in to take advantage of the vacancy, and warm itself. When warm, it also will get up. That is one fact: another modifies it. The earth rolls on its axis. If you stick a knitting needle through the center of an orange, and rotate the orange on the needle, then you see a model of the earth rotating on its axis. The needle comes out of the north pole above, and out of the south pole below; and if you scratch a line all round the orange, half way between pole and pole, that is the imagined line called the equator. Now take two little pins, stick one of them on the equator, and another in the neighborhood of either pole; now set the orange revolving like the globe

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itself, from west to east, and make precisely one revolution. In the same space of time one pin has traveled through a great space, you perceive—all around the orange, as it were—while the other pin near the pole has had a very tiny journey to perform, and on the pole itself would actually not revolve at all. So, then, upon this world of ours, everything on or near the Equator spins round, in the twenty-four hours, far more rapidly than anything placed near the Poles. But everything partakes in the movement; as you share in your body the movement of a railway train, let the train stop suddenly, your body travels on, and throws you violently forward. So air and water, flowing from the Equator in great currents, because they cannot at once accommodate themselves to the slower movement of the earth as they approach the Poles, retain their go-ahead propensity, and shoot on eastward still, as well as north and south. The slow trains coming up from the Poles are outstripped by the rapid movement of the earth below, and, being unable to accommodate themselves to it readily, they lag behind, and fall into a westward course. By this movement of the earth, therefore, a transverse direction is communicated to the great equatorial and polar currents, whether of air or water. Furthermore, local peculiarities, arrangements of islands and continents, plain and mountain, land and water, cause local variations of temperature, and every such variation, modifies or makes a current. In the air, we all know how many shiftings of the wind will be peculiar to a mountain hamlet, where a lake a valley, and a mountain cause a constant oscillation, and a sudden burst of sunshine is enough to raise the wind. Mechanical obstructions, such as mountain peaks in the bed of the great ocean of air, modify its streams, of course; and the great currents in the water are, of course, split, deflected, and directed on their way, by all the continents and islands about and around which they flow.

Great currents pour like mighty rivers through the plain of the ocean, and, fixed by the laws of Nature, though their banks be banks of water, they are almost as sharply defined as if they were of granite masonry. These are constant; there are others periodical, occasioned by periodical winds, tides, etc.; and there are also variable currents, caused by melting ice and other accidents, irregular in their occurrence.

Now let us follow the great stream of cold water flowing from the South Pole, called the Antartic drift current. From the great barrier of ice and the Antartic volcano, Mount Erebus, it pours up the Pacific, first in a north-north-easterly direction, then north-east, then most decidedly toward the east, partly, perhaps, deflected to this course by the land of South Victoria; eastward, at any rate, it flows in a salt-water river of enormous breadth, and strikes the Pacific coast of South America, wearing its sides into that hollow shape which you may notice on the map. The obstruction of the South American continent splits this great current

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into two parts, one of which turns southward, washing round Cape Horn—the Cape Horn current, which escapes into the Atlantic ocean; the other, the Peruvian or Humboldt's current, is diverted upward along the shores of Chili or Peru. Between these two parts, a large body of the southern stream, which has not reached the continent, is turned back in about twenty-six degrees latitude, and ninety degrees longitude, to form the southern part of the great equatorial current, into which the mass of water flowing northward up the shores of South America, will also be deflected presently.

The current northward, Humboldt's, coasting the continent from Valparaiso to near Guyaquil, has not lost even under the Equator all its frost. It turns at Punta Parina, before reaching Guyaquil, surrounds the Gallapagos islsnds on the Equator itself, and pulls their temperature down ten degrees; then it flows on westward with the great equatorial stream, assisted by the winds. In the desert of Lower Peru, at a few feet above the water, the cold occasioned by this polar current is quite unmistakable, and, at one season of the year, it yields up fogs for months, at Lima, called the Garua, which make the morning sun look like a moon, vanish soon after mid-day, and leave heavy dews at night. Ships on the coast, especially between Pisco and Lima, can take no observation of the shore, and the current, hurried on by the impediment it meets, frequently carries them beyond their destination. Sixteen hundred miles from Valparaiso to Callao, wind and current favoring, will be eight or nine days' sail; but from Callao back to Valpariso, it is a voyage frequently of weeks or months.

The great equatorial current, flowing westward, contains the whole of the Antarctic drift, except so much of it as slipped out of the Pacific round Cape Horn, fed, of course, by currents from the North Pole also. This mighty mass of water, occupying a third part of the drift from pole to pole, runs through the great sieve of islands between Australia and China, part of it deflected northward in a warm current along the south-eastern borders of Japan.

Now we will follow it into the Indian Ocean; but before leaving the Pacific, we may make note of a fact, that the advantage of steam over sailing vessels is nowhere so enormous as it must be on the coasts of Chili and Peru. A steamer leaving Guyaquil four weeks after a sailing vessel can reach Lima first.

The currents in the Indian ocean are inextricably complicated with the winds; and if the winds expect attention just at present, they may whistle for it. It is enough to say that the great equatorial stream still pouring westward strikes against the coast of Africa, and finding that it has no thoroughfare, pours southward on each side of Madagascar, and doubles the Cape in the Agulhas or Cape current, outside which a coun-

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ter current flows back out of the Atlantic. The stream of water having passed the Cape, turns northward, is deflected by the shape of the land between Benin and Sierra Leone, not from the land, but from the edge of a returning stream that coasts it. It is to be remembered, also, that it follows its own bent in this deflection, flowing westward, as the main equatorial current, with a speed of, in some places, thirty, and in some places seventy-eight, miles a day. After giving off a north-west branch, and having a temperature now of seventy-nine degrees under the Equator, the main current strikes the east prominence of South America, at Cape St. Roque. This causes it to split. A southerly branch coasts in the direction of Cape Horn, and goes home to the Pacific, tired of travel; but the rest, pouring along northward, flows through the West India Islands into the Gulf of Mexico, a hollow excavated by its stream. It is of course to be understood that the outline of land is not caused only by the action of the currents; it is determined, also, by the geological character of the soil; the loose soils wear away, while rocks oppose a barrier. The West India Islands are nothing more than those hard, rocky parts of an old coast-line, which have withstood the constant action of a current which has been at work for ages, eating through the softer parts; so it has made a great bite in the Gulf of Mexico, and left us the West India Islands sprinkled about, as bones that proved too hard for its digestion. In the Gulf of Mexico, encompassed by land, the water, which has for a long time been acquiring warmth, offers the greatest contrast to the frosty state in which it set out on its journey. Near the mouth of the Mississippi its temperature reaches eighty-nine degrees. If you have a thermometer which enables you to warm a little water to that point, you have only to put your finger into the warm water, and so accurately feel how far we are now from the gnawing cold of the South Pole. As the stream flows constantly into the Gulf, it must, of course, also constantly flow out. It flows out between Florida and Cuba, being now called the gulf stream. This coasts northward, having a cold counter-current between it and the shore, and crosses the Atlantic south of the great bank of Newfoundland, most of it turning southward to return by a set of counter currents home. A branch from it, Rennel's Current, touches the Irish coast, and makes a circuit in the Bay of Biscay, sending a weak offshoot on its passage up the Irish Channel. Thus a drop of water from the South Pole, traveling by the extensive route we have just indicated, may be shaken now from the head of the stout gentleman, who at last consents to get into his bathing machine.

Little less interesting than Harvey's old discovery of the circulation of the blood, is this discovery which has been made piecemeal in our own day of the circulation of the water. Though the great system is not yet anatomised in all its parts—and we are puzzled, for example, here and

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there with portions of a vein or counter-current not yet properly accounted for—still we have laid bare the main artery, and found the water's heart in the great Southern Ocean. It is there, not only because the intense cold of the south polar continent determines action in that direction; but because there is there also a wide expanse of sea—the widest on the globe—susceptible of all impressions. The Pacific is full of natural breakwaters, reefs, shoals, and islands. At the North Pole, though there is indeed no continent, but water, at the Pole itself, the lands of Europe, Asia, and America, destroy the general expanse. In the enormous reservoir of water which surrounds the lofty continent of the South Pole we find the heart of the great circulating system; and not only do the grandest ocean currents take their rise in it, but in it, also, as we shall see presently, commences the pulsation of the tidal wave.

You observe that the great world of water serves not only as a home for countless forms of life, but that to us land creatures it serves also as an apparatus for the regulation of our climates. Cold currents come to limit the sun's monarchy, and warm streams flow to melt the icebergs where they travel out of bounds, and to prevent Jack Frost from annexation.

That is not all, nor nearly all. One characteristic of the works of Nature is continually to be recognised. Man makes a beautiful machine, worthy of admiration, in which many wheels and teeth combine, perhaps to make a piece of lace; it will make only lace, and nothing else. The works of nature are, incomparably, more simple, and yet there is nothing so minute as to be created for one purpose only. The earth's axis is inclined a little to one side;—our polar ice, our long days and short days, spring, summer, autumn, winter, with the myriad of phenomena in their train, are the consequence—nor is that all. But we shall have quite enough to do if we confine, at present, our attention to the world of water. It is enough to say, that, in its way, a blade of grass, or lump of dirt, no less than the great sea, heaps use on use, and proof on proof of a Sublime Intelligence.

We may regard the sea, if we like, as a great burial-ground. Subterranean forces, constantly at work, cause gradual, incessant, change of level on the surface of our world. We are ourselves born just in time to see the departing peaks of a huge continent now drowned in the Pacific Ocean; where its highest mountain tops, not yet submerged, rise as innumerable islands, around which the coral polyps build. But subterranean forces have a stout ally provided in the busy sea itself. How ocean currents eat away the land, we have already seen; but we have only to look at the coast behind us, and we are reminded that the mere action of the tide is constantly engaged in chewing away shore, and

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taking it off, masticated into pulp, to feed the sea's great belly. Rivers, too, wear away the soil through which they rub, and carry seaward a large quantity of land, in the form of that dear pulp for which the great deep hungers. Out of the world of water vapor rises and forms clouds; they float above our fields, and fall as rain, to bless the husbandman, and give food to the mouths of men. But they feed also the great sea; they wash the soil down mountain sides; and if they do not rise again as vapor, to form new clouds, they form streams and springs, that fertilize the ground, and, at the same time, rub down more soil for the hungry sea. Granite yields. Rain, or the vapor of water, in its pores, expanding and again contracting with the change in temperature, very slightly wears its outer crust; it is just so much loosened that a lichen fastens. Then the lichen holds more damp upon the stone; the water and the work of vegetation loosen it a little more; so that there is presently soil enough for mosses. Moss invites more water, the stone decays more, and is mingled with decaying vegetable matter; the conversion into loose soil has begun; man will reap profit from it; but, in in due time, it will come into the sea. The waste of continents strewed thus over the bottom of the ocean goes to build up, layer upon layer, and that shall hereafter be. So layer under layers tells us of the ages that have past, and yield to our sight skeletons of creatures that have lived a thousand, thousand years ago. Man came, as you know, late into the world; we never dig him up as a contemporary of the creatures that are gone; his bones and his works are being now deposited in the great burial-ground. What fleets have gone down into the deep we know; how many monuments of man are being buried in the mud of our own age, to be dug up, as antiquities, perhaps, when man shall be extinct. It is not easy to imagine one's self a fossil; but the Megalotherium, no doubt, never expected it. An English river being crossed, some centuries ago, by one of our armies, the great military chest, with all its treasure, was upset and drowned; nor was there time to fish it up again. Ten years ago a piece of rock, which seemed to be hard sandstone, found upon that spot, astonished all beholders. In its substance was a store of fossil coins; and, on examination, it turned out that all the sand into which coins had sunk, after the chest rotted, had been quite converted into rock by the chemical action of iron from the hoops with which the chest had been originally bound. Coins thus imbedded have been got up also from the Thames, in London. Of man there is no record in the geologic past; but in the geologic future, should the race of antiquaries still hold out, there will be joy in digging for him, and for all the produce of his hands, now being locked up carefully beneath the waters of the world.

Some of the lime washed down into the sea is used by countless

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animals, who make to themselves shells. But it is almost certain that the shells of molluscs and other marine animals do not grow wholly from this source. It is more likely that the basis of lime, calcium, is not an element, although we call it so, until we know how to resolve it into simpler forms. Probably it is not an element, and is produced by the animals from its constituents existing in sea water. If so, a large part of the shore of Albion has actually once been sea; for our chalk cliffs are nothing less wonderful than an aggregate of myriads on myriads of microscopic beings, whose remains have strewed the bottom of the ocean, and been subsequently lifted up in chalk beds of amazing thickness.

The ocean is not only a destroyer; it contributes of its soil to pile up reefs, until they reach the highest water-mark. It catches nuts and seeds into its currents, and industriously scatters them on foreign shores; it scatters them upon the bald little island, and there soon grows thereupon a busy crop. Busy old ocean seizes a canoe, and carries it upon a current far out of sight of land. "Come with me, good little men and women," roars the old fellow, and he shoots them presently upon the island he has made; and there they live, perforce, and their descendants people it. The sea bore no inactive part, assisted by the trade-wind, in getting over the first ships from Europe to America. These ocean currents play, unobtrusively, a large part in the history of man. But, as Britons, we must leave ourselves a little time to talk about the waves, because they are precisely what "Britannia rules." You know all about the tides, only as M. Jourdain says of his Latin, we had better "make as if you didn't." The rise of tide is caused, of course, by the attractive forces of the sun and moon, mainly exerted, as we said, on the south polar reservoir. There should be two tides to each luminary, one on its upper and one on its lower transit; four tides a day; but the attraction of the lady moon being, as it ought to be, six times greater than that of the sun, who is a distant gentleman, she reduces the sun's tide to a mere supplement. When the gentleman and lady pull together, then the sun's pull adds one foot of hight to every five feet produced by the moon, and makes a spring-tide. When the sun and moon pull in opposite directions, and the sun wants a high tide where the moon wants low water, from every six feet of the moon's tide the sun is able to take one away, and neap-tides are the consequence. The varying elevations of the tide at the same place depending on the varying degree of unanimity between master and mistress in the sky.

In different places, however, the hight of the same tide varies considerably—from three inches to thirty feet. This depends on the conformation of the land. The great tide wave, commencing in the Atlantic Ocean, has its whole course directed by the coast lines. It flows into the Indian Ocean, where it finds no northern outlet, and breaks violently on the shores of Hindostan; rushing into the ready mouths of the Ganges,

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it produces the great bore of the Hoogly. It should flow into the Pacific, but finds that ocean barricaded by innumerable shoals, islands, and coral reefs; there is no deep, uninterrupted mass of water, and the tidal movement runs weakly up the western coast of America, penetrates not far between New Zealand and Australia, leaving the shores of China and Japan, with the great mass of the Pacific islands, almost wholly unaffected by the tidal wave. Into the Atlantic it breaks round the southern point of Africa; the wave that struck the south shore of New Zealand washes the Cape fifteen hours afterwards, and passes on up the Atlantic, touching Africa on one side, America upon the other. Deflected variously by the line of coast, after another fifteen hours of travel, it is ready to come down upon Cape Clear. Cape Clear and Land's End are struck by the wave in the next hour, which then communicates its impulse through the Irish and St. George's Channels. The rate of movement of the tide wave depends upon the nature and depth of the sea bottom. With a depth of one fathom, its rate is eight miles an hour, and with one hundred fathoms, eighty miles an hour; while through deep water of a thousand fathoms, it is propagated at the speed of about four miles a minute. Thus the same wave which touched Cape Clear, passes, in little more than an hour, on the Atlantic side to touch the Hebrides, yet takes four hours in working up the Irish Channel only to Dublin. So, also, it is a seven hours' journey for the tide along St. George's Channel from Land's End to London, which is about the time it occupied in traveling from Rio Janeiro to New York. The tide at London is, however, ruled by the stronger wave that has rolled round the Orkneys, and descended thence in about fifteen hours through the German Ocean to reach London Bridge, on the third day after its start from the great southern sea. A glance at the map will show how small a part of the great tidal impulse can be communicated to the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar; accordingly, we find a tide of only thirteen inches on the northern coast of Africa, near to the Straits, and two, three, four, or five inches in more protracted parts. The Bristol Channel opens like a funnel, to receive the full shock of the tide wave entering the Irish Sea, and there we have a tide of thirty feet.

The tide is breaking very pleasantly upon the shore. You perceive that as the wave runs up to our feet, the lower part of it is retarded by the friction and resistance of the sloping beach, the water on the summit having no such opposition to encounter, shoots ahead; so that the whole wave seems to curl until the upper part is overbalanced, and comes toppling to the ground. It beats air down upon the beach, which soon bursts out again, and makes the music of the breakers.

We have been walking up and down the sunny shore, and gossiping about the world of water, as if storms never blotted its good nature; but

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the water never storms except when the wind troubles it. Earthquakes disturb its balance now and then, but air is the arch agitator. Our ocean of water is a peaceful, busy gentleman, who would perform his work like a chronometer if he were not married to an ocean of air, who has the upper hand of him. His wife is fickle; she is kissing him quite prettily to-day, to-morrow she may blow him up, and if she do, he certainly will foam and fret; and then, perhaps, she will get up a squall, and he will roar, or she will howl, and he will give a sullen growl, and wo be to the ship that interferes too much between the pair while they are quarrelling. On the whole, however, they are certainly a happy couple; and so close is their alliance, and so many are the bonds of sympathy between them, that to understand the water properly. you ought to know his wife. Very well, then; a few pages of "Household Words" shall be devoted to the winds as soon as possible.

Charity.

BY MATTIE B. WHIPPLE.

"Not going to the fancy ball!" exclaimed young Linn, throwing up his hands, and opening his eyes to their widest extent, in his astonishment at such an absurdity. "Why, who ever heard of such a queer girl! Everybody will be there, and it is not possible that you can voluntarily absent yourself from such a brilliant assembly? Do you disapprove of fancy balls?"

"No," answered Ella Warren; "I cannot say that I do."

"Let *me* persuade—let me entreat you, then, to change your mind," said the young man, earnestly. "It will not take you long to get ready"—and he consulted his watch—"in an hour we can be on our way to Mrs. Beverly's elegant mansion. Do not hesitate, Miss Ella; indeed, indeed, I cannot go without you."

"Pray, do not tempt me," replied Ella, a little sadly. "It has cost me an effort to give up all hope of attending this ball Do not make me regret my resolution, when it is too late to think of going."

"Oh! don't say that," cried Mr. Linn; "it is not late, and I am very sure you can go. I will wait just as long as you please. I know it won't be long, for Miss Warren's loveliness is not dependent upon 'toilet mysteries;' and—"

"It is useless," said Ella, interrupting him, with a smile, "to waste your pretty speeches; for in this matter I must be willful. Necessity, indeed, would compel me to remain at home, for I have no ball dress."

"A woman's reason," laughed Linn. "By Jove, I don't know how

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it is that girls contrive to look so pretty and bewitching, for they are always declaring 'they havn't anything to wear.' Come, Ella, be superior to this weakness. Search your wardrobe, and you will find something beautiful and becoming enough for a queen. Don't you know you can?"

"It is a *fancy* ball, remember," said Ella; "and Mrs. Beverly will not permit her guests to appear except in fancy-dress costume; so, you perceive, it is quite impossible, Albert, for me to attend. You had better get Lillie Holmes to go with you. She has selected a beautiful character, and—"

"The deuce!" muttered Albert, so earnestly that Ella laughed outright, while he continued: "I don't want to go with Lillie Holmes. I don't care for *her*."

"Don't you?" questioned Ella, archly. "I thought you did. But even supposing that I could go, and had chosen a character, you and I would not 'act' together, for you would not 'suit.'"

"I know it should have been arranged long ago; but I have been out of town ever since Mrs. B.'s cards were issued, and have just returned to-day, or I should have sought you earlier to know your wishes on the subject. I thought, however, that it merely required ball costume or full dress to ensure admittance. I have half a notion to coax you to let me stay with you this evening, dear Ella," continued the young man, "for I know I should enjoy it a thousand-fold more than going to that stupid party without you."

"I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure," answered Ella, "for trying to persuade me to go to a place which you denounce as dull."

"Oh! it would have been a paradise if the sunshine of your smiles were shed upon it. May I stay?"

"Is it necessary to ask my permission?" responded Ella. "You know you are always welcome."

Albert Lynn *did* stay, and the hours passed quickly by; and at the close of the evening neither of them regretted that they had remained at home; though for a little while it cast a shade over Ella's spirits (for she was a dear lover of dancing, and very fond of society), yet music and conversation had given wings to the hours, and the low whispers of Albert Linn must have been agreeable to bring such a bright color to Ella's cheek, and such a pleasant sparkle to her hazel eye.

The next morning after the ball, Mr. Warren questioned his daughter concerning her sudden freak. He could not imagine what kept her at home—and she so fond of pleasure, too! Ella's blushes puzzled her father still more. At length, finding she could not evade his inquiries, she answered:

"Papa, I have applied to another, and far different purpose, the money

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which you were kind enough to give me to buy a fancy dress. Come with me this afternoon, and I will show you what that money has bought. And you may then tell your daughter whether she has acted wrongly."

"My daughter cannot do wrong; at least, not intentionally," replied Mr. Warren, fondly. "And I am quite willing to take her word for the propriety of any action she has performed. Yet if you wish, Ella dear, I will go with you this afternoon; for I confess my curiosity is not a little excited, after all."

Through streets and by-ways, of whose existence Mr. Warren had been entirely ignorant, the young girl led her astonished father, until, at length, she paused before a smoky, but comfortable-looking dwelling, and, knocking, the door was opened by a care-worn woman, whose face instantly brightened as she perceived the visitors.

"Is it indeed your own pretty self?" she said, extending her hand toward Ella. "Come to look upon the happiness you have brought us. Come to the fire, do, and sit ye down. Matthew, my lad, stir the coals, and give the gentleman a chair. Is it your father, Miss?"

"Yes," answered Ella. "Papa, this is Mrs. Brown,"—and turning to the boy, she patted his rosy cheeks, and asked after his health—upon which, a little girl came out of an obscure corner, and brushed against her cloak to attract attention. Everything in the house bespoke poverty; but neatness reigned supreme. The uncarpeted floor was as white as a snow-drift. The hearth swept cleanly—and the few dishes which were ranged on a rude shelf near the fire-place were bright and nice. The children, too, though clad in coarse habiliments, looked pretty and sweet, while the mother's smooth face and tidy dress were in perfect keeping with everything around.

"You see, sir," said Mrs. Brown, "your daughter, here, found out, by some means, that we were to be turned away from this house, because my poor man had been too sick to earn the rent for our landlord by Christmas. Well, we were in a terrible trouble, to be sure, and though we all worked and delved, and done all we could, somehow we couldn't save a bit of money for pay-day. The morning came, and we were all down-hearted enough, expecting every minute to be turned out in the street, with no friendly roof to shelter our desolate little ones, when, like an angel of mercy, this sweet young lady came to us, giving us the rent-money, and a lot of other things to make us comfortable and happy. Oh! sir,"—and the good woman's eyes were filled with tears, "while I live, I shall never forget to pray for her and hers."

Mr. Warren pressed his daughter's hand, and his own eyes were humid with a tear-drop that did credit to his manhood, as he answered:

"My Ella does indeed teach me a noble lesson; for although it is

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'blessed to give,' yet is there something sublime in the self-denial exercised by her to accomplish this good deed. Henceforth, Mrs. Brown, consider yourself under my especial protection, and when in want, apply to me, Here is a small sum, which you may need, for the present—take it, and thank my daughter, as without her, I had not known of your existence."

"I do not need this, sir," said Mrs. Brown, turning over the glittering coin, "for your daughter's kindness has procured places for my children, and their earnings, together with my husband's, make us quite independent, now that we are fairly on our feet again."

"Keep it—keep it," said Mr. Warren, hurrying away.

"As a remembrance, then," said Ella, smilingly, "to purchase Maggie's wedding-dress, when she shall come of age."

"Blessings be on you, pretty one," answered the woman, as she followed Ella and Mr. Warren to the door, and gave their hands a hearty farewell-pressure. "I'm sure every one's good wishes *must* go with one so winsome, and I cannot but think that prayers and blessings, (when one has nothing else to give) make people happy and comfortable-like. Come back again, Miss Ella, for your soft steps and pretty smile are always welcome. I wish the Father were here. He *knows how* to thank you."

"Good-bye, Mrs, Brown. Do not be so grateful to me. I have but performed a duty, which makes me *your* debtor, for the pleasure I have felt in its performance. Let Maggie come to me soon. I have something for her to do." And away sped the young girl, leaving happy hearts in that lowly dwelling—not more happy than the throbbing one beneath the satin boddice, which glowed and thrilled with the consciousness of having been the instrument of good.

"My own darling," whispered the father, when the fleet steps reached his side, "why did you not ask for more money to buy your ball dress? I would not have denied it."

"I know it," answered Ella, "but it destroys half the pleasure of *giving*, to know that you have not *earned* the money you bestow with so lavish a hand. I were selfish and unworthy indeed, if I could not deny myself *something* for the good of others, and although but a minor sacrifice, the giving up of a gay party, yet I assure you, it was not without a struggle that I carried out my determination. Give me all credit for it, dear papa, as 'tis the *first* time I ever did anything at all praiseworthy; but I could do it a *second* time more cheerfully, since all the balls in Christendom could never give me one-half the pleasure I have felt in helping this poor family; nor the jewels of Golconda's fabled mines rival in purity or splendor the tears of gratitude, which thanked me for the gift."

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The Noble Revenge.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose-white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimpled cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't—get out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless, hopeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed into that rough face, anguished tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. O! it was pitiful to hear him cry, "only once, let me see my mother only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage; his blue eye distended, his lips sprang apart, a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent, screamed, "When I'm a man, I'll *kill* you for that."

'There was a coffin and a heap of earth' between the mother and the poor forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with a haughty reserve, upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced, convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin. *I* was that poor miserable boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

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"No, I have a sweeter revenge; I have saved the life of the man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible, and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

The Mission of Odd-Fellowship.

The objects of Odd-Fellowship may be told in a few words. Every member is informed of them at the time of his initiation. To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan, are duties that every member of the Fraternity is bound to regard and faithfully to perform. "To do good unto all men, and especially to those of the household of faith," comprises the whole duty of an Odd Fellow, to his country, his neighbor, the Order, and himself. The first duty of a member is to examine his own heart, and see that it fosters not evil, the bane of society, the fountain of all wrong. Then he will be prepared to enter upon the duties of an active Odd Fellow, and assist in carrying forward the great work. We believe that under the Providence of God, the Order is to be the instrument of great good to society; that it will do much towards fraternizing the world, and hastening that period when all nations, tongues and kindreds shall dwell together in one universal Fraternity.

But candor compels us to admit, that before our Order can claim the full honors of a messenger of peace, and the rewards of a good and faithful servant; much, very much, remains to be done within our own borders. The chief sin of almost every society, as well as nations and individuals, is selfishness—a longing desire to gain some desired object. Wealth, fame, and power, are the great seducers of virtue, and tyrants over the whole family of man; and until they shall be estimated according to their real value, in vain may we expect benevolence, justice and mercy.

In becoming Odd Fellows we bind ourselves to impart to our brethren according to their wants and necessities, and our abilities. We recognize the right of every fellow creature to the comforts and enjoyments of life; and we acknowledge the duty of every one to help, aid, and assist each other. For if it is right to enter into a compact, for the purpose of conferring benefits upon each other, it is no less a duty, to extend the same principle beyond the pale of the Fraternity.

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We are members of a common humanity, subject to the same laws of nature—infirmity, decay and death. And the Eternal and All-wise Creator—the Parent of all—has commanded us to love one another. Upon that command Odd-Fellowship is founded; and in an universal acknowledgment of the obligation, we must look for the consummation of the signs of the Institution. In the purity and simplicity of the principles of the Fraternity lies its strength. No creeds are forced upon the consciences of members—no heart burnings engendered by a discussion of those subjects, that often embroil neighbors in strifes and contentions. The only legitimate work of the Order, is improving the condition of its members, and promoting the welfare of society at large. When Odd-Fellowship shall be fairly known, and its precepts be the rule of action of every member, the beneficent effects it will exert upon society will be made manifest in the improved condition of the people—in the absence of squallid misery, debauchery and crime.

We do not claim that the Order of Odd Fellows, *per se*, is to accomplish all this. But the agents, under whatever name they may be known, must be governed and moved by the principles of the Fraternity. These principles are not newly discovered—they are co-existent with humaniiy, although they have been discarded and spurned from the thoughts of selfish man.

In order that Odd-Fellowship may have its full mission, we beseech every member of the Fraternity to be zealous in the good work; vigilant in watching over the interests of the brotherhood—kind and beneficent to his fellows—endeavoring to reform those who err, in a spirit of forbearance and gentleness. We cannot conquer the prejudices of the world by vainly proclaiming the excellence of our institution, and by violent invectives against all those who oppose us. Our power to conquer lies in the purity of our action, and in the approbation of Heaven. That Divine Being, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and who loveth all his children, will surely bless the hand that giveth in secret, and pours the oil of gladness into the wounded spirit.

MAKE THE LIVING HAPPY.—If we were only half as lenient to the living as we are to the dead, how much happier might we render them and from how much vain and bitter remorse might we be spared, when the grave, the "all-atoning grave," has closed over them.

I OBSERVE, says Newton, there is evil, and that there is a *way to escape it;* and with this I begin and end.

IN the formation of character, personal exertion is the first, the second, and third virtue.

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The Art of Being Happy.

There are some things which are come at by an indirect process, more easily than by a direct one; and many competent judges believe that happiness is one of the number. We strongly incline to this opinion, and suspect that the intended art of being happy is very much like the art of making gold, which at one time occupied the attention of so many of the learned, but which has long been admitted to be almost the only process by which gold can be made. Make shoes, make coats, make hats, make houses, make almost anything you please, (except perhaps books,) and you in fact make gold, because the product of your labor, whatever it may be, converts itself naturally in your hands into that valuable metal. But once attempt to make gold by a direct process, and you not only fail in your object, but sustain a total loss of time, labor, and capital employed in the operation. The case, we imagine, is nearly the same with studying directly the art of being happy. Study politics, study law, study commerce, study agriculture, study any of the fine or mechanical arts, and you, in fact, study happiness, because, independently of the immediate fruit of skill, in this or that department of knowledge and practice, which you derive from your studies, there is no more certain way of being happy, than to pursue with activity and diligence almost any honest employment. But no sooner does a man set about studying directly how he shall be happy, than he is pretty sure of becoming completely miserable. "Your poor devil is your only happy man." And there is a good deal of truth, as well as much consolation, in this. The common blessings which Providence distributes abundantly to the prudent and virtuous of even the humblest classes, are no doubt quite as conducive to happiness as the imaginary and illusive advantages of the favorites of fortune. But if we ask, "Who is the real poor devil?" we may, perhaps, reply with confidence, that it is the man who is always studying to be happy. The experience of the world, in all ages and nations, from Seged, King of Ethiopia, down to the luckless schoolboy, groaning under the burden of a holiday, confirms this notion. And there appears to be a deep philosophical reason for the fact. It is, that happiness was not intended by nature to be the direct result of an operation, performed with the immediate purpose of attaining it; but on the contrary, the indirect result of an operation intended immediately and principally for the attainment of another object, which is moral perfection and virtue. Observe the tradesman who has made his fortune (as the phrase is,) and retired from business, or the opulent proprietor enjoying his dignified leisure. How he toils at the task of doing nothing, as a ship without ballast at sea, when it falls calm after a heavy blow,

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labors more without stirring an inch, than in going ten knots an hour with a good breeze. How he "groans and sweats," as Shakspeare has it, under a happy life! How he cons over at night, for the third time, the newspaper which he read through twice, from beginning to end, immediately after breakfast! But this is not the worst. No sooner does he find himself in the state of unoccupied blessedness, than a host of wished-for visitants enter on his premises, and declare his body a good prize. Dyspepsia (a new name of horror) plucks from his lips the untasted morsel, and the brimming bowl, bedims his eyes with unnatural blindness, and powders his locks with premature old age. Hypochondria (the accursed blues of the fathers) ploughs his cheeks with furrows, and heaps a perpetual cloud upon his brow. Gout grapples him by the great toe; so that what with black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, the poor man suffers martyrdom in every nerve and fibre. His Elysium is much like that of the departed Grecian heroes in the "Odyssey," who frankly avowed to Ulysses that they would rather be the meanest day-laborers above ground, than reign supreme over all the shades below.

To conclude, the "real art of being happy," is to endeavor to make other people so.

What is Charity?

'Tis not to pause when at my door
A shivering brother stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands.

'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer,
For faults he once has known;
'Tis not to leave him to despair,
And say that I have none.

The voice of Charity is kind,
She thinketh nothing wrong;
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunted with her tongue.

In penitence she pleadeth faith;
Hope smileth at her door,
Relieveth first, then softly saith,
Go, brother, sin no more.

It is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

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Pulpit Gravity.

That the pulpit is not a place for amusement every sensible person must admit. If a man is grave anywhere, he ought surely to be grave in the house of God, and especially while in the discharge of ministerial duty. Yet not unfrequently little things will render it extremely difficult for a man to continue self-possessed—when to preserve anything like decorum must impose no trifling task.

A minister was preaching to a large congregation, in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery sat a colored girl, with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with commendable effort to make baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was too much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant, and at the right point in his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trump of doom, and looking toward that part of the church where the girl with the child in her arms was sitting, he asked in a low deep voice—

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the congregation:

"I don'no, sa'; I spec' it's dis here child; but, indeed, sa, I has been doin' all I could to keep him from 'sturbin' you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the preacher in the shortest time imaginable, and that the solemnity of that judgment-day sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

Another instance, equally confounding to the minister, happened, we believe, in Richmond, Virginia. A large congregation had assembled to hear a stranger of some notoriety. Soon after he had introduced his subject, the cry of "fire! fire!" in the street, very much disturbed the congregation, and many were about to rise, when an elderly lay brother rose and said:

"If the congregation will be composed, I will step out and see if there be any fire near, and report."

The congregation became composed, and the minister proceeded. Taking advantage of the occurrence, he called attention to a fire that would consume the world—a fire that would burn forever in the lake that was bottomless; and had just concluded a sentence of terrible import, and not without manifest impression on his audience, when a voice from the other end of the church, as in flat denial of all he had said, bawled out:

"It's a false alarm!"

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The effect was ludicrous in the extreme. The old man had returned; but his inopportune response spoiled the force of the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, and even the preacher could scarce refrain from joining in the universal smile that passed over the congregation.

The Rev. Mr. S. was once preaching in a Methodist Episcopal Church, and there was in attendance a good old Methodist brother, very much given to responses. Sometimes these responses were not exactly appropriate, but they were always well meant. The preacher, usually lucid, was rather perplexed, and felt it himself. He labored through his first part, and then said:

"Brethren, I have now reached the conclusion of my first point."

"Thank God!" piously ejaculated the old man, who sat before him profoundly interested; but the unexpected response, and the suggestive power of it, so confused the preacher that it was with difficulty he could rally himself to a continuance of his discourse.

George B. Jocelyn.

George B. Jocelyn was born January 3d, 1824, in the city of New Haven, Conn. In 1826 he removed with his parents to Cincinnati, Ohio, and thence, in May, 1830, to New Albany, Indiana, in which State he has since resided. His parents were in very moderate circumstances, and while his older, and then only, brother, was apprenticed to the printing business, he was kept at home to do the "chores." He received as good an education as the common schools of New Albany then afforded, attending one whenever he could. To assist in obtaining an education, he was occasionally, for a few months, in the employment of merchants as errand boy. In 1834–5 he paid his own tuition and that of his sister, at school, by teaching some of the smaller classes and by collecting, at the close of the term, the unpaid tuition bills. The greater portion of the time, from the fall of 1836 to the fall of 1839, he was a pupil in the Seminary opened under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of that city, and was fitted for college under the instruction of the Rev. Philander Ruter, the Rev. Wm. H. Good, and George Harrison, Esq., who were respectively principals of the institution. In 1839 he was sent to the Indiana Asbury University, of which the Rev. Matthew Simpson, A. M. (now Bishop Simpson, D. D.) was then president. While a student at the University, he acquired an honorable position in his classes, and enjoyed the confidence and unequivocal approbation of the professors in his scholarship. He remained here, however, but three terms, being called home on account of the pecuniary embarrassments of his father.

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Having some knowledge of the printing business, he went to work in the office of his brother, and continued at that business, in New Albany and Louisville, till the fall of 1842. He then commenced teaching, in order to secure his evenings for study, designing to qualify himself for the bar. In November of that year, he made his first effort as a public speaker, before a literary society of which he was a member. During that winter he made several temperance and Sabbath-school addresses, and, relinquishing the study of law, he commenced that of theology, under the firm conviction that it was his duty to preach the Gospel.

He was licensed in 1843, admitted into the Conference, and entered upon the duties of an itinerant minister in the twentieth year of his age. In this capacity he continued nearly two years, and was compelled to desist on account of a disease of the heart.

In 1845 he was married to Miss C. M. Lyons, of New Albany, to whom he had been engaged since 1840, and removed to Vincennes, where he opened a high-school. At the close of the first term, he was elected Principal of the Preparatory Department of the Vincennes University, (the only department in operation), which position he resigned in 1849 and returned to New Albany, to commence the Preparatory Department of the Indiana Asbury Female College. During his residence in Vincennes, he completed the prescribed college course of study, and in 1848 received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from the Indiana Asbury University. At the close of his first year in the Female College in New Albany, owing to the want of suitable rooms (the college edifice not being completed) it was deemed advisable to suspend for one year. He was then selected to open the Scribner High-school of that city; but, in March, 1851, he was again attacked with disease of the heart, and compelled to desist from teaching, and to travel for his health. He engaged in no regular employment except the editorship of the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine, till August, 1853, when he was elected to the professorship of Mathematics and Natural Science in Whitewater College, Centerville, Indiana. In 1855, he was elected President of said college. Feeling strong symptoms of the return of his old disease, he resigned that position in January, 1856, and, for the sake of out-door employment, accepted the position of agent for a new railroad, in the business of which he is now engaged, retaining, however, his position as local elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and preaching, as usual, almost every Sabbath.

In addition to his other duties, he has been connected, most of the time for the last seven years, with the press as editor. He has ever been a toiling worker, and is what we may safely term a self-made man. Since he entered upon public life, with the exception of less than a year, he has preached and lectured whenever called upon, finished his collegiate course

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of study, and furnished monthly from thirty to one hundred and fifty pages of manuscript for publication. His nervousness rendered him wakeful, and hours that should have been devoted to sleep were spent in mental toil. His habit has been for years, previous to 1856, not to spend over four hours out of the twenty-four in sleep, and frequently, for months, he has not spent over two and a half.

Since 1842, he has been an active and efficient laborer in the cause of temperance, as a Washingtonion, as a Son, and a Templar. Although he possesses very little of this world's goods, no man in Indiana has devoted more time gratuitously than he. He has labored, not for money, but for the *cause*—never asking what he should be paid, but whether he could do good. Every institution designed to advance this cause has received his cordial support. * * * *

In Septemper, 1845, he was initiated into the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and in 1850 he became a member of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Indiana, and has attended every session of both bodies since. He is now Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge, and P.G.H.G. of the Grand Encampment.

In 1847 he was initiated into the mysteries of Ancient Free Masonry, and in 1850 he was exalted to membership in the chapter, and in 1853 he entered the Encampment of Knights Templars.

During his membership in these two Orders, he has delivered a large number of addresses in both. As an exponent of the principles of an institution of which he is a member he has few equals.

As a speaker he is deservedly popular. He has not only the ability to discuss a subject in a forcible and entertaining manner, but he possesses the genius of the orator, and his auditors will listen for hours to his convincing logic, his amusing incidents, his thrilling descriptions, and his pathetic appeals—giving evidence of the highest delight, and, in some instances, rising almost *en masse* to their feet. His voice is full and clear, his utterance rapid, but distinct, and his gesticulation natural and easy. His efforts are mostly *ex tempore*. His preparation is mature, and his thoughts easily recalled by the use of brief notes, while the occasion generally awakens the enthusiasm necessary to produce those impassioned bursts which belong to his peculiar style of oratory; and, if suddenly called upon, without time to prepare, he is always equal to the emergency, and has, under such circumstances, made some of his most eloquent efforts.

His features are an index of his character, showing the energy of mind and firmness of purpose which are his attributes. He unites with these qualities great urbanity of manner, kindness, and cordiality. As a companion he is exceedingly interesting, his conversation being instructive and entertaining.—*Templar's Magazine.*

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Thoughts which are Thoughts.

SELECTIONS.—BY JOHN T BANGS.
Georgetown, D. C.

Alexander, when he visited the tomb of Achilles, is said to have made the following exclamation,—"Oh, happy youth, in having found a Homer to celebrate thy virtues!"

It is solid worth alone, that can secure a lasting fame, for nothing can be durable that is fictitious. The former strikes its root deep, and spreads far, while the latter soon withers and dies away like the beauties of a transient flower.—*Cicero.*

Cicero writing to Publius Lentullus, says: "Let me exhort you, earnestly to pursue the dictates of that well regulated ambition, with which you were inflamed from earliest youth, nor let any injurious treatment depress that heroism of your mind, which I have ever admired and valued."

Philip of Macedonia had great confidence in Antipater. One night observing one of his companions unwilling to drink deeply, "drink, drink," said he, "all's safe, for Antipater is awake."

Alexander hearing of the splendid victories of Philip, he exclaimed—"My father will leave nothing for me to do."

The human mind, like time, is always advancing and never recedes.—*Allison.*

The elevation and instruction of the people has opened fountains from which the vigor of youth is long communicated to the social body.—*Allison.*

The mind is illimitable, and it were as easy to fill space with thought, as the mind with knowledge.

Garrick was parsimonious. "He lately," said Foote, "invited Hurd to dine with him in the Adelphi; and after dinner, the evening being very warm, they walked up and down in front of the house. As they passed and re-passed the dining-room windows, Garrick was in a perfect agony; for he saw that there was a thief in one of the candles which were burning on the table; and yet Hurd was a person of such consequence that he could not run away from him to prevent the waste of his tallow."

Admiral Duncan's address to the officer's who came on board his ship for instructions, previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, was both laconic and humorous: "Gentlemen, you see a severe Winter approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

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Perhaps a more just and beautiful compliment was never paid to woman than the following by Judge Story:

"To the honor, to the eternal honor of her sex, be it said, that in the path of duty, no sacrifice is with them too dear, high or low. Nothing with them is impossible, and never shrinking from what love, honor, innocence and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass unheeded—but the voice of affection never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altar of religion, never missed the presence of the sympathies of woman! Timid though she be, and so delicate, that the wind of heaven may not too lighly visit her, on such occasions she loses all courage which knows not, and fears not consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious over death itself."

Senator Houston was once asked at a large party given by Mr. Speaker Winthrop, why he did not attend the usual places of public amusement, as he had been accustomed to do. His reply was this—let it be read and remembered by the mothers and daughters of America: "I make it a point," said the honorable Senator, "Never to visit a place where my wife, if she were with me, would be unwilling to go. I know it would give her pain, as a Christian, to attend such places, and I will not go myself, when I could not take my wife."

A member of Congress present, alluded to his own wife, and added, that there was a mutual understanding between him and her, that they should each follow the bent of their own inclinations in such matters.

"That may do for you," responded Mr. Houston, "but with me it is different from what it is with many men. My wife has been the making of me. She took me when I was a victim to slavish appetites; she has redeemed and regenerated me, and I will not do that in her absence which I know would give her pain if she were present."

A creditor, whom he was anxious to avoid, met Sheridan coming out of Pall Mall. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but he did not lose his presence of mind.

"That's a beautiful mare you are on," said Sheridan.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed! How does she trot?"

The creditor highly flattered, put her into high trot. Sheridan bolted round the corner, and was out of sight in a moment.

"Even now
Her image rises near me, and I see
Such sudden loveliness as comes in sleep;—
Silent and pale, but, Oh! how beautiful!"

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VARIETIES.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH."—We have read many lines of which the motto of our Order was the inspiration, but the subjoined surpass them all for beauty and appositeness. Who can fail to admire them?

Three sunny islets on life's river,
Three golden arrows in life's quiver;
Three stars that never fade or dim,
Three notes that angels love to hymn;
Three charms that guard the heart from sorrow,
Three whispers of a brighter morrow;
Three links that bind with silken bands,
Three words whose might should rule all lands;
Three watchwords on earth's stormy strand,
Three harbors 'mid earth's treacherous sand;
Three life-preservers on Time's ocean,
Three voices 'mid the heart's commotion;
Three fragrant flowers most fair to see,
Three garlands twining round life's tree;
Three gems of pure etherial light,
Three paths, all lovely, smooth and bright;
Three rays of light from Heaven's throne;
Where naught but happiness is known!

WINTER, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments, only to enlarge the prospect of the eternity before us.

MEN AND BRUTES.—"Now, gentlemen," said a nobleman to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other; "are we to drink like men or brutes?"

The guests, somewhat indignant, exclaimed, "Like men, of course."

"Then," replied he, "we are going to get jolly drunk; for brutes never drink more than they want."

LITTLE THORNS.—The sweetest, the most clinging affection, is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face, familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns, which, though men of rougher form may make their way through them, without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn, in the journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.

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THE THIEF'S EXPEDIENT.—There is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief having been detected and condemned to die, thought upon an expedient by which he might be rescued from death. He sent for the jailor, and told him he had a secret to disclose to the King, and when he had done so he would be ready to die. The King sent for him, to know what this secret was. He told him that he knew the art of producing trees that should bear gold. The King, accompanied by his prime ministers, courtiers, and priests, came with the thief to a certain spot, where they began their incantations. The thief then produced a piece of gold, declaring that if sown it would produce a tree, every branch of which should bear gold. "But," added he, "this must be put into the ground by a person perfectly honest. I am not so, and therefore pass it to your Majesty."

"When I was a boy," the King replied, "I remember taking something from my father; which, although a trifle, prevents my being the proper person. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister."

The latter said, "I receive the taxes from the people, and, as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be perfectly honest? I therefore give it to the priest."

The priest pleaded the same as to his conduct in receiving the sacrifices. At length the thief exclaimed:

"I know not why we should not all four be hanged, since not one of us is honest."

The King was so pleased at the ingenuity of the thief that he granted him a pardon.

AN Athenian, who was lame in one foot, joining the army was laughed at by the soldiery on account of his lameness. "I am here to fight," said the hero, "not to run."

WE are all of us very weak, and exposed to many evils from within and from without; and every man finds that he hath enough to do to govern his own spirit and to bear his own burden. Let us not add to it by offense and mutual provocation of one another. It may be, did we but know, and were acquainted with the condition of others, we ourselves would think it very hard measure to add to their sorrow, and we would rather help to bear their burdens.

PERCHANCE you may meet with heavy and grievous afflictions. Truly it is a pity to be at the trouble of suffering afflictions, and not get good by them. We get good by them when they awaken us to *do good*, and I may say, never till then. When God is distributing sorrows to you, the sorrows still come upon some errands; therefore the best way for you to find that they do not come in his anger, is to consider what the errands may be.

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The Wind Says.—"Do you know what the December wind says, grandpa?" asked a little child on an old merchant's knee.

"No, puss; what does it mean?" he answered, stroking her fair hair.

"Remember the poor! grandpa, when it comes down the chimney, it roars; remember the poor! when it puts its great mouth to the keyhole, it whistles. Remember the poor, when it strides through a crack in the door, it whispers; and, grandpa, when it blows your beautiful silver hair in the street, and you shiver and button up your coat, does is not get at your ear, and say so, too, in a still small voice, grandpa?"

"Why, what does the child mean?" cried grandpa, who, I am afraid, had been used to shut his heart against such words. "You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon; a pretty way to get them out of your old grandfather."

"No, grandpa," said the child, earnestly, shaking her head; "No; it's the no muff and tippet children I'm thinking of; my mother always remembers them, and so do I try."

After the next storm, the old merchant sent fifty dollars to the Treasurer of a relief society, and call for more when you want it. The Treasurer started with surprise, for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a dollar from him, and that, he thought, came grudgingly.

"Why," said the rich old merchant, afterwards, "I could never get rid of the child's words; they stuck to me like glue."

"And a little child shall lead them," says the Scripture. How many a cold heart has melted, and a closed heart opened, by the simple earnestness and suggestive words of a child.

The Hand.—Look at the hand. A little organ, but how curiously wrought! How manifold and necessary are its functions! What an agent it has been for the wants and designs of man! What would the mind do without it? How has it moulded and made palpable the conceptions of that mind? It wrought the statue of Memnon, and hung the brazen gates of Thebes; it fixed the mariner's trembling needle upon its axis; it heaved the bar of the first printing press; it arranged the tubes of Gallileo; it reefed the topsails of Columbus; it held the sword with which freedom fought her battles; poised the axe of the dauntless woodsman; opened the path of civilization. It turned the mystic leaves upon which Milton and Shakspeare inscribed their burning thoughts, and it signed the charter of English liberty. Who would not render honor to the hand?

A lady is said to be beastly beautiful when attired in a full set of sable, otter, and lynx skins. It is a remarkable thing, in connection with this subject, how much sooner the weather sets in "bitter cold" to those furnished with handsome furs than to those not so fortunate.

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JEFFREY told a capital story of Talleyrand at a public dinner. His health was drank. Before the noise was over, he got up, made a mumbling, as if of speaking, spoke nothing, made a bow, and sat down; at which the applause redoubled, though all those about him knew he had never said a word.

"I REMEMBER once," says Lamartine, "to have seen the branch of a willow which had been torn by the tempest from the parent trunk, floating upon the angry surges of the overflowing Saone. On it a female nightingale still covered her nest, as it drifted down the foaming stream; and the male on the wing followed the wreck which was bearing away the object of his love."

"'TINTION!" exclaimed an Irish sergeant to his platoon; "front face, and tind to rowl call! As many of ye as is presint will say 'here!' and as many of ye as is not presint will say 'absent!'"

"TOM, you sot," said a temperance man to a tippling friend, "what makes you drink such stuff as you do? Why, the very hogs wouldn't touch that brandy!"

"That's 'cause they is brutes," said Tom. "Poor creeters! they dunno what's good."

A GREEN Yankee stepped from a steamboat, a few days since, on one of the New York wharves, and so confounded was he by the confusion and turmoil of the scene, the jam of vehicles, the crowds of carmen and hackmen shouting and jostling, that he sought the shelter of the boat again in the utmost consternation.

"Why, friend," said a by-stander to him, "you are in trepidation."

"Wall, I'll be blasted!" returned he, opening his eyes with astonishment; "aint I in New York after all? In Trepidation, am I? I'll be darned if I ever heard of that place afore!"

BE very circumspect in the choice of your company; in the society of your equals you may enjoy pleasure; in the society of your superiors you may find profit, but to be the best in company is to be in the way to grow worse; the best means to improve is to be the least there. But above all, be the companion of those who fear the Lord, and keep his precepts. Numa Pompilius thought the company of good men so real a pleasure, he esteemed it preferable to a diadem, and when the Roman ambassadors solicited him to accept the government, he frankly declared, among other reasons, for declining it, that the conversation of men who assembled together to worship God, and to maintain an amiable character, was his business and delight.

WHEN a man owns himself to be in an error, he does but tell you in other words that he is wiser than he was.

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INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.

INDIANA.

We are under obligations to Grand Secretary Wright for a copy of the proceedings of the Grand Encampment of Indiana at the last session. The Journal of the Grand Lodge had not reached us up to the time of going to press.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Jonathan S. Harvey, Indianapolis, Grand Chief Patriarch; Thomas P. Gunnell, Newburgh, Grand High Priest; Samuel P. Oyler, Franklin, Grand Senior Warden; Ed. A. Jones, Richmond, Grand Junior Warden; Willis W. Wright, Indianapolis, Grand Scribe; George G. Holman, Indianapolis, Grand Treasurer; W. K. Edwards, Terre Haute, Grand Representative G.L.U.S.

The Grand Scribe reports fifty-one Subordinate Encampments in the jurisdiction. We will not misrepresent the Order in Indiana by copying the unreliable statistics accompanying his report, as seventeen Subordinates failed to send in their reports.

The enactments and resolutions adopted at this session are as follows:

Officers of Encampments shall not be entitled to, or furnished with, the semi-annual pass-word unless the reports, returns, and moneys due the Grand Encampment be actually made out, and placed in the hands of the proper officer, or be actually in transit to the proper destination.

A Patriarch residing in one State is not entitled to admission as a member, nor can his proposition for membership upon a final card be received in an Encampment from another State, he remaining a resident and citizen of the State from which his card was issued, unless the previous consent of the Grand Encampment or Grand Patriarch is first obtained.

A Patriarch holding a withdrawal card from one State, is entitled to visit Encampments in another State for one year, on the A.T.P.W. received at the time of withdrawing his card.

A withdrawal card is defined to be "the proper card" required by Art. 16, Sec. 1, G.L.U.S.

A Grand Representative can introduce visitors into subordinates only of the jurisdiction he represents. That is, the Representative of the Grand Lodge can not introduce members into an Encampment, and *vice versa*.

It is the right of an Encampment to examine a visiting Patriarch every time he may present himself for admission, and he must be introduced by the Examining Committee.

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Cards must be signed by those receiving them in the presence of the officer giving the A.T.P.W.

Grand Patriarchs and their Deputies are empowered to confer the degrees on scarlet members of Subordinate Lodges, for the purpose of forming new Encampments; provided there is no Encampment within thirty miles of the proposed new one.

Encampments admitting to membership persons residing in other jurisdictions, without the consent of the Grand Encampment or Grand Patriarch within which the person resides, shall forfeit and pay all initiation and degree fees received from such person.

The fines assessed against Encampments No. 14, 33, and 40, for failing to send up their reports at the proper time, at the last session, were remitted.

That officers of Subordinate Encampments sending their reports and money to the Grand Scribe, are required to register the same at the office where mailed, as provided by the regulations of the Post Office Department.

The Grand Treasurer and Grand Scribe were directed, on behalf of the Grand Encampment, to take stock in the Grand Lodge Hall to the amount of all funds in their hands after paying the expenses of the session.

NEW YORK.

From a Digest of the Grand Lodge of Northern New York, prepared for the Emblem by Grand Representative C. E. Buckingham, we extract the following:

By no action of a Lodge can a proposition for membership be withdrawn after it has once been referred to a committee for investigation.

It is not in order for a member to enter or leave the Lodge unless clothed in regalia.

It is optional with a Lodge to receive a proposition or not; but when received, it must be referred to the usual Committee.

A candidate may not be proposed, his claims investigated, be balloted for, and initiated on the same night.

A brother may deposit his card in another Lodge than the one nearest his residence. by virtue of the Constitution of Subordinates.

A member residing at a distance from the Lodge has no right to demand a statement of the financial concerns of the Lodge.

No less than three dollars shall be charged for admission by card.

A Lodge may decline to proceed with an initiation of a candidate, on the night of his election, who has been regularly elected, even if he present himself at the door for the purpose; it being optional with the Lodge.

A Lodge may make it the duty of every member, who knows anything

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against an applicant, to state the same in open Lodge before the application is referred.

Lodges attached to this jurisdiction, but located in Southern New York, are required to confine themselves, in matters of initiation, to their own town lines, except when candidates beyond said limits reside nearer said Lodges than those of Southern New York.

A person may be admitted to any Lodge in the city or town in which he resides, and he may be admitted to any Lodge nearest his residence, although he may not be a resident of the town or city in which such Lodge is located.

A favorable ballot for initiation cannot be reconsidered.

A Lodge may not require "the names of all applicants for membership, together with the names of the Committee of Investigation, to be kept posted on a bulletin board, on or near the Secretary's desk, and in the ante-room, till after the first ballot."

A deaf mute cannot be admitted into the Order.

After a candidate has been proposed he must be balloted for, although proposed without his own consent or knowledge.

It is the duty of a committee upon a proposition for membership to report upon the character of the candidate.

No dispensation shall be granted to propose, receive, and initiate, at the same session, on any occasion whatever.

Amendments or alterations of by-laws affect all members alike, whether sick or well, unless it is otherwise provided therein.

No Lodge, instituted under any other authority than the authority of the Grand Lodge, will be recognized by the Grand Lodge.

When a brother offers his card for deposit in a Lodge, he performs that step in the making of a contract, which, when concurred in by the Lodge, makes it complete, so far as it is possible that such engagements can be perfected without the payment of the stipulated deposit fee; and he is thereby incapacitated from becoming a member of any other Lodge without the consent of the Lodge so admitting him.

A Lodge has not the right to erase the name of any recognized member from the books, without specific charges and trial.

It is right for any member of any committee to assign his reasons for resigning, when called upon. It is justice to the Past Grand (in D.G.C.), when so called upon, to have them fully inserted in the minutes, and the D.G.C. acted right in refusing to expunge the same from their minutes.

It is the duty of Odd Fellows to attend the funerals of all worthy members of the Order, without reference to the degree the deceased may have attained.

It is the prerogative of the Noble Grand to decide with regard to the necessity or propriety of special meetings.

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ILLINOIS.

We referred, in a previous number, to the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, and gave a list of its officers for the ensuing year. The attendance was large, over two hundred Representatives and Past Grands being present. During the past year twenty-four new Lodges have been instituted. From the Grand Secretary's report it appears that the number initiated last year was 2,259; excess of membership over last year's report, 1,296; revenue, $70,659; paid for relief, $11,126 53.

The following decisions were made at the last session of the Grand Lodge:

Candidates for office may not be required to leave the Lodge during an election.

A brother must, in all cases, be tried before he can be punished, except for arrearages of dues.

A member may not be ordered to leave the Lodge, unless he is in a condition that renders it difficult to proceed with business.

Punishment for exhibiting emblems in business must conform to the by-laws of the Grand Lodge.

A delinquent member's dues cannot be increased beyond the regular rate as a punishment for delinquency.

A Lodge may not remit dues, except on petition to be reinstated upon payment of one year's dues.

The Order has but four punishments—fine, reprimand, suspension, and expulsion.

A Subordinate Lodge may not create a new office.

An officer cannot be fined for leaving the Lodge during session: if his departure involve neglect of duty, he may be dealt with.

No officers can be exempted from dues except the Secretaries. The W. and O. G. may be paid for their services.

By-Laws may not require the ballots to be scrutinized by any officer but the Noble Grand.

A Lodge may not require application for degrees or cards of withdrawal to come through any particular officer.

A Lodge may not prohibit the reception of applicants for membership on account of age.

A Lodge may not suspend its by-laws for special occasions, even by unanimous vote.

The M. W. Grand Patriarch, attended by three Patriarchs, from Wildey Encampment, No. 1, visited Hillsboro on the 16th ult., and instituted Ellison Encampment, No. 38. The following officers were installed:

David B. Jackson, Chief Patriarch; Rev. G. G. Withington, High Priest; William K. Jackson, Senior Warden; J. W. Casseday, Scribe; A. S. Haskell, Treasurer; A. H. Brown, Junior Warden.

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FRATERNAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DOWNIEVILLE, CALIFORNIA, Dec. 10, 1856.

Bro. Turner: Enclosed you have a list of subscribers to the Casket, with their various addresses, also a draft for the amount. I am glad to send you this evidence, although not very powerful, of our interest in your magazine, and our desire for instruction in the principles of our Order. We hope in another year to increase this list three-fold. It is a source of wonder to me that the periodicals of our Order do not have a larger circulation in this State. Odd-Fellowship flourishes here far more than in the Eastern States, the very circumstances and habits of society giving it a peculiar charm. The man who has been toiling for years alone, with no friendly voice to cheer him, no familiar face to lighten with joy at his success, feels a new emotion when he enters a Lodge-room and receives a brother's grasp from those around, it seems to him like "old times," and brings back memories of home, and scenes long since passed. Besides, all are aware that by the changes so common here, they themselves may soon be in need of aid, and in their days of prosperity they give freely to the afflicted. It is not an unusual thing for our Lodge to raise from $50 to $100, by subscription, in one evening, for suffering brothers, even when perfect strangers. On this account, feeling so little the demands that are made upon them, and knowing the small amount necessary to obtain our best works, I am surprised that our subscription lists are not much larger.

I see that, a few days ago, another Lodge was instituted here—Cosumnes Lodge, No. 63. About eighteen months ago, a few of us, hesitatingly, resolved to try the experiment of estahlishing a Lodge in our Mountain Town. Ours was No. 24. You can see the increase since that time. As for ourselves, we have numbered over a hundred members; have expended over $6,000 for Lodge and charitable purposes; have, in connection with the Masonic Order, built a Lodge at an expense of $6,000 and upward, and have now funds on hand. Does not this betoken an interest in Odd-Fellowship? Yours, in F., L., and T., G. B. W.

OCEOLA, IOWA, Dec. 17, 1856.

Bro. Turner: A new Odd Fellow Lodge was organized in our town in November last by G. M. Wesley Moreland. The officers elect are E. J. Smith, N.G.; J. H. Waffel, V.G.; J. D. Howard, Sec.; W. B. Warbrettan, Treas.

Our Lodge, Clark Lodge, No. 95, is in a flourishing condition, and its prospects fair for doing a good work. I may add that every member of it is a subscriber for the Casket. For myself I always peruse with pleas-

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ure any work which will throw light upon the principles and workings of Odd-Fellowship, and your magazine is always a welcome visitor.

Yours fraternally, E. J. S.

NEW BOSTON, ILLINOIS, Dec. 15, 1856.

It is now one year, or more, since I have been in communion with you through the columns of your excellent fire-side visitor, the Literary Casket. Much have I missed its rich sentiment, its friendly counsels; but being unsettled, and traveling most of the time, I have been unable to continue my subscription. Since I sold out my business in Hamilton, I I have visited many Lodges in the West and North-west, and I find our beloved Order generally in a prosperous condition.

New Boston, my present residence, is a small place at present, situated on the east bank of the Mississippi river, at the Mississippi terminus of the Air-line Railroad, running directly east to Fort Wayne, Ind. We have one of the best agricultural sections of the State of Illinois, and eventually must prove a place of much importance. We have one Lodge here, New Boston Lodge, No. 188, which, though yet in its infancy, is in a most prosperous condition. It numbers amout thirty members—as determined, resolute, and persevering a set of Odd Fellows as I ever saw. There are two other Lodges within a few miles of us, which are also in a prosperous condition. Yours fraternally, M. S. L. B.

We copy the following resolutions from the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island. This new feature is worthy of adoption by every State in the Union, and we should like to see it generally seconded. Whatever tends to infuse a more fraternal feeling among the brotherhood must be of benefit to the Order:

Resolved, That, on the evening of the first day of the February Session of this Grand Lodge, annually, an Odd Fellow's Levee shall be held in the city of Providence, on which occasion there may be on address, sentiments, and miscellaneous speeches, a collation, music, and dancing, and such other entertainments as the Committee of Arrangements, appointed for that purpose, may deem expedient for the promotion of social enjoyment between Odd Fellows, their families and friends.

Resolved, That a re-union be held in the month of September, in each year, under the auspices of a Lodge not located in the city of Providence, and it shall be decided by a majority vote of this Grand Lodge, at its session in August previous, which country Lodge making application for such celebration shall have precedence, and the locality and the day shall be determined upon.

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QUERISTS' DEPARTMENT.

J. M. D., of Wisconsin, writes: "Mr. A. was a member of the Lodge, at C., under the jurisdiction of the G. L. of M. C. Lodge forfeited its charter by ceasing to work, and surrendered its charter and books to the G. L. Mr. A. removes to another jurisdiction, and wishes to join a Lodge under the G. L. of W. He is without a card. What course is necessary to gain admission?"

His rights as an Odd Fellow expired with his Lodge. He cannot be recognized as a member. The G. L. of M. can grant him a card, if he was in good standing at the time of the surrender of the charter of C. Lodge, and he can then come in as an ancient Odd Fellow. He cannot be admitted till he obtains this evidence.

C. M. L. "I was N. G. of B. Lodge, served more than half the term, was called away on account of business. The Lodge granted me leave of absence, but ere the term expired, the charter of the Lodge was arrested, and not restored until some time the next term. Am I entitled to the rank of a Past Grand?"

No. Honors cannot be bestowed on officers, whose terms expire when the Lodge is in such a condition. See Digest, page 350, sec. 11.

"In the absence of the N. G. from the Lodge, the V. G. presiding, and no other member present being in possession of the A. T. P. W., how is a visitor on card to be examined?"

The presiding officer must vacate his chair, and superintend the admission of visitors himself, the V. G. *pro tem*, assuming the N. G.'s chair while the committee are out.

"When was the State of New York divided into two jurisdictions, and why so divided?"

The division took place in 1849. The difficulty arose some three years previously, out of a proposition to adopt a new constitution. The constitution under which they were then working had been adopted in 1837, when there were but six Lodges in the jurisdiction, and was illy adapted for the government of a body, then numbering twenty-two hundred Past Grands. It would require more space than we have to spare, to give an elaborate explanation of the difficulty. A full account of the subject may be found in the History of Odd-Fellowship, published in the Casket in 1856, commencing at page 274, vol. 5.

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"If a traveling brother is taken sick away from home, and is assisted by a Lodge, or Relief Committee, is his Lodge bound to return the amount thus advanced?"

There seems to be a general ignorance of the law on this subject; we therefore reply, by quoting the decision of the G.L.U.S. on the subject, made at the session of 1853:

"Upon the issuing of a visiting card by a subordinate Lodge or Encampment, the Secretary or Scribe thereof shall endorse upon it the amount of weekly and funeral benefits allowed by the constitution and by-laws of said Lodge or Encampment, and it shall be bound for any relief extended to a brother holding such a card to the extent of the benefits so rendered.

"Where a subordinate Lodge, Encampment, or General Relief Committee, is applied to for relief, by a brother holding a card, such Lodge, Encampment, or General Relief Committee shall require the certificate of a respectable physician, showing the time that the brother has been sick, and shall take a draft upon his Lodge or Encampment for whatever amount he may have received, which, with the certificate, shall be forwarded for payment: *Provided*, That in the event of the death of a brother, and his being buried by a Lodge, Encampment, or General Relief Committee, it shall only be necessary to forward the physician's certificate, or that of some other respectable citizen, together with his card and a proper voucher for the amount so advanced. Payment of the same shall in all cases be promptly made."

There is no law, however, compelling a Lodge to refund money loaned to a needy brother, except in cases of sickness, as above cited.

"Has a member of the Order a right to advance the signs of the Degree of Rebekah to a lady in possession of the work?"

No. The degree was adopted for the exclusive use of the widows and wives of Odd Fellows, and close attention to the language of the degree will convince any brother, that none but ladies have a right to advance it.

"A stranger, unknown to any of our members, and without a card or other evidence of his identity, presented an order to our N. G. for the semi-annual P. W. from a Lodge in this jurisdiction, of which he purported to be a member. The N. G. declined instructing him as requested; was his action in the premises correct?"

Entirely so. The brother could not collect a draft on any mercantile house, without producing satisfactory evidence of his identity, and surely Odd Fellows should exercise equal caution in dealing with strangers, lest the order from the Lodge may have fallen into improper hands.

[Many, indeed nearly all of the questions submitted to us are clearly defined in the Digest of the Grand Lodge of the United States, a copy of which should be in the possession of every Lodge. The work can be procured of the Grand Secretary of the G.L.U.S., Bro. Jas. L. Ridgely, Baltimore, Md. The price, we believe, is $1.00.]

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO THE GRAND SIRE ELECT.—On the evening of the third of December, 1856, a dinner was given to Geo. W. Race, Esq., the Grand Sire elect, by the Odd Fellows of New Orleans. The entertainment is pronounced by the New Orleans papers as one of the most splendid compliments ever paid to a private citizen of that emporium. The following account we copy from the New Orleans Crescent, of the 4th of December:

"At a little after 8 o'clock the ordinary was thrown open, and the members of the Order giving the dinner marched in and took their seats along the tables; the M. W. G. Master of the State, Geo. W. Shaw, Esq., taking the head of the table, with the guests of the evening on his right, flanked by D. G. M. Edward Pillsbury and P. G. M. Dunlap. The good things were discussed and dispatched with the leisure and geniality natural to the occasion, and at the close the cloth was removed. First in order came the regular toasts of the evening. They were read by the Grand Secretary, and responded to by distinguished gentlemen of the Order; an air from Lehman's excellent brass band, which had been engaged for the occasion, following each toast and response:

1. *The Grand Lodge of the United States*—Dignified in its deliberations, conservative in its character, it commands the respect and admiration of the Order.

2. *The Order in Louisiana*—Not numerous, but true.

3. *Our Sister Jurisdictions*—Of us and with us. May they know no *line* but that of rectitude,—no section North, South, East, or West.

4. *William Ellison*—Our M. W. Grand Sire; long associated with the Grand Lodge and occupying important positions, his official acts have added to his well-deserved reputation.

5. *Our Guest—The M. W. Grand Sire Elect*—A noble specimen of the true Odd Fellow, appreciated most by those who know him best. His elevation to the highest office in the Order is a source of gratification to his own jurisdiction, and in honoring him we feel that we have been honored.

6. *The Past Grand Sires*—Examples of the teachings of our Order, they have done much to cement the common bond of union, and have retired from their high positions with honor to themselves and honor to the fraternity.

7. *Our Country*—The home of freemen, the birth-place of liberty. It must be preserved.

8. *The Fathers of the Republic*—May their memory be cherished and their patriotic devotion emulated by every friend of civil and religious liberty.

9. *Our City*—May an extended commerce strengthen her cords, peace strengthen her stakes, and rich abundance crown the labor of her citizens.

10. *The Press*—When devoted to truth and right, the bulwark of freedom; when perverted, an unmitigated evil.

11. *The Masonic Fraternity*—Brethren of another name; co-laborers with us in

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the great work of relieving the distressed, protecting the widow and orphan, and elevating the moral character of man.

12. *Woman*—Dear to man in all the relations of life. We delight to honor, love, and protect her.

"Though it was now midnight, the conviviality of the occasion was so high that none heeded the time. Volunteer toasts and speeches flew briskly from side to side, and good humor and felicity reigned supreme. Our duty to our readers compelled us to retire before the adjournment; but we learn that an adjournment took place soon afterwards, and all departed for their homes, delighted with the evening they had spent, and proud of the handsome manner in which their idea had been carried out.

"We must not omit stating that the most attractive and beautiful ornaments to the festive board were three confectionery creations appropriate to the occasion. One was a model of Odd Fellows' Hall, in white sugar; another was a Temple of Friendship, Love and Truth, executed in the same material, with the emblems of the Order worked upon it; and the third and most attractive of all, was the Diploma of the Grand Sire elect, splendidly wrought in the same sweet material."

New Lodges in Ohio.—Golden Rule Lodge, No. 313, was instituted Nicholsville, Clermont county, on the 19th of December, 1856, by Grand Secretary Glenn, assisted by P. G. Chidsey, of this city, and by Brothers from Lodges in Clermont county. The officers are as follows: John Sly, N.G.; Abraham Terwilliger, V.G.; Silas D. Winans, Secretary; Ira Ferguson, Treasurer; James H. Brannan, Per. Secretary. Two gentlemen were initiated, and others were elected.

Fountain City Lodge, No. 314, was instituted at Bryan, Williams county, on the 24th of December, 1856, by Grand Master Stickney, assisted by Brothers from Toledo and Defiance. The officers are as follows: D. Lovejoy, N.G.; Israel R. Wetmore, V.G.; George Reasoner, Secretary, and Emanuel Stern, Treasurer. One Brother was admitted on a card, and five gentlemen were initiated.

We are pleased to learn that the above Lodges opened with very flattering prospects. The officers elected hold over until the July term.

All the Lodges are now instituted for which Charters were granted at the last session of the Grand Lodge of Ohio.

The Relief Committee of I. O. O. F. of Cincinnati.—The new Committee was organized early in January by the election of H. E. Collins, Chairman, and G. R. Hunter, Secretary.

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TEMPLARS' MAGAZINE.—We observe in the January number of this Magazine, a portrait of our friend and contributor, Rev. GEO. B. JOCELYN, accompanied with a bio raphical sketch, extracts from which, we publish in this number of the *Casket*. His biographer says that the artist has depicted him in a more elaborate toilet than usually characterizes his appearance, but perhaps he may have forgotten that Bro. Jocelyn is no longer an EDITOR, and can now afford to dress more expensively than whilom. We have no personal acquaintance with him, and have never met the gentleman, consequently are unable to speak of the faithfulness of the likeness. The Templars' Magazine began a new volume with January, and has commenced a Manual of the Order, which every Templar should possess. Templars, support your organ liberally, and you will find that the influence for good of the press will radiate among the members of your fraternity, inspiring zeal for good works, and promoting the cause of temperance. The Magazine is well conducted, neatly printed, promptly issued, and every way worthy of support.

THANKS.—Grand Secretary Willis W. Wright, of Indiana, has placed us under obligations for a bound copy of proceedings of Grand Encampment of Indiana from the organization to present time. Bro. Wright was re-elected to the offices of Grand Secretary and Grand Scribe in the Grand bodies of Indiana at their last sessions. We are pleased to notice that Bro. Wright has adopted the plan of preparing a digest of the enactments of each session, and publishing them as an appendix to the journal. This is an excellent plan, originating, we believe, with Grand Secretary White, of Kentucky, and should be generally adopted by Grand officers.

EXPULSION AND RE-INSTATEMENT.—Since our last issue, one of the Encampments of this city was expelled by the Grand Patriarch, for insubordination to his authority, but we are pleased to learn that, having complied with his instruction, the deposed body has been fully restored to its former good standing. This subject will probably present an interesting case of appeal at the next session of the Grand Encampment of Ohio.

IT gives us pleasure to announce that the Lodges of this city have appointed committees of consultation to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a union Odd Fellows' Hall, sufficiently capacious to accommodate all the wants of the Order in Cincinnati.

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Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TURNER.

VOL. VII. MARCH, 1857. NO. 3.

The Star of Linwood.

BY BELLE BUSH.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW CHARACTER.

Directly after Mr. Linwood and his fair niece had left the garden, another person might have been seen emerging from behind the thick cluster of rose-trees and shrubbery that threw their grateful shade near the place where they had been seated. This person was no other than Aunt Fanny, who belonged to that peculiar class of individuals who seem to consider it an important part of their mission on earth to act as spies upon the conduct and conversation of others, and had that morning sallied out for the purpose of discovering what great secret there was existing between her nephew and his young niece, that should lead to such long and frequent interviews as she had lately observed them holding in the garden. Leaving the house by the front way, at the instant that she beheld them quietly seated, she passed hastily around to the rear of the grounds surrounding the Linwood mansion, where there was a gate opening into the most sheltered part of the garden, through which she effected an entrance, where, with stealthy steps and slow, she advanced within speaking distance of the unsuspecting objects of her espionage. A beautiful flowering vine, that had been trained over a tall, conical-shaped frame, and grew in such wild luxuriance that a person standing beneath its spreading branches was effectually screened from all observation, afforded her a secure retreat, within which she stood, and listened, with blanched cheeks and lips that quivered with suppressed rage and indignation, to the disclosures made by Mr. Linwood to his youthful confident. We may well imagine how his lively banter about the kitchen furniture affected her. Her eyes gleamed with a strange light—her hands were

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clinched convulsively—the muscles of her face and neck were swollen and rigid; and she stood the very impersonation of hate and envy. At one moment, such was the intensity of her passion, that she was about to leave her hiding-place, and rush forward to confront the objects of her sudden hatred. She flung back the matted cluster of vines that hung about her, and took a step or two in advance, when her evil genius suggested to her the folly of such a course, and pointed out a better way in which to accomplish her object, which was to defeat the plans to which she had been an unconsulted listener. Muttering to herself that "her time would come yet," she drew hastily and cautiously back, and resumed her former attentive attitude. It was this movement of hers which attracted the attention of Mr. Linwood, and caused him to inquire of Stella if she had not heard footsteps in the garden, and better would it have been for her could she have answered in the affirmative, and thereby been able to have detected the serpent which had crept into her Eden. But, as she said, she thought it only the wind playing amid the branches, and though a shudder passed through her delicate frame as she said so, she took no notice of it, and was all unconscious of the malign influence that, from that hour, was to follow her and poison her happiness for years; she had turned her thoughts to the prospect immediately before her, and there was no room in her heart for suspicion.

As Aunt Fanny threads the winding avenue leading to the house, there is a firmness in her step, which shows as plainly as language could declare it, that her mind is made up as to the course best for her to pursue in the exigency of the case. Stealthily as a cat she springs up the verandah steps, and hastens forward to gain the privacy of her own room. Fastening the door through which she has just entered into a spacious but plainly furnished apartment, she takes a few strides across the floor, then nervously divesting herself of her bonnet and mantle, and drawing herself to her utmost altitude, she stands silently for a few moments, in the center of the room, an embodiment of wrath and insulted dignity, then snapping her fingers, as is her wont when deeply excited, she breaks into a low laugh, a kind of chuckle, premonitory of the storm that is shortly to succeed, when her pent up feelings shall have arranged themselves in proper order for an effective discharge. "So," she begins at last, after two or three ah! ahs! "So the artful minx thinks she is going to be an heiress some day. Well, well, she has played her cards admirably with the old dotard, making him think she is little less than a saint, and all that; but if she don't have a care to it, she'll find, mayhap, somebody else will turn up a trump at last: then what will become of her fine fortune! Humph! I guess it will be where the buzzards won't find it. At any rate, I'll see to it. I've been sleeping lately; but I'm wide awake now, and I'll see to it. I'm not one to be made a fool of by sweet smiles

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and pious looks. Such tom-fooleries don't go more'n the length of my nose with me. I understand 'em. I'm awake now, and I reckon somebody will catch a weazel asleep when they find me napping it again. Bless me! who would have thought that so young a chit could have managed things so well? Here, I've let her go on, and have everything just in her own way ever since she first came to the house. I've been stupid enough, that's a fact; but, then, who would ever have thought to look for such cunning in a child? A beggar aspiring to become an heiress! What insolence! and that, too, when she has neither father or mother to look to! The kitchen furniture! Bah! Does he think to put me off with such traps as those!—me, who have served him faithfully these half-dozen years! So, ho! Albert Linwood thinks I don't know the use of anything else! Well, I'll show him. I know that a sofa is soft and comfortable to repose on when weary. I know, too, that velvet carpets are pleasant to walk over; fine pictures, elegant mirrors, and exquisite statuary are not so valueless in my sight as he imagines. But this is my reward for confining myself these six years to the commonplace duties of his household. He thinks I have no ideas above the petty details of the kitchen. A pretty compliment to me! But I must be cautious, and not betray myself. It will require a calm head to manage this thing discreetly; but if I don't win the game at last, then my name's not Fanny Linwood."

With a toss of the head, significant of her entire confidence in her ability to manage things, Aunt Fanny came to the terminus of her excited soliloquy, and, after a few moments devoted to the arrangement of her toilet, she was prepared to enter upon the discharge of her duties with her usual calm exterior. She had descended the stairs, and was passing along the lower hall on her way to the kitchen—over which department it was her boast that she was supreme ruler—when a silvery voice from above was heard calling—

"Aunt Fanny! O, Aunt Fanny! is that you? Wait a moment, please; I have something I wish very much to say to you. I have been looking for you ever so long; but the girls said you had gone out for a morning walk."—And here, like a sunbeam, Stella came tripping, gliding, floating down the long, winding staircase, and, with face all radiant with the joy-light of youth and innocence, dropped, like a gentle dove at the feet of Aunt Fanny. Springing up, with a gay laugh, she tossed the ringlets from her brow, and with eyes in whose clear depths were mirrored all of angel love, and truth, and purity, that it is possible for one of earth to possess, she looked up, and smilingly continued: "Now, you must n't be vexed, Aunt Fanny; but you see, Uncle Linwood thinks it is time I was trying to learn something else beside flittering about all day, like a bird or a butterfly; and so he is going to send me away to school, and he

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asked me this morning if I could be ready by the day after to-morrow. I told him I thought I could; I would ask you about my clothes. Do you think with my help you could have them ready by that time?"

I don't know, my dear," replied Aunt Fanny, with a forced smile; "it seems to me that this is rather a sudden arrangement."

"So it is, Aunt; but, then, Uncle's business is such that he couldn't very well avoid it, he said."

"It must be queer kind of business that could induce him to send you away from him. And so suddenly, too, after so frequently saying that he couldn't live without you. What does he expect we will any of us do without our Sunbeam, as he often calls you?" and Aunt Fanny laid her hand affectionately on the head of the fair girl, and tenderly stroked her brow.

"And will you, then, miss me?" said Stella, deceived by this sudden show of affection.

"Miss you! How can you doubt it?" was the equivocal reply; and Aunt Fanny put on a doleful expression, as she added: "Perhaps you have fancied I did not like you quite as well as some others, because I have never made any great show of my affection; but that is my way, dear, and I hope you will do me the justice to confide in and trust my love, more than you have ever done before. I am not demonstrative in my feelings; but, then, you know the old adage, 'Still water runs deep.' So, if I have not fondled you a great deal, I may still cherish a strong affection for you, which will naturally lead me to grieve at your departure. You remember the poet says, 'the test of affection's a tear,'"—here Aunt Fanny assumed a lachrymose expression,—"and that being the case, I dont think you have any longer reason to doubt the sincerity of mine."

"Well, I don't think I ought to; and I am sure I'm very grateful to you, Aunt Fanny, and will try not to be unworthy of your regard. It is so pleasant, you know, to be loved, and to feel sure that, when absent from home, there are those there who will miss us, and pine for our return. It may be selfish in me to feel so; but it almost reconciles me to the thought of leaving, to know that you will all think of me when I am gone. I'm sure I'll think of you every day, and long very much to see you."

"Will you?" said Aunt Fanny, her eyes brightening up with a gleam of triumph.

"Certainly, dear Aunt, I shall remember you all, even to Dick, the canary, and Lilly, my frolicksome little puss. And my poor pet flowers! I am almost sure *they* will miss me. They seem to smile and look so happy when I go to water them. O dear! there are my darling violets, and the queenly rose-tree; how I shall miss them!"

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"More than you will me, perhaps," said Aunt Fanny, her brow darkening.

"No, indeed! I love the beautiful flowers very much. They seem like dear faithful friends to me, in whom there is no falsehood, or unkindness, or envy; but, then, I know they have not immortal souls, as we have, and therefore I cannot have that reverence or love for them that I have for the humblest of God's children. O, no, Aunt Fanny; much as I shall miss my gentle flowers, I shall miss you a great deal more; you may be sure of that."

"And will you confide in me, my dear child, and look to me as to a protectress and friend? Should you ever be in trouble, will you write or come to me for sympathy? Ah! my dear Miss Stella, you don't know how happy you would make me by such an expression of your confidence! There are so few who understand or appreciate my feelings. They think me cold and selfish, because they seldom see me moved, and so they shut up their hearts from me. Even your Uncle Albert don't know me; he never did. My reserve he must mistake for haughtiness; my simplicity in dress he considers the result of penuriousness. Little credit does he give me for either sense or taste. O! if he only knew how my soul yearns for human love and sympathy, he would look upon me as something better than the mere household drudge that he now considers me. But he don't. I am always timid, frightened like, in his presence, and that makes me appear awkward and unprepossessing, which, in his opinion, is equivalent to being stupid. O dear! I can never tell any one what I have suffered; how my heart has been wasting away, day after day, as it were, for these twenty years, pining all the time for something to cling to, some heart to respond to my own, that I could trust, and feel quite sure it loved me with sincerity. O, Stella! can you, will you, grant me this boon of love?" impressively exclaimed Aunt Fanny, bending, with tearful eyes, over the graceful form of the young girl.

"I will, indeed, Aunt Fanny!" was the affectionate reply uttered with trembling lips, while the pearls of sympathy glistened in the downcast eyes of the lovely speaker. "I will," she continued, "love you, and give you my fullest confidence, and that, I fear, will be but a poor return for all you have done for me. But you ought not to think that others do not love you; that is a sad thought, and makes one so very unsociable. Then, in your case, I think it is not true. I am sure Uncle Linwood loves you very much, and I fear you do him injustice by doubting him. And Cousin Alfred, I know he feels very kindly toward you. And as for myself, why it's no difficult task for me to love. You are welcome to as large a share of my heart as you are disposed to take. I am no ways anxious to keep it all myself. I am not sure but it would be better to

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give it all away before I leave home, lest it may prove troublesome property by and by." Saying this, Stella burst into a merry laugh, the silver music of which, ringing through the halls, reached the ears of a young man seated in an adjoining room, who, starting up from a profound revery, stepped lightly across the room, and into the hall. Unconscious of his approach, the fair girl was about to continue her remarks, when a voice behind her exclaimed:

"What now, Sunbeam? What new piece of mischief hast thou been perpetrating, that has caused laughter to bubble up in thy soul, like the music of singing fountains?"

"Oh, Cousin Alfred, you there! I didn't know." Here the thought occurred to her mind, that perhaps he had heard her last careless remark, and, covered with confusion, she blushed deeply, and hung her head in silence.

"Certainly, I am here, in *propria persona*. And is that so remarkable a circumstance that you need to hang your head, and blush like a peony? You didn't take me for an apparition, did you? I am sure, I though, there was enough of the substantial about me to free me from all such ghostly imputations."

"I don't smell any brimstone, so I conclude you are yet of the earth earthy," replied Stella, with a roguish look of the eyes.

"O, that's your tack, is it, my fairy, airy sprite? I understand it; you've been saying or doing something that you don't care to have me know, and so you thought you would start me off, if you could, on another track. It was pretty handsomely done, my pretty Coz; but, unfortunately, my curiosity is too immensely developed to admit of my taking to it any longer than to say that you seem to be rather familiar with the odors of the Plutonian realms. Am I to infer, that, like the hero of Virgil, you have been favored with a descent into them?"

"As you like," rejoined Stella. "Though, in that case, you will have to admit that I must have been quite fortunate in making my debut there, since I have no remembrance of having crossed the river Styx. Old Charon, and his dog, Cerberes, are acquaintances only of heresay, of whom, my informant was, if I mistake not, yourself; from which, I suppose, I may infer that you likewise have a personal knowledge of the purgatorial regions." Saying this, the young girl bounded away like a mischievous fairy, through the hall and out into the garden, where, a moment after, her merry voice was heard in a gay, bird-like carol, scattering waves of exquisite melody on the balmy air.

"She has foiled me again, as she always does, the wicked little sprite," said Alfred, looking after her with an admiring gaze, while a smile of pleasure lingered on his lips.

"Her animal spirits are too high," said Aunt Fanny, shaking her head,

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and looking as solemn as an owl in a church-yard. "A little affliction would do her good; she needs to be sobered down."

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed Alfred, rather impatiently; "it is only her heart beating time to the harp of Nature. Stop the music of that, and you would check the 'chorus of divinity.' Were her soul a diapason of music, I would say, Let the strains have way. For I should know that whatever pulsated at her heart, or flowed forth from her lips, would partake more of heaven than earth."

"O, she is an angel with wings full-fledged, no doubt, in your estimation," said Aunt Fanny, with a laugh, and a most provoking sneer.

"You are mistaken there. I have no idea of giving to her any such ungraceful or unnatural appendages as wings. Angels, to my mind, are not so nearly related to the feathered tribe as to need any such material agencies to facilitate their upward flight through the eternal realms. I don't think I am deceived in Stella. In my opinion, she would not be improved much by all the wings that you could give her; for, taking it for granted that angels have wings, I reckon you'll never have any to spare yourself. The turkey wings that you use for dusters will be about all the celestial pinions you'll ever get; and I wonder you don't think of laying in a fresh supply, that you may have them in readiness for instant flight against the hour when you may chance to become an angel."

"Why, Alfred," rejoined Aunt Fanny, with an air of much solemnity, "I am shocked to hear you talk so lightly of so serious a subject; to say nothing about the disrespectful manner in which you have just addressed me—for which I forgive you. I am sorry to hear you express sentiments so contrary to the truths taught in the Bible. I don't know how you ever got the notion about angels having no wings: but we won't discuss the matter now. You know I suppose that Stella is to leave us the day after to-morrow."

"To leave us? No; I don't know any such thing! And that is not all: I don't want to know any such thing. It's disagreeable news. We can't spare her—at least, I can't."

"Perhaps it will be some comfort to you, then, to tell you that she thinks of leaving her heart behind her. She said to me but a few moments ago, that she was fearful it would prove troublesome property some day, if it remained in her possession until she got away. So she said she thought she had better dispose of it before she left, and she said I was welcome to as large a share of it as I wished. This was the great secret that she ran away to keep from you. She was ashamed, I suppose to have you know that her heart was up so soon for auction, or else she was afraid that you would bid for the whole."

"If she ran away to keep that playful remark a secret from me, I am sure she will not feel particularly grateful to you for betraying it," was

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the cutting reply of the noble young man. Aunt Fanny bit her lip at this open rebuke, but pretended not to notice it farther than to say that she thought it would be an agreeable piece of intelligence to him.

"Not agreeable enough to sanction the betrayal of another's confidence," replied Albert; "for the knowledge of a secret gained in that way is never of any use to a person possessed of moral principle to fill a grain of mustard seed. There is an indelicacy in the remark which you say she made that would be seen only when it is repeated a second time, and before a third person. She probably saw and felt this, and, no doubt, her sensitive nature would be deeply mortified were she to know that I had been informed of it. I shall take good care, therefore, not to betray to her my knowledge on that point; for, trifling as the matter is, I know that to one constituted like her, it would operate to embarrass her in my presence."

"And I," thought Aunt Fanny, "shall take good care to let her know that I told you;" but keeping this purpose to herself, she carelessly remarked that she supposed it was high time for her to be looking after Stella's wardrobe, as she should have little time enough to get her ready for her departure. "Only two days,"—turning toward the dining-room, to give orders about dinner—"only two days, and all her clothes to fix for fall and winter! Well, it is to be hoped this is the finale of her reign here; for I'm sure she's made trouble enough," muttered the unhappy woman, as she left the hall.

Alfred suffered her to depart without making any inquiries of her respecting the cause of Stella's anticipated departure, or the place of her destination. He preferred to learn this from the fair girl herself, for which purpose he presently sought her in the garden. He found her in the summer-house, occupied with her needle. At one side lay a small Testament open, with a bunch of violets placed between the leaves, to mark the place where she had been reading. As Alfred entered her pleasant retreat, he took up the book, when he discovered beneath the freshly gathered flowers one of the same kind that bore the appearance of having been gathered some time before. It had been carefully pressed, and wore still the form and hue of beauty.

"So you intend taking a few of your friends with you, do you?" said Alfred, pointing to the withered flower.

"That I have had a long time," said Stella. "I am indebted to it for a lesson of patient trust and purity, that I hope I may never forget. It had the hard lot to be planted and to spring up by the wayside of a dusty thoroughfare, but it nevertheless put forth all its energies, and blossomed in light and beauty; and when I was but a little girl, yet almost in despair on account of my father's unhappy circumstances, I one day found that humble violet, and it seemed to look at me with such sympa-

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thy, it charmed my heart so much, that I plucked and bore it away with me. I have kept it ever since, and shall take it to the city with me, that I may look at it sometimes, and remember how it is possible for a form so delicate to unfold itself in loveliness, even amid the most uncongenial circumstances."

"You take with you beautiful and appropriate mementoes," said Alfred. "But tell me, Stella," he added, "what is this I hear about your going away?"

"Why, has not Uncle Linwood told you? I am to go to B——, to attend school this fall and winter."

"That is a new arrangement; but as father is going to sail for England shortly, to be absent for several months, I presume it will be better for you to go. But, for myself, I don't like it, any more than I would to have the sunbeams blotted from the heavens, or the birds frightened from the sky, or the stars, those lovely 'forget-me-nots of the angels,' veiled by dark and portentious clouds." Saying this, Alfred, unable farther to express his unhappiness at the thought of Stella's sudden departure, arose, and abrubtly left her presence.

Dropping her work in her lap, she looked out after him with tearful eyes, till he disappeared in the distance, when she gathered it up again; but through all that day she moved on in thoughtful silence, with a throbbing heart, counting the ambling hours, whose every foot-fall seemed to her the knell of separation.

They go, and they come not back,
O'er the still and the solemn track,
And never more will the tremulous chime
Or musical beat
Of their pattering feet
Ring out in the halls of Time.

Such was the language of poor Stella's heart-song on that day, and on the one following her departure from the old mansion of the Linwoods.

A Pretty Thought.

The night is mother of the day,
The Winter of the Spring;
And ever upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all.

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The Stranger Bird.

BY ALICE CLIFTON.

Wanderer bird, O, why dost thou roam
So far away from thy own sunny home?
Fearest thou not the dark wintry storm?
Fly away to thy native skies so warm.

SUMMER.

O, brightly fleet the sunny hours,
And sweetly blow the zephyrs bland,—
As brightly blooms each opening flower,—
As in my own sweet sunny land.
The wild woods ring,
While gaily I sing,
And wild birds again
Re-echo the strain.

AUTUMN.

The flowers are drooping, the sky is o'ercast;
O, why do the bright leaves fall so fast?
The song-birds are gone, the roses are dead,
Why, and O, where, have the beautiful fled?
Now vainly I sing,—
No echo will ring;
The birds have all fled,—
Their music is dead.

WINTER.

Dark and drear, the cold winds fiercely blow,
And crushing falls the driving hail and snow.
My eye is dim, my weary heart chilled;
Each friendly bower and branch is torn and killed.
O, where can I fly?
All lonely I sigh,—
No shelter is nigh;
Home, adieu,—I die.

Poor bird of the South, O, why didst thou roam
So far away from thine own sunny home?
Crushed by the storm thy bright form now lies,
Ne'er to float again 'neath thy own sunny skies.

WOODLAWN., KY, January, 1857.

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose where'er I turned my eye,
The Morning Star of memory. BYRON.

Odd-Fellowship—Its Danger.

BY P.G. GEO. B. JOCELYN.

Odd-Fellowship is a beautiful institution. Its moral teachings are drawn from the Bible; its plan of operation is adapted to the wants, and necessities, and enjoyments of those for whom it is designed. It has, within the last third of a century, accomplished a great work in the United States. There are but a few portions of our land where an altar has not been erected, around which its devotees may bow. Its membership is numbered by hundreds of thousands; its benefactions are counted by millions of dollars; and it is yearly augmenting in numbers, and in money, and in influence.

But Odd-Fellowship may not last forever. Its principles are eternal; but its organization is mortal, and its members are frail human beings. Prosperity has made it careless of some of the first duties of the Order. The admission of candidates is not properly attended to, and many are admitted who ought never to have seen the inside of a Lodge-room. There are many honest men, who, from some peculiarities of disposition, ought not to be admitted; and certainly none whose peculiarities amount to a *moral insanity* ought to enter our Lodge, and be made partakers of our mysteries.

Enter some of our city Lodges, and see how candidates are balloted for. The Committee report favorably; the ballot is passed; a few vote for him, many vote not at all; there are no black-balls; the candidate is declared elected, and, in an hour or so, he has assumed our obligations, and become one of us, and we are bound to him for life. Is such carelessness right? Can we, as members of the Order, fulfill our obligations and thus permit any one to enter without our ever caring or thinking of the result? And what is the result, alas, too frequently? The new initiate proves to be unfitted for the Order. He was a stranger to all but a few, and even they had only a partial acquaintance with him. They had never heard aught against him, and they had never heard aught for him, for they had heard nothing about him. It turns out that he lacks moral principle; that he has no sympathy with suffering; that curiosity and selfishness led him to apply, and you feel satisfied, ere he has been an Odd Fellow six months, that were he to be re-balloted for, he would not receive half a dozen white-balls in the Lodge. Yet he is *our brother*, perhaps a *covenanted brother*—for he has doubtless hurried through the degrees—and we are bound to him and his family by the strongest of ties. He is found to be so cold and selfish that his very presence chills you, and you feel, when you shake hands with him, as if you had a dead fish by the tail, his hand is cold and slimy.

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Or, he may have but lately removed to the city or village. He possesses great love for the Order and its pure teachings, and has long been desirous of having an opportunity to unite with it. He is permitted to do so. In a few months it appears he was drummed out of his former place of residence for abusing his wife; or he gets drunk once every three or four weeks, and disgraces himself; or the woman he is living with is not his wife—she has been forsaken, and her place supplied with a prostitute; or he is hopelessly dishonest, but sharp enough to keep out of the clutches of the law; or he is some other kind of a villain: and yet he is an Odd Fellow, and you must endure the disgrace of his connection until you excommunicate him.

Or, he is a contentious, fractious person, always uneasy under the slighest restraint, and is continually fomenting difficulties, and bickerings, and heart-burnings. He must rule or ruin! No one knows so well how to do any and everything as he does. He is restive, irritable, and jealous; but he moves in the first circles; his name is ever good on 'Change; he is honest, and as moral as such a character can be. He is elected, and before he has half of the degrees, he is suggesting amendments to the ritual, the manner of doing Lodge business, and the duties of the officers. He must speak on every question, control all the business of the Lodge. He brings his out-door manners into the Lodge, and, in less than three months, he has wounded the feelings of half-a-dozen poor, faithful, warm-hearted Odd Fellows, and you miss them in the Lodge-room. His dictatorial spirit and manner have driven them away.

Or, he is a lazy, good, easy, soul, who works occasionally, and whose wife takes in washing or sewing, to support him and his children. No one thinks of this, perhaps, at the time, for he is so mere a cipher in the community, that he scarcely provokes a thought, and his very negativeness of character secures his election. Six months roll round. He is taken sick with rheumatism, or weakness, or a terrible indisposition (to work), and he sits at home, reading novels, or making wooden whistles for the children, and *drawing five dollars a week benefits.* Occasionally he gets out. You meet him, and ask how he is. He looks as lugubrious as a rain-storm and solemn as a funeral procession, and, with a long-drawn sigh, commences coughing. After the terrible paroxysm is over, he says, "Oh, you don't know how much I suffer. I cough all night; I don't get a wink of sleep, and I have such a pain here, and here, and here. I don't think I shall live long, and then what will become of my wife and children!" Poor lazy dog! he is reveling in his sickness, just as a school-boy does in a *good* rainy day: too rainy to go to school, and just rainy enough to go a-fishing.

Or,—but I will not add any more, although I could select types of classes for an hour; but I have enough. All such persons injure the

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Order. They weaken the edifice; they increase its size and hight, but they are soft bricks or rotten timber. Keep them out with black-balls. Let no man be initiated without the fullest investigation into his moral and social qualities. Don't take in strangers, unless you wish *to be taken in.*

It is time these things were seen to. The time was when Odd-Fellowship was emphatically a band of brothers, but now you can find Odd Fellows who write, and speak, and act as if the vow of an Odd Fellow were a nullity. Guard well the entrance to the Lodge. Let no man enter unless he has a good true heart. Never mind his intellect, or his position, or his wealth or his fame; the heart must be in the right place and pulsate heartily, or he will not make an Odd Fellow.

Here lies our *dang*[redacted] not from *without.* Pressure—outside pressure[redacted] more closely. Repulsion may cause[redacted] break down from our own weight. Keep [redacted] association of similar particles, and Odd-Fellowship is [redacted]

Automata.

The skill of man has, in all ages, been busy in attempting to make machines which can be capable of moving themselves and imitating the motions and sounds of men and animals. An account of some of these machines may be found interesting to our readers.

From the celebrated statue of Memnon (one of the wonders of ancient Egypt) the most beautiful sounds are said to have been given out at the rising and setting of the sun, and from the pedestal the same sound issued after the statue was overthrown. What was the contrivance in this case it may be in vain to conjecture; but automata are, by profession, a puzzling race. If a certain disposition of strings, exposed to the rarefaction of the air, or to the morning and evening breezes, after the manner of our Æolian harps, produced these sounds, or if any method of arranging the holes inside, so as to receive them from a short distance, were the artifice, the persons who invented it must have had great knowledge of the science of music. A musical invention has been described of more recent date, which, it is said, when placed in the sunshine, would, of itself, render a soft and pleasant harmony, but being removed into the shade would presently be silent.

Archytas's flying dove is another of the ancient automata. The inventor is said to have flourished about four hundred years before Christ. He was a Pythagorean philosopher of Tarentum. The dove was made of wood, and the principal circumstance of its history mentioned, is, that,

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like some other birds of too much wing, when it alighted on the ground it could not raise itself up again.

Friar Bacon, we all know, made a brazen head which could speak, and which seems to have assisted, in no small degree, in proclaiming him a magician.

Among the curiosities of his day, Walchius mentions an iron spider of great ingenuity. In size it did not exceed the ordinary inhabitants of our houses, and could creep or climb with any of them, wanting none of their powers, except (of which nothing is said) the formation of the web.

John Muller, of Nuremberg, is said to have constructed a self-moving wooden eagle, which descended toward the Emperor Maximilian as he approached the gates of Nuremberg, saluted him, and hovered over his person as he entered the town. [illegible]osopher is also said to have produced an iron fly, which [illegible] at table and after flying round to each of his [illegible] tection of his master. In later [illegible]ders have become so plenty that the art of man has b[illegible] to get rid of them rather than to produce imitations of them.

A clock, presented to the Emperor Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, deserves to be mentioned among these inventions. It excited the admiration of all Europe at the period of its arrival. Twelve small doors divided the dial into the twelve hours, and opened successively as each hour arrived, when a ball fell from the aperture on a brazen bell and struck the time, the door remaining open. At the conclusion of every twelve hours, twelve mounted knights, handsomely carparisoned, came out simultaneously from the dial, rode round the plate and closed the doors.

About the middle of the last century a man by the name of Le Dros, who lived in Switzerland, and who was remarkable for his inventions, presented a clock to the king of Spain, with a sheep and dog attached to it. The bleating of the former was admirably correct as an imitation. The dog was placed in custody of a basket of fruit. If any one removed the fruit, he would growl, snarl, gnash his teeth, and endeavor to bite until it was restored.

The son of this Le Dros made an oval gold snuff-box, about four inches and a half long by three inches broad, and about an inch and a half thick. It was double, having a horizontal partition, so that it might be considered as one box placed on another, with a lid, of course, to each box. One contained snuff. In the other, as soon as the lid was opened, there arose up a very small bird, of green enameled gold, sitting upon a gold stand. Immediately this minute curiosity wagged its tail, shook its wings, opened its bill of white enameled gold, and poured forth such a clear melodious song as would have filled a room of twenty or thirty feet square with its harmony.

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A toy was made by Mr. Eamus for the amusement of Louis XIV, king of France, when a boy. It represented a lady proceeding to court in a small chariot drawn by two horses, and attended by her coachman, footman, and page. When the machine was placed at the end of a table of the proper size, the coachman smacked his whip, the horses started off with all the natural motions, and the whole equipage started off to the other end of the table; it would then turn at right angles in the regular way, and proceed to that part of the table opposite to which the Prince sat, when the carriage stopped, the page alighted to open the door, and the lady came out with a petition, which she presented with a courtesy to the bowing young monarch. The return was equally in order. After appearing to await the pleasure of the Prince for a short time, the lady courtesied again, and re-entered the chariot, the page mounted behind, the coachman flourished his whip, and the footman, after running a few steps, resumed his place.

Some of our older readers may recollect hearing of an exhibition which took place some years since in Boston and other cities of the United States, under the name of Haddock's Androides. There were, in this collection, various figures, which performed very remarkable feats. There was a little arithmetician, who moved his wand, nodded his head, and would answer arithmetical questions which were put to him by striking with his wand the number necessary for an answer. There was a little house with a garden before it, and a gate opening into it, guarded by a little dog, who barked in a very sonorous manner. The little house and garden were placed on a table, and it was impossible to perceive any communication between the table and the manager; yet a little chimney-sweeper would come in; enter the gate; the dog would bark at him; he would, however, pass by, his steps would be heard on the stairs, and finally, his head would appear protruded from the top of the chimney.

About the time of this exhibition, or shortly after, Mr. Maelzel exhibited in Boston the celebrated Chess-player, made in Germany by Mr. Kempelin, in the year 1769. It was the figure of a Turk, as large as life, sitting at a table on which was placed a chess-board; the figure played a good game of chess with any of the company present, and was often the conqueror. When he gave check to this adversary's king, he pronounced the French word "*echec*," in a clear and audible manner. The secret of this mechanism has never been made public; but it was generally supposed that the table was so contrived that a small boy or young man could be concealed in the inside, who could direct the motions of the automaton. Mr. Maelzel had also a doll, which, by lifting the arm, was made to say, "papa." and "mamma." He had, too, several rope-dancers, which were very wonderful. They danced on a rope, and performed the most curious evolutions of tumblers.

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Public Worship in Colonial Times.

BY WALTER HARBRON.

The astonishing advancement of our country in the two hundred and thirty-six years since the landing of the Puritans on the bleak and gloomy rock of Plymouth, may well fill the mind with wonder and amazement. It is not our purpose to review this progress of our nation, at present, but only to take a cursory view of the simplicity of the churches of the pioneer colonists, and the dangers to which they were subjected in offering up their devotions to God. The houses of public worship were rude cabins, unsurmounted with tall steeples towering heavenward, and the clear tones of the church-going bell rarely summoned the devout to the sanctuary. Rude benches supplied the places of the cushioned pews of the present day, and the pastor of the congregation was content to deliver the words of life from an elevated position that bore little resemblance to the pulpits of the elegant churches that

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everywhere abound at present. Here he discoursed for hours; for a sermon of the length of one of the most tedious divines of to-day would have been considered by our Puritan ancestors a very "short allowance of spiritual provender." The hostility of the Indians rendered it necessary that they should go to the sanctuary prepared for any emergency, and, as illustrated by the cut at the head of this article, when preparing for church, the father of the family and his grown-up sons shouldered their trusty muskets and rifles as if they were going to parade at a general militia muster, with the trifling difference that each gun was carefully loaded before starting. The women and children accompanied them with the courage of devotion; and it not unfrequently happened that before the minister had finished his discourse, an Indian war-whoop, from the neighboring woods, brought all their fire-arms into requisition.

On the first day of October, 1675, as the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Russel, of Hadley, were assembled for worship, a body of Indians, lying in ambush, stole upon them, and commenced preparations for an attack. Suddenly a stranger appeared among the gathering worshipers, his white hair and beard, and loose garments, streaming to the winds. He gave the alarm and the word of command, and the men, already armed, were at once formed, and bearing down upon the foe. When they had conquered, with thankful hearts they looked around for their preserver. He had vanished during the excitement, and they fully believed that he was an angel in disguise, sent from Heaven for their deliverance. Long afterward, it was discovered that it was Goffe, one of the regicides, as those who signed the death-warrant of Charles I were called. After the Restoration they were proscribed, and Goffe, with ten of his participants, fled to America. After many romantic adventures, Goffe and Whatley found refuge in Hadley, at the house of Mr. Russel, the minister, where they lived in profound concealment, unknown to any of the citizens. Goffe had been a military commander, and, observing from his hiding-place, on the morning of the incident we have related, the ambush of the Indians, he left his concealment, and, after routing the savage foe, returned to his solitary quarters, leaving the belief of supernatural deliverance firmly engraven on the hearts of the people.

On a lovely Sabbath morning, early in the seventeenth century, a young man on the frontier of Virginia wended his way to the cabin of the nearest neighbor, about a mile from his own home, in order to accompany the farmer's daughter to church. The rural beauty, who had already given him her heart, had lingered, as was her wont, after the departure of the family, for her lover. No Indians had been seen in the vicinity for months, and the settlers, thrown off their guard by the absence of suspicion, had grown careless about moving in parties sufficiently large to oppose resistance to the savage foe in case of an attack.

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Mounting their steeds, the youthful couple followed the parents of the girl. The maiden, clothed in course home-spun fabrics, woven by her own hand, was arrayed in a simplicity that lent attraction to a faultless form, developed in the pure atmosphere of her rural home, where none of the refinements and restraints now imposed on the females of America found place, was well skilled in equestrianism, and rode beside her cavalier with a grace that would have done honor to a queen. Her companion was dressed in the rude costume of a backwoodsman. His hunting-shirt was secured at the waist by a heavy belt, from which hung pistols and dirk, and his trusty rifle he carried in his hand.

Riding slowly along the trail, their path leading through the dense forest, they were awakened from their happy sense of security by hearing the rapid discharge of fire-arms at some distance in advance. Immediately, apprehensive that the maiden's parents had been attacked, they pushed rapidly forward, and, nearing the point of danger, their fearful apprehensions were realized. Four swarthy savages were engaged in the fray, while a fifth was weltering in his blood, felled by the unerring rifle of the old man. The Indians, relying on their superior numbers, seemed intent upon taking them captive, and made no attempt to shoot them down. One stalwart savage seizing the woman, the others attacked her husband, who, with undaunted heroism, was struggling manfully to keep them at bay. None of the party heard the approach of the youthful couple, so intent were they upon the accomplishment of their design, when a bullet whistled through the air, and the leader of the savages fell, struck to the earth by a ball from the rifle of the young hunter. The parties were now nearly equal, but the Indians having loaded guns, while both hunters had spent their fire, were thus in the advantage. Quickly throwing his rifle to the maiden, with an injunction to re-load, the young man, drawing a pistol, rushed forward for a hand-in-hand conflict. Two shots were fired at him, both of which whistled harmlessly by, and the remaining Indian with loaded gun was pierced to the heart by a pistol shot. The savage who had seizedthe old woman having by this time securely tied her, darted behind a tree, and was drawing a bead on the valiant young man, when his gun dropped from his grasp, and he too fell, pierced by a bullet!

The only remaining savage, panic stricken, imagining that another party of settlers had arrived at the scene of conflict, gave a fearful whoop, and darted away into the forest. The surprised hunters looked around to see who had thus timely come to their assistance, but the fair girl who had been commissioned to re-load the rifle of the young backwoodsman, joining her friends, explained that *she* had shot the savage herself. The women of those days were from necessity expert in the use of fire-arms. Often alone for days in their rude homes, liable at

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any moment to an attack, they had learned the art of self-defense, and many a legend of colonial times attests their skill, and the important aid extended by woman's hand at a critical moment, such as we have recorded.

The party proceeded on to the rude house of God, and we may well surmise that with their devotions were mingled prayers of thanksgiving for their preservation in this trying rencounter.

Mutual Relief and Edification.

BY REV. T. G. BEHRREID.

Odd-Fellowship is an association for mutual relief and edification. And in a world like ours, where the effects of sin are scattered broadcast and abundant, and among a race as dependent as ours is, and as easily injured, fortunate is it that an association has been formed to render help where help is needed.

The members of this fraternity see the appropriateness of the adage, "Love demands love;" and are banded together for mutual assistance in the various ways in which it can be given, amid the numerous casualties of life. It offers relief in case of sickness. None are so healthy that they can surely say they will never be sick—that they will never be so completely prostrated by disease as to be unable to meet their own wants, and utterly dependent, in the fullest sense of the word, upon others.

Odd-Fellowship furnishes a minister, in the person of one of its votaries, whose station and work is at the bedside of the afflicted; and where does man appear so truly noble as at the couch of suffering—bending, with true brotherly feelings, over the failing form of the helpless? Or where does he appear more worthy than here of the "helpmeet" with which the great Creator has furnished him—I mean, woman? If sickness is protracted day after day and night after night, his affectionate work of watching and ministering continues.

Odd-Fellowship offers relief in case of bereavement. If a friend has died, whose loss we deplore, the wound inflicted on our spirits is quickly recognized, and the healing balm of pure friendship, in unmixed sympathy, is poured upon the wound. If our bereavement is a brother "lost to earth," who has left behind him a widow and orphan children, the widow is cared for, and her children in orphanage are clothed and educated. But if the bereavement is that of health, one after another of the fraternity make anxious inquiries after the afflicted, if, indeed, they do not regularly visit the invalid, and there, in his presence, give unmistakable evidence of deep interest in his case. If the bereavement is that of

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a loss of property, by a casualty that often destroys, or by the inhumanity or dishonesty of some specimen of our kind, the fraternity looks at the bereavement, and, if possible, lends a helping hand, and relieves the necessities of the injured.

Odd-Fellowship offers relief under imposition. If an article that I have an eye to purchase has been exorbitantly extolled, and its real qualities hidden from my view, so that I am about to be imposed upon, it is possible for relief to be given me, and the intended injustice to fail. It is not only possible, but actually probable, in case there is an Odd Fellow's heart and hand near me.

But it offers relief in its benefits to all alike, or in case of inability to labor or earn a livelihood. So that with the Odd Fellow, the time in sickness is not entirely lost, as to procuring sustenance for himself and those dependent on him.

But Odd-Fellowship is also an association for mutual edification. We call our Lodge room our "court of honor," because here, together, we seek honorable distinction. We know that in the Lodge room nothing dishonorable is tolerated, or, to any extent, allowed. We unite together in fostering within, moral principle—we endeavor to assist each other to increase in this, and so in moral power. In the opening prayer, we call to mind our dependence upon God; our vast obligations in the receipt of his many benefits, and as our hearts unite and blend together in feeling while we pray for the widow and orphan, we realize mutual edification, and what edifying advice we are alike given in our opening and closing ceremonies. The lessons taught us in our signs and symbols are impressive and edifying, from the first symbol, clearly explaining "the All-Seeing Eye," to the "Budding Rod" of Aaron, or to that impressive symbol, in more advanced Odd-Fellowship, that points us to the glorious era when "the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid, the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

How often, in this cold and bitter world,
Is the warm heart thrown back upon itself!
Cold, careless, are we of another's grief;
We wrap ourselves in sullen selfishness:
Harsh-judging, narrow-minded, stern and chill
In measuring every action but our own.
How small are some men's motives, and how mean!
There are who never knew one generous thought;
Whose heart-pulse never quickened with the joy
Of kind endeavor, or sweet sympathy.—
There are too many such! MISS LANDON.

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Reason and Love.

Reclining on a bank of roses,
Playing with the new-born flowers,
Reason—sober dark-eyed maiden—
Whiled away the sunny hours.

Soon, adown the stream came floating,
In a bark so light and gay,
With his golden tresses streaming,
Young Love, crowned with flowers of May.

Seeing Reason careless lying,
Quick he sprang from out his boat,
Left the oars within the vessel,
Lightly down the stream to float.

"Ah! fair maiden, this is pleasure,"
Said the youth, approaching near;
"Seldom are your lovely features
Seen from out your palace drear.

"Why to me are you so bitter?
Pray, what evil have I done,—
That you speak of me so harshly,
And my very face you shun?

"And I hear, that if your subjects
Overstep your boundary-line,
'Love,' you say, 'devised the mischief,—
I no longer hold them mine.'

"Why so jealous, fairest Princess?
Now dismiss your hate of me;
I to-day will be your servant,
Whate'er your commands may be."

Reason, from her couch then rising,
Spake in gentle tones to Love:
"I have listened to your wishes,
And your faithfulness will prove.

"I have wandered from my palace,
And have lost my homeward way;
Show me but where rise my turrets,
And my harsh words I'll unsay."

Reason's hand, young Love then taking,
Led her through the mazy wood,—
Through the plain, with devious wanderings,
Led her many a weary rood.

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She, half-fainting with her journey,
Cared not on their path to look,
Till she heard a laugh of triumph,
And she stood beside a brook.

Lifting then her eyes in terror,
She saw a castle not her own;
Fearing much that it was Cupid's,
She turned to Love,—but *Love had flown.*

Ah! the maiden was too ready,
Her worst foe's new faith to prove,—
But have *we* ne'er seen an instance
Of *Reason* led astray by *Love?* S. M. W.

ALTON, ILL., February, 1857.

The Old Swing.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"And to think it is all mine—mine and little Nina's! It don't seem possible—I can't yet believe it."

The speaker was a young girl, and as she leaned out of the window that fair summer afternoon, her profile was cut very clearly against the sky. It was neither soft, regular, nor beautiful. It is quite probable that you would, at first glance have called it homely, but the whole face was not this, for it had a variety of expressions, and the gentle gray eyes could flash or melt with feeling. Then the mouth had, that most beautiful thing in woman, a sweet smile.

It was a broad and picturesque view on which the lady looked from the chamber window of the quaint old farm-house. Meadow-lands spread their dark-green sheet on one side, and broad waving orchards moaned to low winds on the other. Then, as far as the eye could reach, white fields of buckwheat alternated with rye and oats.

There was a little pride and a good deal of sadness in the eyes that swept over this scene; then the lady drew her head inside the window, and commenced slowly pacing up and down the floor.

"Seventy-five thousand!" she said, dreamily, fingering the tassels of her black silk. "And six months ago, I had not as many dollars in the whole world. If dear mamma had only known this, how would it have soothed her last hours!" and now a throb swells into the lady's throat, and thick tears into her eyes. "Oh! if it had only come a little earlier, she might have been with us now."

It was a bitter thought, that a hundred dollars of all that wealth might have spared the mother to her children.

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And it was not strange, that, for the moment, the girl's heart rose up sternly, and that there was bitter reproach in the tones that cried out "Oh, Uncle Stephen!"

And yet he had not done any worse than a thousand rich men had done before him. He had made his money by his own business foresight and sagacity, and he kept it till he went where he could "take nothing out."

He was a widower, and childless; so his only heirs were the daughters of his sister Jane.

Two years before, she had gone down to her grave, leaving behind two penniless orphans, and when the news came to the rich miser, he only said, "Well, let them take care of themselves—they can do it as well as I, I guess!" And Stephen Platt went on his way, forgetting those words were written against him in Heaven.

Frances Ellet had never applied to her uncle for assistance. With something of his own energy, the brave-hearted girl had nearly supported the family for several years before her mother's death, by teaching in a district school; so the burden did not fall on helpless hands when she and her little sister were left alone.

Well, death called very suddenly for the rich man. A fever struck him down one week, and the next summer winds blew softly over his grave. As his hold loosened on this world his heart woke up, and in order to make reparation to his neices, he left them all his possessions, with but one proviso, that they should live in the old stone farm-house where he had died.

So the heiresses of Stephen Platt came to Greendale—one in the morning of her womanhood, the other a golden-haired child, too young to comprehend the good fortune that had befallen her, and whose sweet laugh startled up the birds who had built their nests among the fruit-boughs of her new home.

"It is a great responsibility, all this wealth!" murmured Frances Ellet, as, with calmer feelings, she paced up and down the floor. "I want to do some good with it—I who know so well the worth and want of money! But dear me! there don't seem to be any poor people around here, and then it isn't the ignorant and the degraded that my heart and my charities will seek after so much. I want to elevate somebody—to assist the proud and the poor, to help the energetic. Oh! if I could only find somebody!"

And the listening angels smiled at the eager, troubled tones.

"Fannie, Fannie, where are you?"

"Up here, in my room, Lina, my pet. Do you want me?"

A moment later, and the child's face burst into the room. It was a wondrously bright one, with its curls of dusky gold, its eyes of richest

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hazel, and its red, ripe, dimpled lips. No wonder the elder sister looked down very tenderly on the little, panting g[illegible] who was twelve years her junior.

"Well, what is it my birdie wants?"

"Don't you think, Fanny, the boy that works out in the garden has put up the dearest little swing under the old apple tree by the barn! Oh, its just as easy, and he's put a board seat in it, and I can push myself backward and forward!" and with her eyes dancing, and her curls shaking, the happy child skipped about the room, a sight it would have gladdened the heart to behold.

Suddenly she sprang to Frances' side. "Do come out with me, and see it. I can't wait a minute longer!" And Fannie tied her handkerchief around her hair, and they went down stairs together. So, after Frances had tried and duly praised the swing, she walked through the garden, and little Caroline danced after her. They came at last upon the boy who had installed himself in the good graces of the little girl. He was tying some dahlia stalks which were drooping earthward with their burden of heavy buds. He was small and thin (he had not yet come into his fourteenth year), his clothes were wretchedly worn and soiled, and altogether there was a painful expression of poverty and suffering on the boy's face, as the golden light of the setting sun overswept it.

"He did it, he did it all;" and the hazel eyes flashed from one face to the other, as the boy lifted his head from his work.

Frances had not seen the boy before, but her heart pitied the child with the first glance. "You have placed this rattling little gi[illegible]here under everlasting obligations," she said, in her soft, winning voice, "and now won't you tell us your name, and how you came here?"

"Philip Church, ma'am. The gardener hired me yesterday to tie up the vines and weed the borders."

"Well, Philip, is your home in Greendale?"

"It isn't nowhere now, ma'am, we lived at Deep River until last winter, when mother died. Since then, I've been looking round the country, picking up what chores I could get to do."

His mother was dead! No wonder that thought touched the heart of Frances Ellet. She took off the ragged straw hat, and smoothed, with her soft fingers, the thick, tangled hair. She turned his face to the light, and read its look of grateful surprise for a moment very earnestly. She was a kind of intuitive physiognomist, and she liked the character of the boy's face. It was not handsome, but the brow was broad and well developed, and the eyes beneath it were clear, bright, and expressive.

"What can I do for you now, Philip, because you put up such a nice swing for Lina? It is but fair that we should pay you, you see. Now tell me what you would like most in the world."

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"Oh, I should like most in the world to have a nice geography and atlas, such as the boys have who go to school at Deep River."

It was a strange selection for a boy in his situation, and was a better key to his character than almost anything else would have been.

Before Frances could answer, Lina dodged up her head—"You know the new geography you bought me last week, Fannie? Well, I haven't used it but once, and it's as good as new. Can't I give him that?"

"Yes, little chatter-box, run right into the house, and get it now."

Oh, what a sweet vision she was as she went up through the garden, her bright curls shaking to the motion of her ever-restless head, and light feet fluttering like bird-wings along the flag-stones.

"Philip, would you like to give up weeding gardens, and go to the academy?"

The boy started, and looked up in the girl's face, with his soul shining into his eyes. His chin trembled, the tears dashed over his eye-lashes, and before he spoke Frances Ellet was answered.

It was all settled before Lina returned; for the little one had misplaced her book, and was long in finding it.

Philip was to attend the academy in the adjoining town for the next year.

Somehow, the knowledge of this seemed to have changed, transmuted the whole body. He stood there, his form dilating, and his whole face radiant with the new joy that had come over his life—that child-life that had so craved, and panted, and thirsted for knowledge!

The child shyly placed the atlas in his hands.

"Please to write his name in it, Fannie," she whispered, slipping a pencil into her sister's hand, and the sister wrote on the fly-leaf—

PHILIP CHURCH,
From CAROLINE ELLET.

Twelve years had passed. It was a wild, windy evening in the late autumn. Heavy clouds drifted over the sky, and shut out the sweet faces of stars from the earth.

The gray stone-house which had belonged to Stephen Platt was gone now, and in its place stood a cottage, plain, but very picturesque, in its colonade and porticoes, and it rose from amidst the shrubbery around like a white urn.

In the front chamber of the cottage sits, this evening, the doctor's wife—she whom we knew first as Frances Ellet. She is a wife, and a mother, too, and a happy one, we dare pronounce, from the placid smiles that hide in her soft eyes, from the look of serene eontent on her quiet, matronly face. It is pale and thin, though, to-night, for she is convalescent from a recent fever, and there is a little nervousness in the manner

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with which she lifts her head from the cushions which pile the back of the rocking-chair, and listens eagerly, while the wind shrieks and tramples through the trees along the road.

There comes suddenly a light tripping of feet along the floor, the chamber door opens, and two figures burst into the room.

One of these is a young lady with such a sweet face that you can not choose but love it at first glance. It has fair, soft outlines, and about it hang curls of clouded hazel-colored hair, and under these shine the hazel-colored eyes.

The little one she leads by the hand is a beauty too, with his rosy cheeks, his saucy eyes, and his plump, bare arms.

"Alick's come to say good-night to mamma," says the young lady, lifting up the child for a kiss.

"Bless you, my boy!" and the mother feels the white dainty arms winding about her neck.

"How the wind blows!" whispered the child. "Why don't papa come?"

"That's what mamma has been saying to herself for the last hour. It's a terrible night for him to be out, Lina?"

"No, it's not, Fannie. Your wifely anxiety exaggerates a little squall of wind into something quite awful. Why, I am going down to the hall to hear the lecture, if that very gallant brother-in-law of mine will accompany me."

"Why, Lina!"

A little dimpled hand steals over the lady's lips, and smothers the chiding tones. "You wouldn't have me lose the best lecture in the course for a blow like this, Fannie?"

"It wouldn't do much good if I did, my spoiled child," smiled the sister, as she looked down on the graceful figure that had knelt beside her chair. "What is the lecturer's name?"

"Church. He is a genius, and a young man, that's all I know of him. Come, my pet, you must go to Jane. It is high time that good boys were in bed."

"I cannot say my prayers to anybody but Aunt Lina," says the child, with a pretty positiveness that admits of no refusal.

Half an hour later, the doctor was seated in his wife's chamber, with Fannie and Lina on either side of him.

"You will go to-night? The idea of your caring for wind, and you a doctor!"

"Isn't she an artful little puss, Fannie?" laughs the doctor—such a merry, jovial, hearty laugh, that you know the man even before you have looked into his fine manly face. "She thinks to scare me into

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ing by making pretensions that I shall stay at home out of fear of this little gale. Won't she know how to manage a husband, though!"

"Of course she will, when she has had so admirable a teacher as your exemplary wife."

Dr. Jessup laughs again that low, mellow, contagious laugh, that some of his best patients declare has done them more good than his powders and pills ever did, which certainly is saying a great deal.

"Come, say yes," says Lina, running her dainty fingers thorugh the thick, curly hair of her brother-in-law. The doctor puts her playfully down into his lap, prints a kiss on her pouting lips, and she is answered.

The old town church was crowded that night, notwithstanding the weather. The speaker was a young man, rather tall and slender, with a bold, strong physiognomy, somewhat stern and repelling at the first glance, but winning and very beautiful when lighted up with emotion and feeling. Certainly no one who listened to the lecture regretted braving the weather that night. The subject was one that can never grow old, though tyros and dreamers may bring transient ridicule upon it, namely, "the Elevation of Humanity." It was a stirring theme, and the heart of the lecturer pulsed through his words, and woke up new void in the souls of his wrapped hearers. It was no vague Utopian future that he drew for man, but suggestions rather than definitions of the true, beautiful, and consistent life and labor that should find in itself its exceeding great reward. There were masterly strokes of eloquence, there were threads of melting pathos strewing the paths of the discourse; and when the beautiful peroration was over, the excited audience indulged in such a cheer of voice, and hands, and feet, as was never heard before in the steady old town of Greendale.

Lina's large hazel eyes had hardly turned from the speaker that evening. She occupied, with the doctor, a front seat, and whether it was the beauty of the upturned face, or the proximity of her position to the desk, the lecturer's gaze had often dwelt earnestly upon it during the evening.

"Well, Howard, you are not sorry you came, now?"

"No, indeed, Lina," answered the doctor's tones. "I would have gone five miles in the worst snow-storm I ever dug through, to hear such a lecture as that."

They lingered a few minutes until the crowd should have partly disappeared, and just as they reached the door the lecturer approached them.

"Pardon my abruptness," said he, with a bow that would have won it from any lady; "but have I not the honor of addressing the lady who was or is Miss Caroline Ellet?"

"That is my name, sir."

"And you had a sister, Frances?"

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"She is now the wife of Dr. Jessup," and Lina turned to that much perplexed gentleman.

"I was certain I could not be mistaken. We have met before; and yet"—glancing at the clock opposite—"an imperative engagement will take me out of town immediately. I had no idea it was so late. Next week, God willing, I will see you. Meanwhile, adieu," and he was gone.

"Well, the mystery will be cleared up next week, and we must be patient," was the doctor's philosophic conclusion, after he and Lina had detailed this singular occurrence to the much interested wife and sister. "After eleven o'clock! Come, girls, you must go to bed this very minute."

A week had passed. It was a mild, mellow, November afternoon, and the wind loitered, with almost the softness of June, among the old corn-stalks, and lifted up tenderly the leaves that still clung to the boughs. Then the stranger came to the cottage.

Alick saw him first, for the child stood at the window as the gentleman came up the path. The boy called his aunt's gaze to the stranger by a shout, and Lina recognized him by a glance that somehow deepened the soft dye of her cheek.

In less than two minutes a domestic brought her what appeared to be, at first glance, a letter. She opened the dainty envelop, and inside was a large leaf on which was written:

PHILIP CHURCH,
From CAROLINE ELLET.

In a moment, the young girl's memory swept back over the long reach of twelve years, and she saw the little ragged boy tying up dahlia-vines in the summer afternoon. Another moment the truth flashed into her mind, and when, a few seconds later, her sister entered the room, she sprang toward her with the paper, and her hazel eyes shone through the tears, like brown nuts draggled with October dews, as she cried:

"Oh! Fannie, Fannie! you know not what you have done!"

But they both knew half an hour later when they met Philip Church, and he called them, in his deep, tremulous tones, his benefactresses, his good angels.

"But we bear you an old grudge for disappearing so suddenly and mysteriously after your second year at the academy," smilingly said Mrs. Jessup, after the first agitation of the meeting was over, and the trio had settled down for a long talk.

"I know it; and I owe you, too, an apology for what must have seemed an ingratitude. But the burden of dependence was pressing too heavily on my pride, and I knew there was but one way to get rid of it—

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to go out and make my own destiny, carve my own fortune; and I went into the world without seeking your advice, or acknowledging my great indebtedness. Will you forgive the man the error of his boyhood?"

"You are asking what it would be quite impossible for me to do. I only felt that, in your sensitive pride, you had wronged yourself. But I could understand and admire it," was Mrs. Jessup's reply.

And then Philip Church spoke further of the debt he owed her that could never be cancelled—that all his youth had been, or his manhood should be, he owed, under the blessing of God, to the woman who, in his darkened, friendless boyhood, had led him into a new life of beauty, and knowledge, and truth.

There were tears shining stilly in the soft eyes of one hearer, and in the bright ones of the other, as Philip Church concluded.

The winter had gone, and the time of the "singing of birds" had come again. The arms of the sweet April day were reaching toward the night, when Philip Church and Lina Elet walked down the front garden-path together. He had visited the doctor's two or three times during the winter, and insisted, the last time, with a sudden, half-stolen glance at Lina, that he should be one of the family.

"How soft the April wind is. One would almost think it came up from the violets and roses of June," said the young lady, brushing back the wavy hair from her low, fair forehead.

Before Philip could reply, a child's laugh swept down the walk, and the next moment Alick bounded toward them; and the young man thought of the far time when the feet of a golden-haired little girl had tripped over those same old flagstones.

"Aunt Lina, you said you'd thwing Alick the first pleasant day," eargerly lisps the boy.

"So I did, my pet; but I had forgotten all about it. Ask Mr. Church if we shall not go now?"

"Certainly we will."

And so the trio went down to the old apple-tree, where the swing had hung for near thirteen years. No wonder that Alick talked most of the three.

"You must have hung it very carefully, for it has stood all these years," laughed Lina, as the young man lifted the boy into the swing.

"I see it has. Even the old rope has resisted the storms bravely. There is something else here unchanged as this."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Church."

"I mean the gentle, loving heart of the little girl who gave the old atlas. It has kept all the dew and sweetness of its childhood for its riper life."

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The graceful head of Caroline Ellet drooped lower at these words, and yet they were very sweet to her.

I do not know what else Philip Church said to the young lady, but I know that Alick at last called out stoutly: "I wont stay here if you and Lina are going to whisper all the time, and not swing me a bit."

The lady and gentleman broke into a hearty laugh. "Well, my dear little fellow, it is too bad!" and Philip sprang to the swing.

Late that evening, when the doctor and his guest had gone off a few minutes into the study, Lina nestled up closer to her sister—so close that she could not see the crimsoning of her cheeks as she whispered:

"Next summer, Fannie, I have promised to be his wife."

"Have you, my darling little sister?"—lifting the bowed head, and stroking the bright hair very tenderly. "Ah! how has God rewarded me for that good going!"

Divisibility of Matter.

Few, if any, of those sublime phenomena which are continually striking upon our visual faculties are more calculated to elicit admiration from the reflective and philosophic mind, than the extension of matter. It is one of those astonishing facts that teach us a great moral lesson, and is at once indicative of the ingenuity of man and the unbounded power of the Creator. It furnishes scope for contemplation so vast that the human mind, steeped in wonder, is lost in the windings of the intricate labyrinth to which it so obviously leads. Who that beholds only a small part of those immense resources with which nature has been furnished to continue Ler elaborate work and preserve it from decay, can fail to adore the great Author of all that is, of all that was, or of all that shall be.

But let him learn that, whatever change he may perceive to be effected in the numerous forms of matter, however minutely they may be divided, however completely they may be rarified, the quantum will still remain the same, for truly and eloquently has Lord Bacon said, that "it requireth the same Omnipotence to make something nothing which at first made nothing somewhat."

Gold-beaters, by hammering, can reduce gold to leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch. Yet these leaves are perfect, or without holes, so that one of them, laid upon any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin, that, if formed into a book, 1500 would only occupy the space of a leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked ordinary library

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of 1500 volumes with 400 pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold lace, and we are not sure that such coating is not of only one atom thick. Platinum and silver can be drawn into wire much finer than human hair. A grain of blue vitriol or carmine will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the color may be perceived. A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will have lost little of its weight. The carrion crow smells its food for many miles off. A burning taper, uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one-thousandth part of a grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the silkworm is so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing silk; but that of the spider is finer still, for two drachms of it by weight would reach nearly four hundred miles. In the milt of a cod-fish, or in water in which certain vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalcules of which many thousands together are not equal in bulk to a grain of sand; and yet nature, with singular prodigality, has supplied many of them with organs as complete as the whale or the elephant, and their bodies consist of the same substance, or ultimate atoms, as that of man himself. In a single pound of such matter there are more living creatures than human beings on the face of this globe. What a scene has the microscope opened to the admiration of the philosophic inquirer! Water, mercury, sulphur, or, in general, any substance, when sufficiently heated, rises as invisible vapor, or gas—that is, it is reduced to the æriform state. Great heat, therefore, would cause the whole of the material universe to disappear, and the most solid bodies to become as invisible and impalpable as the air we breathe. Few have contemplated an annihilation of a planet more complete than this.

"I WILL."—We like that strong, robust expression. No one having uttered it sincerely was ever a mean, cringing man. The pigmies of the world did not trouble him. He speaks, and the indomitable will prevails. His enemies fall before him. He rides forth a conqueror. Would you be great? Would you be distinguished for your literary or scientific efforts? Look not mournfully at your lot, but with "I will," breathing upon your lips, and bursting from a great heart, you cannot but prevail. Show us the man who never rose higher than a toad-stool, and whose influence died with his breath, and we will point you to a cringing wretch, who trembled at the approach of a spider, and fainted beneath a thunder-cloud. Let the fires of energy play through your veins, and if your thoughts are directed in the right channels, you will yet startle the slumbering universe.—*John Neal.*

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A Word in Season.

There is an evil which, it is to be feared, is gaining ground upon us, and that is, indifference to the qualifications of our officers. The contemptible spirit of electioneering is gradually overturning the true principles that should guide us in the discharge of this highly important duty. We have been in Lodge rooms evening after evening, where empty benches, and, too often, empty seats of office, told the sad truth that Odd Fellows had become recreant to their high trust, and negligent of their ordinary duties. Yet, as regularly as came around the night of election, were those benches filled and those official seats occupied: and why? Simply because the aspirants for the various chairs had, by dint of entreaty, persuaded their friends to come out that evening and vote for them. This business over, the benches were again empty, and the burden of the duty left to the faithful few,—the interests of the Lodge committed to a mere minority of its members. This system is the bane of many Lodges, and is fast sapping the foundation of their usefulness and prosperity. Should such aspirants be successful, what sort of officers do they make? Watch their progress through the chairs, and you will receive the mortifying answer. How few of them manifest that ardent zeal and devotion to the interests of the Lodge it is their imperative duty to feel and to practice! How few maintain even the dignity of the chair! Levity, frivolity in various shapes, and, too frequently, an unwarrantable tampering with the privileges attached to it, mark, with unerring certainty, the unworthy occupant of the chair.

A disastrous consequence of elevating such members as we have alluded to, to the presiding office of a Lodge, is the apathy so often exhibited after they have won the honors. The Past Grands of Lodges are too often their most worthless members, and if they do not wholly withdraw, they are frequently found to be clogs to their prosperity, for, in the exercise of some fancied claims of authority over the opinions of younger but better Odd Fellows, they sow dissensions and jarrings where nothing but good feeling and harmony should be allowed to enter. Any one who has observed closely the operations and business of a Lodge, will have discovered the truth of this remark; and hence, it is the imperative duty of all in the exercise of the elective franchise at our ballot-box, to cast their suffrages for such men, and for such men only, as they know to be Odd Fellows, not merely by name, but in principle and deed.

To those who have advanced through the higher degrees of the Order, it would seem superfluous to add anything to the solemn and impressive lessons connected therewith. But the occurrences around us, which fall under our observation from time to time, teach us that this is

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but a human institution,—that for its continued weal and utility it is highly important that its sublime precepts should be frequently reiterated,—that the pathway of duty should be kept lighted up, and that every appliance calculated to impress upon our hearts and consciences the moral principles upon which it is based, should be employed. It is for this end we have the symbol of Omniscience, the ever watchful eye of God, set prominently before us; for this we have the triple link and the clasped hands of fellowship and friendship; for this, in our initiatory rite, we bring the stranger, entering within our doors, before our monitors; and, indeed, in every emblem and rite, the chief object to be obtained is the engrafting upon our memory our obligations and our responsibilities as members of this institution. Whilst, therefore, these symbols and types seem to the world to be mere ornament and decoration, the true Odd Fellow will recognize in them all so many monitors inciting him to duty and fidelity. And it was for this the system of lectures was instituted, to the end that by a constant inculcation of precepts and principles, we might be prevented from the natural declension of the human heart in the discharge of holy, moral duties.

The first and noblest principle known among men, in their social capacity, is that upon which this institution is based,—FRATERNITY. A fraternity, too, that knows no bounds within the range of suffering humanity; a fraternity that embraces within its comprehensive muster-roll, all sects, creeds, kindreds and tongues; a fraternity whose watchword is Mercy, and whose mission is Love; a fraternity whose bond of union is cemented by the attributes of the Almighty, and whose precepts and lessons are derived from His holy religion. To such a brotherhood do we belong, and we are highly favored by being numbered among its members. Oh, let us see to it, that we do not abuse the privileges, or desecrate the ennobling principles of the charter which binds together so many of our race, and pledges them to the performance of deeds of charity and benevolence!

HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.—Occupation is essential to happiness. The mind requires some object on which its powers must be exercised, and without which it preys upon itself and becomes miserable. A person accustomed to a life of activity longs for this ease and retirement, and when he has accomplished his purpose finds himself wretched. The pleasure of relaxation is known to those only who have regular and interesting occupation. Continued relaxation soon becomes a weariness, and, on this ground, we may safely assert that the greatest degree of real enjoyments belongs to that class of society who, along with the comforts of life, have constant and important occupation.

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The Voices of Nature.

BY STELLA CLIFFTON.

How beautiful is nature, and how much it tells us! Dead, indeed, must be the soul that does not feel its beauty and hear its teachings in the thousand voices it sends to talk to us of the mystery and greatness of its God.

The rain falls, it rustles among the leafy trees, or rather upon the house top, speaking, in its strange, mysterious way, of a great Invisible Power. How often have we felt the sudden check of mirth, the filling of the soul with admiration, as the drops pour upon the dusty street, and roll in headlong streams along the surface of the earth "that the Lord hath made!"

The snow falls swiftly and silently; it comes, flake after flake, till ground, fences, and forest trees, with their long, bare branches are robed in the cold garb of winter. We stand at the window, and look forth. Stillness reigns; but we can feel the language of the soft, white flakes: they say, "God made us, and He made us to fall."

We walk from our chamber when the flowers are opening, when the birds are rooking, when the breeze is beginning to stir the waters, when the sun is rising, and the shadows of earth are shortening. We pause, while the spirits of Awe and Admiration spread out their wings to lift us in the air; we turn our eyes to the clear, blue vault above, and clasp our hands in veneration. It is Nature in the morning: God made Nature, and He made morning. Again we ramble. The bird and the insect are going to rest; the bustle of life is lulling; the dry, dead leaves are falling; the sun is setting, the shadows on earth are lengthening, and not a sound is heard, but the distant rustle and crack of decaying woods. Again we stand appalled, and the same spirits of Awe and Admiration now fold their wings about us. We are subdued; the head bows and the knee bends in silent adoration. It is Nature in the evening: God made Nature, and He made the evening. Now the herd sings an anthem of praise to the Great Father.

We stand upon the sea-shore, and the surges wash out feet, then roll away to mingle with their mates. The wave murmurs with the wave, and the water whispers in the midst of waters; it whispers to the heart—to the soul and to the spirit. We turn. The mountain rears its lofty head toward the azure canopy above, and the bright sunbeams throw their rainbow colors from the snow-capped summit down among the waving foliage at its base. The rocks stand about in silent grandeur, and we hear the roar of wind in the distant forest. Oh! does it not tell us, "God made the ocean, boundless and calm, and told it to make sweet

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music? God made the forest, with wind to sweep among its boughs?" Does it not say he is a God of peace, harmony, and love? But hark! The avalanche, torn from its old home, tumbles, with rude crash, upon its icy way. See! The sky so clear grows dark with gathering clouds; the waves that rode so gracefully upon the sea, now grown to billows, lash each other in wild play. The thunder breaks above in fearful crash, then rolls away to meet another peal. The lightning gleams with vivid glare on the thick atmosphere, and the roar of wind has deepened into a fierce howl of mighty power that threatens to rend the rocks from their resting places, and bend the mountain where it stands. The earth, the sea, the sky—all seem to quake in this conflict of nature's elements. But the thunder rumbles in the distance, the lightning's flash is fainter, the sea again murmurs sweet melody, and the voice of the wind is subdued into a low moan. The sun shines forth between the scattering clouds, and the rain-drops quiver on the trembling leaf. Then we feel the Lord is awful in his wrath, and terrible in his judgment, though forgiving and merciful in his love. "He is the Lord our God." "Then come, for the Spirit and the Bride say Come; let him that heareth say Come; let him that is athirst say Come: and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

To Alice Clifton.

When twilight shade is draping
  Earth in its darkling hue;
When the bright stars are peeping
  From out their home of blue,
And the pale moon is flinging
  Her mellow light around,
And the night-winds are sighing
  A sweetly mournful sound —
I think of thee, think of thee!
  O, then in love remember me.

When early dawn is breaking
  The voice of night away,
And rosy morn is bathing
  The flowers in dewy spray;
When all creation's basking
  In the sunlit smile of day,
And the blythe lark is warbling
  Her early matin lay,
I think of thee, think of thee!
  O, then in love remember me.

L. A. D. N.

Woodlawn., Ky, January, 1857.

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Advantages of Tools.

To arrange twenty thousand needles, thrown promiscuously into a box, mixed and entangled with each other in every possible direction, in such a form that they shall be all parallel to each other, would, at first sight, appear a most tedious occupation—in fact, if each needle were to be separated individually, many hours would be consumed in the process. Yet this is an operation which must be performed many times in the manufacture of needles, and it is accomplished in a few minutes by a very simple *tool*, nothing more being requisite than a small, flat tray of sheet-iron, slightly concave at the bottom. The needles are placed in it, and shaken in a peculiar manner, by throwing them up a very little, and giving, at the same time, a slight longitudinal motion to the tray. The shape of the needles assists their arrangement; for, if two needles cross each other (unless, which is highly improbable, they happen to be precisely balanced) they will, when they fall on the bottom of the tray, tend to place themselves side by side, and the hollow form of the tray assists this disposition. As they have no projection in any part to impede this tendency, or to entangle each other, they are, by continual shaking, arranged lengthwise in three or four minutes. The direction of the shake is now changed; the needles are but little thrown up, but the tray is shaken edgewise; the result of which is, that, in a minute or two, the needles, which were previously arranged edgewise, become heaped up in a wall, with their ends against the extremity of the tray. They are now removed by hundreds at a time, by raising them with a broad iron spatula, on which they are retained by the fore-finger of the left hand. During the progress of the needles toward their finished state, this parallel arrangement must be repeated many times; and, unless a cheap and expeditious method had been devised, the expense of manufacturing needles would have been considerably enhanced.

Another process in the art of making needles furnishes an example of one of the simplest contrivances which can come under the denomination of a tool. After the needles have been arranged in the manner just described, it is necessary to separate them into two parcels, in order that their points may be all in one direction. This is usually done by women and children. The needles are placed sideways, in a heap, on a table in front of each operator, just as they are arranged by the process above described. From five to ten are rolled toward this person by the fore-finger of the left hand; this separates them a very small space from each other, and each in its turn is pushed lengthwise to the right or to the left, according as its eye is to the right or the left hand. This is the usual process, and in it every needle passes individually under the finger of the

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operator. A small alteration expedites the process considerably. The child puts on the fore-finger of its right hand a small cloth cap or finger-stall, and, rolling out of the heap from six to twelve needles, he keeps them down by the fore-finger of the left hand, while he presses the fore-finger of the right hand gently against their ends; those which have the points toward the right hand stick into the finger-stall, and the child, removing the finger of the left hand, slightly raises the needles sticking into the cloth, and then pushes them toward the left side. Those needles which lay with their eyes toward the right hand do not stick into the finger cover, and are pushed to the heap on the right side previously to the repetition of this process. By means of this simple contrivance, each movement of the finger from one side to the other, carries five or six needles to their proper heap; whereas, in the former method frequently only one was moved, and rarely more than two or three were transported at one movement to their place.

The New Carpet.

"I can hardly spare it, Jane; but as you have set your heart upon it, why, I suppose I must."

The young wife looked with rapture upon the shining gold pieces.

"A hundred dollars!" said she to herself. "How rich it makes me feel! It seems to be a great deal to pay for a carpet; but 'gold is worth gold,' as the old saying is, and one good purchase is worth a dozen poor ones. I'll buy one of the very finest and most beautiful Brussels."

Afternoon came; the rosy babe was laid asleep in its little cradle, and the maid received a score of charges to linger by its side every moment until the darling woke up. Jane, flushed with eager anticipation, looked her prettiest, and, throwing her mantilla over her handsome shoulders, she was just hurrying away, when a loud ring at the door-bell brought a very pettish "Oh, dear," at the unexpected intrusion.

"Oh! dear—dear Jane!" and a pale young creature sat sobbing on the sofa. "We are in such trouble—such a dreadful trouble! Can you help us? Do you think we could borrow a hundred dollars from your husband? Couldn't you get it for us? You know you said I might always rely upon you when trial came; and poor Charles expects every moment to be arrested, and he is so ill!"

"Dear, dear!" said Jane, her good heart suddenly contracting; "Edward told me this morning not to ask him for any money for three months," and she gathered her purse up tightly in her handkerchief.

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"I am sure, if I only could oblige you, I would; but I expect Edward is really pushed. Can't you get it elsewhere? Have you tried?"

"Yes," answered her friend, despondingly, "I have tried everywhere. People say that Charles is ill, and cannot pay immediately. Mr. J—— knows our circumstances; yet he insists on that money. Oh! it is so hard! It is so hard!"

Her pitiful voice, and the big tears running like rain down her pallid cheeks, almost unnerved Jane's selfishness. But that carpet—that beautiful carpet she had promised herself so long, and had so often been disappointed of its possession—she could not give it up. She knew her husband's heart, and that he would urge her to self-denial. No! she would not see him—if she did, it was all over with the carpet.

"Well," said her poor friend, in a desponding voice, rising to go, "I am sorry you can't help me. I know you would if you could; and it is something to know that; but I go back with a heavy heart. Good morning, Jane. I hope you will never know what it is to want and suffer."

How handsome the new carpet looked as the sun streamed in on its wreathed flowers, its colors of fawn, and blue, and crimson, its soft, velvety richness!—and how very proud felt Jane at the lavish praises of her neighbors! It was a bargain, too; she had saved thirty dollars in its purchase, and bought a pair of elegant vases for the window recess.

"I declare!" said her husband; "this looks like comfort. But it destroys all my pleasure to think of poor Charley Somers. The poor fellow is dead!"

Jane gave a sharp scream, and the flush faded from her face.

"Yes, that rascally J——!—for the paltry sum of one hundred dollars he arrested Charles, who ruptured a blood-vessel, and scarcely lived an hour afterward. You know, he has been weak and ill this long while."

"And Mary?" issued from Jane's almost bloodless lips.

"She has a dead child, and they tell me her life is despaired of. Why on earth didn't they send for me? I could easily have spared the money for that purpose. If it had stripped me of the last dollar, they should have had it. Poor fellow!—poor Mary!"

"And I might have saved it *all!*" shrieked Jane, shrinking on her knees upon the rich carpet. "Oh! Edward, will God forgive me for this heartlessness? Mary did call here, and with tears begged me to aid her—and I had the whole sum in my very hand, and coldly turned her away. Oh, my God! forgive me—forgive me!"

In the very agony of grief, poor Jane would receive no comfort. In vain her husband strove to soothe her; she would not hear a word in extenuation of her selfish conduct.

"I shall never forget poor Mary's tears; I shall never forget her sad voice; they will haunt me till my dying day! Oh, take it away—that

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hateful carpet! I have purchased it with the death of my dearest friend! How could I be so cruel! I shall never be happy again—never, never!"

Years have passed since then, and Mary and her husband lie together under the green sod of the church-yard. Jane has gray hair mixed with the light brown of her tresses; but she lives in a home of splendor, and none know her but to bless her. There is a Mary, a gentle Mary, in her household, dear to her as her own sweet children. She is the orphan child of those who have rested side by side for ten long years.

Edward is rich, but prosperity has not hardened his heart. His hand never tires of giving out bounty to the poor; and Jane is the guardian angel of the needy. The "new carpet," long since old, is preserved as a memento of sorrowful but penitent hours; and many a weary heart owes to its silent influence the prosperity that has turned want's wilderness into an Eden of plenty.

Objects of Odd-Fellowship.

The laws of the Order may be divided into three great classes. The object of the first is to secure harmony, regularity, co-operation, throughout all its numerous branches; that of the second, to direct the distribution of the funds, so as to produce the greatest amount of benefit to the greatest number, and the most needy; that of the third, to produce order, decency, good conduct, and courtesy in all the Lodges, and brotherly love among all the members.

To show what are the ascertained results of this last class of laws, let me quote the report of one who knew well what he had to write, and who, as an Odd-Fellow writing for his brethren, dared not violate or exaggerate the truth:

"The Lodge," he says, "is always considered as sacred ground, and no sooner do those, who, in any other place, might meet together as enemies, enter its precincts, than their bad feelings seem to vanish as if by magic, and, in their stead, the desire to promote the well-being and happiness of all reigns predominant. We see, mingling together, men of all nations, all creeds, and every grade of politics, and all behaving in a respectful manner toward each other. The prejudices which are engendered by being born in a different land, the sectarian feeling which is apt to prevail among religious enthusiasts, and the heart-burnings of violent political partizans, are all, for a time, obliterated and forgotten by those who meet in the Temples of Odd-Fellowship."

Now, let me ask: If this be a true picture—and, as far as my own experience goes, I can confirm the description—if men can thus, every

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week, every fortnight, or every month, snatch a few hours from strife, contention, worldly cares, and brutalising passions, to consecrate them to cheerful, happy, virtuous communion, must they not go forth to the world again better and wiser men from every such meeting?—must they not naturally ask themselves this all-important question, "If I can, for three or four hours, under the influence of any institution, lay aside my enmities, my prejudices, my selfishness, and enjoy, during that time, my emancipation from such cruel tyrants, can I not cast them always from me?—cannot I, by a resolute effort, bring myself to look upon all mankind as the brethren of my Lodge, and in all my dealings with them, treat them with brotherly love?" Must not this question frequently occur to all reasoning men? Must not the example, the practice, the memory of the Lodge have a most beneficial tendency?

Men have been devising systems, framing communities, organizing societies, and dreaming dreams for regenerating society by processes which would impose upon them the gigantic task of creating new materials for the construction of a new world. All these schemes have hitherto proved lamentable, ludierous failures. We may admire the philanthrophy that prompted them; but we must condemn the self-sufficient presumption of the attempt, and smile at the ridiculous insignificance of the result. Neither do I venture to put forth this Order as a panacea for all the great moral evils of the world. But this I do know—this I do boldly venture to assert, that if all men would be brought to adopt and act upon the fundamental principles of this society, on all occasions, the great moral panacea would be found: for those principles are the principles of Christianity. The great difficulty—the only difficulty—is, to persuade men to follow them. But this we dare to say: that, in our society, we do persuade men to follow them strictly, on certain occasions, and during certain times; and that the whole tendency of our society is to persuade men to follow them always. So much, at least, we gain, and we defy the world to gainsay us.

But there is something more. Our scheme boasts one great advantage over all those to which I have alluded. It is practical—it is practicable—it is practiced. It is in active operation: it benefits, it embraces millions. We take man as he is, and we try to make him better; at all events, we rescue a part of his time from misuse; we direct a portion of his energies to high and holy objects; we train him, from time to time, in the habit of right thought, gentle demeanor, and generous action; and though we assume a lowly and humble name, and put forth no vain claim to superior wisdom or to mighty intellect, we boldly assert that our objects are as high as the highest, and our course as pure and upright as the infirmity of man will permit.

The poor and needy; the traveler and the sick; the widow and the

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orphan, bear testimony to the work of the Order. Many an aching brow has been soothed, many a fevered lip moistened, many a heavy heart raised by its care and providence. Many a mourning wife and bereaved child, has, by its existence, had cause to raise the voice of gratitude, where only it is due, and say, "Thank God, I am not left altogether desolate!"—*G. P. R. James.*

The Spider.

One day a spider fell by accident into a large glass vase, which had laid for a long time forgotten in a library. It was a large domestic spider, with a large oval abdomen, and its blackish back was marked with two longitudinal lines of yellow spots.

The animal caught in the transparent snare, began to run around the bottom of its prison, with all the rapidity of its eight feet. When it ascertained that no mode of egress was to be thus found, it tried to climb the clear slippery walls of its vase, but its sharp, crooked claws, greatly resembling those of lions and tigers, slid on the smooth crystal, and, after spending a quarter of an hour in a useless struggle, the spider fell back, fatigued and discouraged, into the middle of the vase. The owner of the library, feeling curious to ascertain how the matter would end, removed the vase and its tenant to a shady corner, where he watched the latter without disturbing her. She remained immovable, coiled up, and to all appearances dead, till nightfall. Then the observer, who was reclining in his arm-chair, heard a gentle rustling noise proceeding from the vase. He approached it with a light, and instantly the spider resumed the appearance of death. He therefore deferred watching his prisoner until the following morning. When he visited her then, he found the bottom of the vase, and the sides all around to the hight of an inch, variegated with myriads of small, rough, white spots, placed at almost geometrical distances. The spider was reposing in the center.

On the following day, silver threads were drawn from the white points, and formed the warp of the web; on the third morning, the woof was interlaced, and the delicate fabric, strengthened at regular spaces by additional threads, covered the whole bottom of the vase. After all her toil, the poor spider herself was still without a lodging. She had a carpet on which she could walk with comfort, and a hunting net spread out, but still she wanted an apartment for repose. With great difficulty and patience, she succeeded in affixing to four or five threads placed

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above her web, about thirty of the little spots which I had already mentioned. These formed the ridge of a roof sloping towards the web, and which was interlaced with such a multitude of fine silky threads that it at length became a retreat impervious to the eye, and even to moisture. Some drops of water thrown on it rolled harmlessly off, and fell like wandering pearls on the horizontal web, when they gradually evaporated. The spider had drawn threads to the length, according to calculation, of two thousand feet, from six little orifices in the abdomen, which secreted a grayish liquid, transformed instantaneously, by contact with the air, into silken threads, pliant and of marvelous solidity, especially when we consider their extreme tenuity. A spider's line, if not broken by a jerk, will sustain the weight of one-twelfth of an ounce!

As soon as the establishment was finished, our friend spent her days and nights near the mouth of her den, watching with unexampled patience the arrival of some chance prey. All in vain! Flies were still scarce, and, besides, there was nothing within the vase to attract them. Two months passed thus, and the prisoner grew extremely thin. At length, one day, touched with compassion, the observer caught a fly, and threw it on the web, where it struggled violently. Then the famished spider hastened toward it, seized it adroitly with her eight paws, choked it between her powerful crooked jaws, and retired with it into her den. An hour afterwards she came out, carrying the relics of the fly, which she threw into the most remote corner of her web, and covered them over with a tissue veil, so as to conceal this miniature charnel-house from sight.

Every day, at the same hour, the master of the library threw a fly into the vase, and the spider repeated her former maneuvers, with this difference, that she soon ceased to show any symptoms of alarm when the hand of her feeder approached her. After some time, instead of waiting until he had withdrawn, she used to start instantly on her prey, and eat it on the spot, without caring to retreat into her den. Curious to ascertain how far this familiarity would extend, he held a fly by the wing, and offered it to the spider. On the first occasion she retreated terrified, and hid herself in her nest; but the next day, being pressed by hunger, she seized the fly from between her purveyor's fingers, and carried it off. After ten similar experiments, she became so tame that she fearlessly sucked the fly while still held by its captor. At length, when her master offered his finger, she used to creep on it, and thus leave the vase. She would run up his arm, and across his breast, and take a fly from his other hand, which he used to extend as far off as possible.

The naturalist became very fond of his guest, and, in order to try further experiments, he one day caught a fine male spider, and placed

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him carefully on the edge of the web. Presently, the lady of the manor came out of her mansion, and advanced toward him; he also came forward, when suddenly he paused, with manifest tokens of fear. The cruel dame rushed on him like a lioness on her prey, caught him, strangled him, and finished by devouring him.

Her master, curious to observe whether this piece of barbarity was the result of particular aversion to this ill-fated male, threw a second into the vase. Alas! he shared the fate of his predecessor; and during a month this female cannibal lived on the bodies of her destined mates. At the end of that time, she grew tired of eating spiders, but not of killing them, and returned to her natural fly diet with evident pleasure. No feeling of remorse seemed to trouble the enjoyment of this ruthless murderess; but the hour of retribution arrived.

One fine summer morning, the library window being left open, a swallow flew into the room, hovered over the vase, saw the spider, and, with one vigorous dart of his beak, left the naturalist to lament the loss of his interesting pet and companion. Justice compels us to add, however, that his experiments savored too much of cruelty.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.—The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveler slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the Temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence to the present day. The columns of Persepolis are moldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site, save mounds of crumbling brick-work; but the Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of that art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither palace nor temple, but some vast reservoir. And if the light of any name should still flash through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who, in his day, sought the happiness of his fellow men rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the glory which outlives all other, and shines with undying luster from generation to generation, imparting to its work something of its own immortality.

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The White Shade of Eagle's Cliff.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

The scene of our story is not cast among the busy haunts of civilized man. Not where the jarring din of city strife and turmoil grates upon the peace-loving ear; nor where busy crowds rush along past each other in the busy race for gain. Not amid structures of mortal handiwork; but away out in the dark, green woods, where Nature sits enthroned in her great temple of Silence, and where the untutored savage, who

"Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,"

was wont to dwell years upon years ago.

But the stillness has been rudely broken; the great arms of the forest giants no longer wave in time to the music of the winds, and the smoke of the wigwam ascends no more in circles to the clouds. Full corn-fields rustle over the grave of the red man; and but for the mysterious voice of tradition, few traces would be left to tell even of his by-gone existence.

What whispers this voice of the past? Does it tell how there was once a mighty tribe, whose hunting-grounds stretched away for miles around on every side, and whose name was dreaded on the war-path? Does it tell how a blight fell upon it, and how it slowly dwindled away amid poverty and sorrow—the waters bearing for it no fish, and the woods no game? Does it tell how the hand of its neighbor was against it on every side, and of its sinking at last until its very name was but a mockery and a sneer? Tradition does all this. It bears it down to us to this day.

When night's grim shadows are cast upon the summit of the tower-like Eagle's Cliff, and Silence holds the world within its sway, a solitary white figure hovers upon the dizzy edge of the frowning precipice, and appears to gaze despairingly down into the depths below his feet, and wring his hands in agony as the doubtful light of the moon reveals it to his awe-struck gaze. Tradition has given the phantom the name it has borne for long years back, of the White Shade of Eagle's Cliff.

The day was drawing toward its close, and long shadows were cast by the sun-light, as the sky changed gradually from its tranquil glow of day, and became flushed with the blood-red hue of a summer sunset. By the side of one of the beautiful streams that grace the pencilings of Nature in one of her glorious pictures among the wilds of the West, an Indian girl sat with eager air and manner, apparently watching for the approach of some expected personage. It would seem that the visit of this individual was not altogether unattended with danger, from the anxiety she displayed to keep in view a clearing in the distant forest, from

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whence a thin vapor of smoke arose as from a habitation. When not occupied with this particular point of view, she gazed earnestly out on the river, whose clear surface stretched out for a considerable distance unimpeded by bend or projection, save the rocky Eagle's Cliff, pitched high upon the river's bank, nearest to where she stood.

"Why does Otonga so slowly paddle his canoe toward the one who loves him, and whose heart beats with pain at his long absence? Has he ceased to think of Neokassa, who braves the hatred of her people and the curse of her sire in meeting with the enemy of her tribe? Or has he listened to the sweet song of a fairer maid than the daughter of Miantomo?"

Tears were in her eyes as she thus murmured to herself, and, for the moment, they blinded her gaze so that they did not at first perceive that a canoe was shooting rapidly along toward the spot where she stood. An exclamation of delight burst from her lips as she caught sight of it cleaving the placid waters, and first looking eagerly around toward the clearing, to assure herself that no one was in sight, she bounded with lightning rapidity toward the water's edge, and was, a moment after, pressed close to the tall form of the long-expected Otonga.

First taking the precaution to hide his light bark among the low bushes that skirted the water's edge, he lead the maiden some distance among the thick forest trees before one word was uttered on either side. Then, having seated her gently upon a natural couch of yielding moss, he cast himself gracefully at her feet upon the sward, and taking one of her hands within both his own, looked up lovingly into her eyes, as though to read their mute language as they gazed down upon him, with all of confidence and happiness in their bright beams.

"Neokassa would ask of Otonga's tardy footsteps across the path which leads to the river, and of the slowness of his canoe in sweeping through its waters?"

"The enemies of his tribe lay in the path of Otonga, and he was obliged to hide from their eyes, so that they might not, when he was alone, make captive of him, and torture him before the sight of her who loves him."

The young girl shuddered, and pressed closer to him, but said nothing, while he continued, tenderly:

"Otonga would brave all dangers for the sake of seeing such moments as these, and was not to be turned from his purpose even though he walked through the midst of his enemies to keep his word with Neokassa."

She looked admiringly in his handsome face, and felt, as she saw the flash of his eye, that his words did not belie him, and that the eagle knew as little of fear as the young chieftain by her side.

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"And Neokassa would do much to prove how much she loves Otonga. Does she not risk the keen knife of her angry father, should he find that she meets with one of her tribe's most deadly enemies? What shall Neokassa do to prove how much she loves Otonga?"

The chieftain made no reply for some moments, and seemed to be deeply lost in thought. At length, springing to his feet, he pointed impetuously in the direction of the river, toward where the canoe lay hidden among the bushes.

"Otonga's canoe is swift as the feet of the brown-coated deer; his arms are strong and tireless. Otonga's wigwam is lonely without the presence of Neokassa to brighten it. Does she fear to trust herself within it?"

A soft blush crimsoned her cheek, and stole over her neck and bosom, while her beautiful head sank for an instant upon her breast, and her eyes dropped beneath his impassioned gaze, but when she raised them, they shrank not, and her hand trembled not as she placed it in one of his. Then pointing with the other arm toward the darkened sky, she spoke with slow and solemn utterance:

"The Great Manitou hears me speak! I will go with Otonga, though he lead me even to the death, so he be but by to share it with me. I will live upon his smiles, and listen for the coming of his footstep. I am his, and he is mine forever!"

The harmless summer lightning filled the sky for a moment, and showed her figure in bright relief, as she stood taking the oath that bound her to him through life, and as the flash gleamed through the thickness of the trees, it seemed as if the Great Invoked Spirit had descended in a cloud of fire and looked upon her solemn nuptials.

He raised and silently pressed her to his heart; then, feeling that there was no time to be lost, they hurried toward the river, knowing that, as the darkness was falling, search would soon be made for the absent Neokassa, and discovery would end in the destruction of them both—the recreant from her tribe and the hated foe of her savage kindred—unless many a mile were placed between the fugitives and their pursuers without loss of time.

The light birch canoe was soon launched, and the fugitive twain were, in a moment more, speeding rapidly toward the goal of their hopes, down the current of the silently-flowing stream, whose bosom reflected grimly the darkness which had settled upon the sky above. A lighter shade appeared in the east, and they knew it would be necessary to succeed in passing the narrow portion of the river formed by the projection of Eagle's Cliff ere the raised moon shed its light upon them, and revealed them to the eyes of those upon their track.

Every nerve was strained to the utmost, Neokassa herself lending no

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inefficient aid; and the object of their wishes seemed almost attained, when suddenly Otonga paused, and bent his ear to listen in the direction whence they had come.

A distant shout, followed by several successive shots as signals of alarm, came from the Indian village, and they perceived with trepidation that the moon was almost risen, and that it would be an impossibility to reach the point before it would be shedding its clear light on every object near. The bark was directed at once close to the shore, in hopes of still remaining unperceived, or, at the worst, of enabling its passengers to take to the woods as a last resource.

Full and clear above them at length shone out the orb of night. As it threw its flood of radiance upon the water, and lit up the sylvan scene for miles around, the fugitives heard loud cries of exultation behind them, giving them notice that they were discovered, and that the struggle was now to begin for life or death, and assuring them how fearful was the race now before them.

Away! away! now seething through the turbid waters, leaving a snowy track of foam behind them—now leaping almost like a thing of life above the heaving bosom of the flood, and dashing the spray like snow-flakes as the paddles glittered with lightning-like rapidity in the moonlight. Away! away! with the teeth hard set together, and the brow knit into a frown of fierce determination, the firm sinews seeming to gather strength as they became stretched to their utmost tension. Away! away! for life or death, over the broad stream that led them to happiness, or would ere long witness their terrible destruction!

The grim hights of the cliff hovered above them, and the light canoe was just sweeping past its broad shadow, when Neokassa perceived her lover all at once cease his exertion, and gaze anxiously out before him. Following his eye, her heart bounded with terror and distraction as she recognized, in a numerous array of canoes spread across the broad stream, and advancing rapidly toward them, the returning hunting party of her tribe, whom Otonga had met with on his journey.

Otonga, with the self-possessed alertness of the savage, dashed without loss of time toward the shore, to reach, if possible, the shadows of the forest, which, at some short distance from the water's side, stretched itself away for countless miles. His pursuers comprehended his drift, and lent new vigor to their arms to overtake him before he could accomplish his purpose. In the foremost boat, and leaning forwards with his hand upon his deadly rifle and his eye fixed on his recreant daughter, stood the chief, Miantomo. With his teeth grating convulsively together he saw that but a few feet lay between the shore and the pursued, and that their escape from his vengeance was now almost certain. His determination was sudden and terrible. Raising his rifle to the site, his

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knee rested for a moment on the prow of the boat,—a second's pause, a flash, a sharp crack,—and the terror-stricken Neokassa fell headlong forward into the boat! The father's hand was stained with the sacrificial life-blood of his only child!

The horrified Otonga raised the prostrate form in his arms; and as he felt the hot blood stream from her wounded side, and the heart which had loved him so devotedly gradually cease its beating forever, and the gentle limbs stiffen in the chill embrace of death, his eye dilated with a wild glaring light, and a groan of pent-up agony burst from his trembling lips.

Springing quickly from the boat, and still bearing the lifeless corpse in his arms, he dashed through the water, and was soon upon the firm shore. The strength of a giant seemed his as he bounded toward the base of the Eagle's Cliff, and sprang nimbly up its rugged sides. The pursuers followed close upon his footsteps and saw that he paused not till the summit of the rock was reached. Here there was but space between two huge masses of granite for one individual to pass at a time, and as the foremost made a step in advance, the form of the maddened youth appeared for a moment above, and a crashing blow from a heavy piece of rock sent the savage back among his comrades, a bleeding, brainless corpse!

Another, and still another, shared the like fate. At length, as all the rest shrank back from what seemed instant and sure death, Miantomo himself advanced, and, relying on his quick arm and sure aim, dashed upward, rifle in hand, toward his foe.

Otonga awaited him in silence, and made no movement till he placed his foot upon the summit of the Cliff. Then, with one tiger-like spring, he bounded toward him, and the next instant saw the twain grappled together, with eyes starting from their sockets, and each nerve strained to the utmost. Miantomo possessed all the vigor of matured manhood, and was, beside, of more athletic build than his youthful antagonist, but Otonga's grip was that of madness, and the fire burning in his veins seemed to lend superhuman strength to his arm, as he seized the older chieftain in his embrace and dragged him slowly but surely toward the dizzy edge of the precipice.

The companions of Miantomo, who had followed him to the top of the cliff, would have lent their aid in securing their foe, but that all the pride of the Indian was roused in Miantomo's breast, and he commanded them to leave the subjugation of his antagonist entirely to himself. They obeyed him, and now stood in a groop eagerly watching the progress of the struggle.

Nearer and nearer toward the verge of the cliff they approached, despite the strenuous exertions of Miantomo, who at length began to feel

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his strength decreasing, while that of Otonga seemed to gain new vigor. At length, scarce a foot of ground stood between them and the brow of the precipice, and here Otonga spoke, or rather hissed in the ear of Miantomo:

"Let Miantomo take his last look upon the bright sky; for never more shall it shine upon his pathway—never more will the summer music of the trees sing him to slumber—never more his foot press the hunting-path, or his ear listen to the war-cry of his people. The blood of his murdered child is red on his hand, and the curses of the dead rest upon him, and upon his kindred, and upon the people of his tribe forever! The spirits of the dead are waiting for his coming. His hour is now at hand, and will no longer be delayed!"

Nearer and nearer to the terrible abyss!—his muscles relaxing and his brain reeling! Nearer and nearer! with the hot breath of the avenger burning upon his cheek, and his iron grasp upon his throat. He feels the ground crumble beneath his feet, and sees the glaring eye of Otonga, glittering and fierce, fixed upon his face, with the triumphant smile of a demon. He closed his own, to shut out that horrible glance, and then, still grasping his antagonist in his arms, felt himself sinking through the air, and whirling down—down to destruction and a death of horror!

Down! down! rebounding from the craggy projections of the cliff, and finally, with a sullen splash, sinking into the depths of the silently-flowing river below, the avenger and his victim found a grave together. The lifeless body of the murdered Neokassa still lay with her pale face turned upward to the sky, while the pitying moon looked softly down upon her. Awe struck, the savages gazed in one another's faces, and thought of the curse invoked upon the kindred and tribe of Miantomo.

The curse was fearfully fulfilled; for a blight fell upon that tribe, and its name was no more feared on the war-path. It dwindled away in poverty and sorrow—the waters bearing it no fish, and the woods no game!

And still, when night's grim shadows are cast upon the tower-like Eagle's Cliff, a solitary white figure appears upon the edge of the cliff, and gazes despairingly down into the depths below. And this it is that the mysterious voice of the past—the tongue of old Tradition—has called "the White Shade of Eagle's Cliff."

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide: anguish of body, but few. This proves that the health of the mind is far more important than the health of the body, although both of them are deserving of more attention than either of them receive.

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Washington.

Washington was a remarkable specimen of that true greatness which imparts greatness to little things—or, rather, sees greatness in things which little men call little. There is a spurious greatness, which is great on the great scale—on the great stage of action and exhibition—but which in the common relations, and what are called the small virtues, duties, and graces of the day and the hour, is, when weighed in the delicate balance of conscientiousness, found wanting. How different from this pseudo greatness was that of Washington? Because his was moral greatness; it was a greatness not merely of style and scale, but of spirit and principle. There is a style of so-called greatness, there is a class of so-called great men that cannot stop or stoop to attend to little things: they let what they call small matters of morals or manners slip: they give small examples of conscience, humble, homely obligations, the go-by, with the understanding that they have great, general objects which preoccupy their attention, and preclude the lesser matters of the law. Washington was not of this class; but of a very different one. He shows us that if a man can be called great, who, in his devotion to generalities, overlooks particulars, there is one who is far greater, namely, him who, humbly imitating the great God himself, knows how, with equal ease to rise to the general and to descend to the minute: or, rather, who feels that the smallest appearances may cover the greatest realities, where are involved the principles of religion and of righteousness. Washington's was no superficial greatness, hovering over the field of generalities, but afraid or ashamed to look specialities in the face. He combined some of the best qualities of the Cavalier with some of the best of the Puritan. He was a noble type of the true American manhood. Take one trait of Washington's for an example—one which, though a homely one, ought, for that very reason, to be carefully called to mind amid the vague and homely declamations with which holiday patriotism is so apt to imagine itself honoring his memory and canonizing his virtues. I refer to his proverbial punctuality. This was so remarkable, so characteristic a trait with him, that I presume many would call it, and did call it punctiliousness. But with him it was a moral principle, almost a religious one. And in this he manifested a high and noble sense of the meaning of that most sacred saying, which, in many other forms, he also so grandly exemplified: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." I might mention other ways in which Washington manifested this same peculiarity of his greatness, and proved it to be a genuine greatness—a substance and not a sham. His veracity was as remarkable as his punctuality; indeed, they were one and the same thing with him; truthful-

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ness in word and faithfulness in deed are identical. I would remind my reader of his honesty and exactness in pecuniary transactions. Remember those beautiful pages of manuscript—almost poetically beautiful, though the "figures" that cover them are only mathematical ones—I mean the volume called "The United States in account with George Washington," of which a fac-simile has long been published for the purpose of spreading before our youth the evidence to counteract the too common impression that great men must be expected to be careless in the small matters of economy and business obligations. Let such examples go forth to shame all the little and great Swartwouts, and all who, in any degree, wink at great sins, vices, and misdemeanors in great men or official characters. Would that all our citizens—all our demagogues and public men, who extol so highly the name and character of the great Washington, would take it home to themselves, what made him greatest? Would that the truthfulness, the fidelity, the strictness of moral principle, the care for little obligations, which so distinguished him, might awaken in their breasts a self-reproaching emulation! Then would the honor and hopes of our country stand higher than they do at this hour; then would the private example and personal character of public men no more counteract all the benefit of their political influence; then would the delusive idea be no longer so prevalent, that there is some sort of moral alchemy by which private vice can be converted into public virtue, or by which individual sin, sufficiently multiplied, can constitute public justice and glory.

FRAGRANCE.—Oh, world of mystery, that everywhere hangs about us and within us! Who can, even in imagination, penetrate to the depths of the commonest of the phenomena of our daily life? Take, for instance, one of these pots of Narcissi. We have ourselves had a plant of the variety known as *soleil d'or* in flower, in a sitting-room, for six weeks, during the depth of winter, giving forth, during the whole of that time, without, so far as we know, ceasing even during sleep (for we need hardly tell our readers that plants do sleep) the same full stream of fragrance. Love itself does not seem to preserve more absolutely its wealth while most liberally dispensing it. That fragrance has a material basis, though we cannot detect it with our finest tests. What millions of millions of atoms go to the formation of a single gust, as it were, of this divine flower-breath. Yet this goes on through seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, and ceases only with the health of the flower-petals. Where, then, are these petals? Would that any one could show us the nature and modes of operation of such miraculous chemistry!

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Thoughts which are Thoughts.

SELECTIONS.—BY JOHN T BANGS.
Georgetown, D. C.

Metellus, when pressed to take the oath to ratify in the Senate all the people ordained, resolutely refused. When the danger of refusing was represented to him, he nobly replied: "It is the characteristic of a man of virtue to act rightly, whatever consequences may ensue." He preserved a uniform and unsullied reputation to the end of his days.

Clergymen frequently administer personal rebukes from the pulpit. The best we can remember was that of an Irish curate, whose Christian name was Joseph. He had been promised a living by a member of the great Butler family, previous to his coming to the title and the estates. The promise was not redeemed; and on the first opportunity the curate had of preaching before the powerful nobleman, he selected for his text the conclusion of the fortieth chapter of Genesis: "Yet did not the Chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." The Irish Joseph speedily obtained the gift of a valuable living.

Antisthenes, the founder of the sect of Cynics, thought that virtue consisted in independence of circumstances; and to attain this, he deemed it requisite that our wants should be reduced to the smallest number. He affected a contempt for wealth, honor, the delights of the senses, and knowledge; and sturdily walked the streets in the ragged garb of a beggar. Plato was one of the first to penetrate his whims, and guess at their design, and his brilliant remark to the Cynic has not been consigned to oblivion. "I see your vanity," said the sage, "through the holes of your garment."

Many anecdotes are related of Apelles, a great painter, cotemporary with Alexander. Among others, the following: He had painted a horse which was severely criticised by a person who examined it, and in such a manner that the pride of the artist was wounded. Resolved to put his performance to the test, he had a horse led into his painting-room, where the animal beholding the picture neighed. The triumph of Apelles was complete, and his fame fully established.

On the occasion of the capture of some young American officers upon Long Island, they were brought before Sir Henry Clinton, who thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, do you know that I can hang every one of you as rebels taken in arms against the king?" "Hang, and be hanged, then!" exclaimed Lieut. Dunscomb, with the energy of a rough soldier; "I have lived for my country, and I am not afraid to die for her."

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Major Andre, in his last moments, was asked if he wished to say anything. "But this," he replied: "you will witness to the world that I died like a brave man."

The daughter of a celebrated atheist, when she was about dying, sent for her father and said to him, earnestly, "Father, I am about to die; shall I believe in what you have taught me, or in the Christian principles my mother teaches?" After a few moments of convulsive agitation, he replied: "Believe what your mother has taught you."

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with its *own* acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

Love knows so age; it foresees no grave. Its happiness and trust behold on the earth but one glory, melting into the hues of Heaven, where those who love lastingly pass calmly on to live forever.

Oh! beautiful is the love of youth to youth, and touching the tenderness of womanhood to woman.

When Dr. Rush was a young man, he was invited to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., a man celebrated for the part he took in the American Revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr. Morris, who, on his appearance, apologized for detaining them, by saying that he had been engaged in reading the sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders. "Well, Mr. Morris," said the Doctor, "how did you like it?" "Not at all; it's too smooth and too tame for me." "Mr. Morris," replied the doctor, "what sort of a sermon do you like?" "I like, sir, that kind of preaching which drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him."

The turbulence of action and uneasiness of desire must point to the future. It is only in the quiet innocence of shepherds, in the simplicity of pastoral ages, that a tomb was found with the inscription, "I also was an Arcadian."

Sir Walter Scott tells us of a highland chief who accused his son of luxury, because, when sleeping in the snow, he rolled some of the snow into a ball for a pillow.

"How can you and Dr. Erskine be such friends?" was the question put to an ultra-convivial Scottish Judge. "No two men could be more unlike each other." "Because he's an honest saint, and I'm an honest sinner," was the answer.

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VARIETIES.

MAN'S pride, irresolution, and inconsistency, often poison what contains inherent sweetness. He crushes madly in his heart the true yearnings of his nature, and, by a false philosophy, surrounds himself with a steely frigid atmosphere, where feeling dies and pure affection will not come. He forces into darkness what might have been the bright passages of his existence, and long after the marble has chilled his sensitive soul, upbraids himself for his worse than folly, and endures a constant grief, that once might have been softened by generous tears shed over his desolate lot.

A GEORGIA negro was riding a mule which balked on arriving at a bridge.

"I'll bet you a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go ober dis bridge;" and with that struck the mule over the ears which made him nod his head very suddenly. "You take de bet, den?" said the negro: and he contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge.

"I won dat quarter, any how," said Jack.

"But how will you get your money?" said a by-stander.

"To-morrow," answered Jack, with a broad grin, "Massa gib me a dollar to get corn for de mule, and I takes de quarter out."

"THOUGH it be not in your power," said Marcus Aurelius, "to be a naturalist, a poet, an orator or a mathematician; it is in your power to be a virtuous man, which is the best of all."

A PRETTY girl complained to a Quaker that she had a cold, and was sadly tormented in her lips with chaps. "Friend," said Obediah, "thee should never suffer the *chaps* to come near thy lips."

EMERSON is the author of the following beautiful verse:

"I caught the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even.—
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home river and sky;
He sang to my ear, these sang to my eye."

A TEACHER in one of our schools, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as Peter is beaten. Now what did Peter do?"

The boy, pausing for a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he *hollered*."

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THE FAT MAN.—"Bridget," said a lady, in the city of Gotham, one morning, as she was reconnoitering her kitchen, "What a quantity of soap-grease you have there! We can get plenty of soap for it. Watch for the *fat* man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, ma'am," says Bridget, between each whisk of her dish-cloth keeping a bright look out of the kitchen-window, and no human creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed to be rewarded, for down the street came a large portly gentleman flourishing a cane, and looking the picture of good humor. So, when he was in front of the house, out she flew, and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.

"Speak to me, my good girl?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, wants to speak to you, and says would you be good enough to walk in."

This request, so direct, was not to be refused; so, in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the steps went Bridget, and knocking at her mistress's door, she put her head in, and exclaimed:

"Fat gentleman 's in the parlor, ma'am," and then instantly descended to the lower regions.

"In the parlor!" thought the lady. "What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered;" but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend, with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service, madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her lips in spite of herself, as she said:

"Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap-grease, and she has made the mistake you see."

The jolly man leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a hearty laugh as never comes from your lean gentry.

"No apologies needed, madam," said he; "for it is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha, ha, ha! So she took me for the soap-grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for months—such a good joke!"

All up the street, and round the corner, was heard the merry laugh of the old gentleman, as he exclaimed to himself, "Such a good joke!"

ACQUIREMENT.—The chief art of learning, says Locke, is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flig[illegible]e uently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed b[illegible]he continued accumulations of single propositions.

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One very cold night the past winter, a crusty friend of ours was aroused from his slumber by a very loud rapping at his door. After some hesitation, he went to the window, and asked:

"Who's there?"

"A friend!" was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"Want to stay here all night."

"Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

Men, always prosperous, would be giddy and insolent; always afflicted, would be sullen or despondent. Hope and fears, joy and sorrow, are, therefore, so blended in his life, as both to give room for worldly pursuits, and to recall, from time to time, the admonitions of conscience.

"Treat you wife," said Dr. Franklin, in a letter to a young married friend, "with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all who observe it. Never use a slight expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest." This very sensible remark will apply well to both sexes, and should be remembered.

A Physician was called to an Irishman, and, after examining his case, recommended an emetic. "An emetic, is it you say, Doctor?" said the patient, "oh, that'll never do; I took one of the same in ould Ireland, but the divil a bit it would stay down at all, at all."

An Indisputable Fact.—Truth will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offense to the honest and well-meaning; for the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely from the rancour of an enemy as the friendly probe of a physician from the dagger of an assassin.

"Is that clock right, over there?" asked a man of a youngster, a little while since, pointing to the dial upon a church steeple.

"Right over there?" repeated the boy; "well, it aint anywhere else."

"See there!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will yez! You see if it had been a low-crowned hat I should have been killed outright!"

Contentment.—I never complained of my condition but once, said a worthy but poor old gentleman, and then I was barefooted and had nothing wherewith to buy shoes. Then I complained of my hard fortune, but was silenced and put to shame by the appearance of a man walking on his knees for want of feet.

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Sacredness of Tears.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the indication of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and unspeakable love. Oh! speak not harshly of the stricken one weeping in silence. Break not the dread solemnity by rude laughter or obtrusive footsteps. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is somewhat melted to sympathy; they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affliction. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there was none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should loathe to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could not die in peace.

A Pure mind, like a diamond, is clouded by the slightest defilement.

Think often on what you have done, that you may not forget what you have to do.

Talents, merit, beauty, rank, fortune, are responsibilities sufficient, without adding to them ostentation.

Gravitation has, amid all her immensity, wrought no such lovely work as when she rounded a tear.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

To give pain ought always to be painful.

Those who have loved longest love best.

"I can't do it," never did anything. "I will try," has worked wonders; and "I will do it," has performed miracles.

Sins are like circles in the water when a stone is thrown into it—one produces another. When anger was in Cain's breast, murder was not far off.

A friend may be found and lost, but an old friend can never be found.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal, whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent: for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some lead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.—*Pope.*

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QUERISTS' DEPARTMENT.

J. C. E. of Indiana, asks: "Is a member sitting in a subordinate Lodge in order, when he has only a collar on, and *no apron?*"

No; the only department of the Order where a collar only is appropriate regalia is the G.L.U.S., or by a *visiting* Grand Rep. or P.G. Rep. to said body. See pages 393 and 394 of Digest.

Also, "Of what does an appropriate regalia consist?"

For initiates, "A plain white apron, without collar or any other badge of distinction.

"The aprons AND *collars* [not *or* collars] of other members of subordinate Lodges are *white* trimmed with the color of the degree; 1st, white; 2d, pink; 3d, blue; 4th, green; 5th, scarlet."

Officers wear the regalia of their office, not of the degrees which they have taken.

You will find a full description of Regalia and Jewels for all departments of the Order on pages 27, 28, 29, and 30 of the small digest, and on pages 393 and 394 of Moore's Digest.

J. H. B., of Indiana, asks: "Can an expelled member be reinstated by the Grand Lodge, without being balloted for by the Lodge to which he formerly belonged, when that Lodge, by a mere majority vote, asked the Grand Lodge for a dispensation to reinstate said expelled member?"

No; except that reinstatement be upon an appeal, then it can. See page 374, paragraphs six and eleven.

Also, "What is the proper course to pursue in reference to the reinstation of an expelled member?"

Get a dispensation from the Grand Lodge, and then reinstate by the regular two-thirds ballot,—the same that it took to expel.

The third query of this correspondent is answered in the two foregoing ones.

Also, "Can a Lodge charge a reinstated member dues for the time he was under expulsion?"

Of course not; for he was not a member of the Order in any sense of the term.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MORAL SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR ORDER.—The present age is often decried on account of its prevailing selfishness and vices. Yet, notwithstanding all this detraction, there is more true benevolence, charity, and brotherly love diffused throughout christendom than at any other period in the world's history. Selfishness, it is true, holds sway to a great extent; yet the code of justice and morality of to-day is far higher than that acknowledged and practiced even fifty years since. True, the Bible has for centuries been the professed guide, but its precepts have never been so practically carried out as at the present day. Selfishness, however, though in a modified form, still holds as all powerful possession as in days of yore. Our country in particular, owing to the incentives its free institutions offer to individual enterprise, is peopled by those who must plead guilty to this self-aggrandizing spirit to an extent greater, perhaps, than cotemporary nations. Here, every man of ordinary capacity may, by industry and attention to business, acquire a competency; and in this strife for wealth, each seeking to outstrip his neighbor, all the finer feelings of the heart are for a time deadened. The mind is so overtasked with this anxiety for gain that little time is left for the cultivation of the social virtues, and charity and benevolence are entirely overlooked in the multiplied cares and vexations it induces. Reverses naturally ensue: the wealthy are reduced to penury, and others step in and possess themselves of their lost position. The poor, multiplied two-fold by the hazards of business, and the wear of sickness brought on by anxiety, are left to the attention and care of the few who mingle good deeds with their daily avocation, or are more probably neglected altogether.

In such a state of society distress must necessarily accumulate, and the public mind is aroused to the necessities of the indigent. Hence, societies for benevolent purposes spring up, as a counteracting influence to the pervading selfishness. It was thus that American Odd-Fellowship was ushered into existence; and its superior organization for relief purposes led to its rapid spread throughout the land. Look back only half a century, and see the contrast. Then, even the churches had not their benevolent societies, and sewing circles for making up garments for the poor. Now, this is considered almost as important a duty as the devotional and ministerial exercises of the congregation.

Odd-Fellowship took a step in advance of all other benevolent organizations,—it guaranteed to its members watchful care and assistance

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during sickness, and laid the foundation for a cultivation of the finer feelings of the heart,—which all other organizations had failed to do. By the weekly assemblage in the Lodge room a feeling of brotherly affiliation and regard was produced that increased in them insensibly, and rendered them zealous in the work. The heart once softened to the appeal of charity closes not readily to the voice of wo; for benevolence may be cultivated, as well as other virtues. Who will say that Odd-Fellowship does not make a man more generous and liberal, or who will contend that our organization is an evil to society? Such objections we have often heard urged, and will notice them presently.

He who suffers the better feelings of his heart to become corroded by the activity of business has greatly mistaken the road to happiness. Such, and we can count them by scores in our own community, look upon Odd-Fellowship as mere clap-trap,—a display of fine regalia and mysterious signs and devices. Some of these, looking to increased advantages in business by obtaining membership, join our Order; but are they worthy to be invested in the colors which they do not understand, and will not take the pains to learn? Do such make good Odd Fellows? No; they rather cast a stigma upon the Order. Little do they know that every color of our regalia, every emblem of our fraternity, every sign and countersign, contains a hidden meaning,—a moral lesson,—calculated to incite the heart and hand to deeds of charity and brotherly love.

The two hundred thousand souls comprising our organization exert a powerful influence on community, not only as Odd Fellows, but as individuals, in ameliorating distress and in influencing charitable bestowals. Odd-Fellowship is the organization of the times. Based on the democratic principle of equality, rich and poor here meet on a common level, where none of the conventional barriers interposed by society are found, and work for the common good. We want none but those who are willing to engage with us in our work. We exclude none who are found worthy, even though they seek the privilege of uniting with us merely out of selfish motives, for we know that none can become acquainted with its beauties—can correctly understand its mystical language—without becoming captivated with the principles of Odd-Fellowship.

We war against vice in all its forms, and with the open hand of charity ever extended to the brother in need, *must* teach to our members a lesson that will go out with them into the business mart. An active and zealous Odd Fellow is rarely found recreant to our principles; it is those who are of us but not with us, the drones in the hive, who so frequently bring discredit on the Order.

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BENEVOLENT SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH.—This useful society closed its second yeur in December last, at which time the annual meeting was called; but owing to insufficient notice the number assembled was so small that the meeting adjourned. On the evening of the 5th ult. the society again convened, at which time the following report was read by the Secretary. We are glad to find the society so efficiently organized, and regret that it does not receive more encouragement from the brethren of the Order:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

To the Officers and Members of the
Benevolent Society of the Daughters of Rebekah:

We are assembled at the close of another year of our existence as a society for the purpose of electing to office others who shall assume the duties and responsibilities we are about to surrender to them; and it becomes my duty at the close of my official term, to give you a report of whatever has transpired, during the last year, that may be of interest to us.

In doing this, I take great pleasure in saying to you, that, through Divine Providence, we have been blessed as a community with a year of health and prosperity, which has, to some extent, lessened the demands on our benevolence; and thus shows a gratifying decrease in the dispensing of charities during the last half of the current year.

This, however, does not give us assurance that we can abate our efforts in this labor of love and duty, in which we have been engaged: for we are admonished by all past experience, that the worthy poor will always be with us; and to relieve their wants and necessities are duties that have a sure reward.

We have not met with as much encouragement as we were led to expect, from those to whom we owe existence as a society; but I hope that none of us feel discouraged by this lack on the part of our brethren—but, on the contrary, that we will press forward to success in this good undertaking, by unfalteringly pursuing the path that duty points out to us.

In order to accomplish this more effectually, we will find it necessary to make due diligence in getting all we can to co-operate with us. And the more so now, as we are fully entered upon a winter that may, and doubtless will, open a field fruitful of need, and even of suffering, that will call loud for our best efforts to meliorate and relieve.

By reference to the financial statement attached to this report, you will at once see the necessity of making a strong effort to replenish our depleted treasury, in order to make it adequate to the objects and designs of this society.

You will, therefore, see the necessity of electing to office such only as

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will infuse new energy and force through all its parts, and bring about a general interest in this our common cause.

The average attendance at our weekly meetings of the officers of this society, during the last year, has been truly gratifying, and worthy of commendation.

During the year there have been three hundred and twenty visits made by committees of this society; and during the same time, twenty-seven persons have received relief at our hands in various ways—some occasionally only, others for weeks together—gladdening their hearts, and furnishing us a source of rejoicing that we, too, can do something toward relieving the vast amount of suffering in our Order. In dispensing our relief, we have, as far as could be, taken care of those only who were worthy, and where relief would prove a real blessing.

In conclusion, sisters, allow me to say, that we have every reason to take courage, and attain a still greater usefulness in the cause of humanity and of God. For this is the cause of our Good Benefactor, who always watches over us for our good; and from whom we may expect that success which He only can give to those who are following out the designs of their creation by doing good as good should always be done.

To this end, let us all strive to excel.

MARGARET EVANS, *Secretary.*

CINCINNATI, December 26th, 1856.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Cash from former Treasurer, 1855,		$76 95
Cash from contributing members,		84 00
Cash from regular members,		60 00
Cash donated by Magnolia Lodge,		12 75
Cash from other sources,		11 00
Whole amount,		$244 70
Cash paid out for charity, etc.,		227 65
Balance in hands of Treasurer,		$17 05
Value of clothing received during the year,	$28 51	
Value of clothing distributed during the year,	17 75	
		10 76
Total amount of money and clothing on hand,		$27 81

Two PICTURES.—A brother, writing from St. Paul, Minnesota, relates the following incidents, which present, by their contrast, a striking illustration of the advantages enjoyed by the members of our Order when taken sick and away from home. We doubt not but that such instances of its diffusive benevolence are of daily occurrence:

"A short time ago, a stranger and an ardent Odd Fellow came to this place, intending to settle here. While going out of his hotel one evening

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he fell into an uncovered cellar-way, and was severely injured. Strangers thus unfortunate, in cities and unknown, are apt to have a dreary time of it; but our Odd Fellow had that talisman which summons kind and true friends when in distress. He was immediately cared for; brothers visited him, supplied his wants, watched with him when necessary, and when, in a few weeks, his injuries permitted him to attend to business, a good and lucrative situation was provided for him, where he could be useful to society, and reciprocate to others the kind offices he had received.

"About the same time a young man came to this place, also seeking business and a home. While walking gloomily on the street one day, a runaway team ran over him, injuring him severely. He was taken to his tavern, and left to recover as he could, without proper attentions, and no friends to cheer the long weary hours of pain and sickness. But, alas! he knew nothing of Odd-Fellowship, which had made the hearts of thousands, in the same situation, glad and hopeful. His evenings, in his former home, had probably been spent in the billiard-room and theater, instead of the Temple of Friendship, Love, and Truth; and he could not summon kind protectors to his aid. Even of that potent charm, gold, he had but little, and so he languished on a bed of pain for weeks, almost unnoticed. When strong enough to travel, some few generous persons, mostly Odd Fellows, gave him enough to take him home.

"No one could have seen these two pictures without saying in his heart, 'Thank God that there is such a thing as Odd-Fellowship!' Who is there that has not seen such contrasted pictures?—and, yet, brothers, do we value our beloved Order half enough?"

The contents of the present number are so varied that all tastes may be suited. The "Star of Linwood" will grow in interest as the story progresses; it has thus far been rather prosaic. Stella, the heroine, exhibits considerable precocity in her ethics; but then we must remember this is a precocious age, and children now-a-days philosophize more at twelve or fourteen than our grandfathers did at seventy.

The article entitled "Automata," giving an account of the highly curious display of the skill and ingenuity of man, which have at various periods astonished the world, and still fill the mind with wonder, affords food for thought. How much the poorest of God's creatures exceeds the highest efforts of man's deepest skill and most severe labor!

Alice Clifton's sweet song, and, indeed, all our poetry this month, is excellent.

Our articles on Odd-Fellowship should be carefully perused by every brother. The warning contained in Bro. Jocelyn's article is worthy

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the attention of the Order. Such instances as he refers to doubtless occur, but we do not think they are of such frequency as to threaten the stability of the Order. City Lodges are peculiarly liable to be deceived in an applicant, and the brethren cannot be too careful in recommending strangers, and in making investigation of an applicant's character.

The suggestions in "A Word in Season" relative to the slim attendance at Lodge meetings, and the ill-effects of electioneering, present an array of facts that we wish could be brought to the attention of every member of the Order. The article is selected from an old magazine, but is as applicable now as when first published.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CINCINNATI IN 1857.—A poem of two hundred lines, bearing the above title, has just appeared from the pen of R. E. H. Levering, one of our contributors. It is a large sheet, with an engraving comprising Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport, the whole being handsomely bordered. After exhibiting the antecedents of the "Queen City," it describes its rise and progress, and closes with a prophetic glance at the future of the goodly city, thus:

"A glowing engine whose propulsive powers
Shall wide diffuse around millenial hours:
Spread through the Mississippi vale the time
Of perfect KNOWLEDGE, and of TRUTH sublime:
The longed-for period when the Union here
To meet her wants, the Capitol shall rear:
Here bid her spotless sages legislate
For good of gen'ral country and of State,
Till, all our glorious might and mind unfurled,
Columbia proves the strength and refuge of the world."

LETTERS OF SQUIRE PEDANT TO LORENZO ALTISONANT.—This is a very useful work for youth, it being an amusing means of obtaining the meaning of the greater part of the *unusual* words of the English language on the principle of "association of ideas." It has reached its second edition, and, we understand, is selling rapidly. Cincinnati: published by Applegate & Co.

THE LAW OF CONSTABLE, CITY AND TOWN MARSHAL AND POLICEMAN. By John Cradlebaugh, of the Pickaway (Ohio) Bar. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co.

This is the very book for the times, when the police themselves are sometimes arrested for transgressing duty, through ignorance or something worse. It is bound in regular law binding, and is printed in the usual neat style of the enterprising publishers.

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Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TURNER.

VOL. VII. APRIL, 1857. NO. 4.

The Odd Fellow and his Daughter.

BY JOHN WHIPPLE.

It was the close of a beautiful, bright summer's day; sun-light had melted into twilight—the azure clouds still bore the impress of the departing luminary, as, one by one, the stars came twinkling out into the broad expanse of heaven.

"Oh, God! forget us not in our adversity!" was the earnestly-breathed prayer of a young girl, seated on a rude seat by a lowly couch, on which reclined the emaciated form of a man past the meridian of life. Threads of silver mingled with the dark-brown hair upon his pallid temples, showing that the sands of life were on the wane, while the flushed cheek and wearing cough told the watcher that consumption had marked him for its own.

Oh! very drear, and lone, and desolate seemed the great world to that fair, weary girl! Her heart throbbed achingly within her bosom—

——"Tired of its own sad beat,
That finds no echo in this busy world
Which cannot pause to answer."

It was agonizing to watch thus by the bedside of her *last* earthly friend,—to number fearfully the moments, thinking each one might make her an orphan,—to gaze with tear-filled eyes on the beloved face over which, she feared, the death-film might be gathering! Be strong—be strong, tried heart!—take courage, fainting spirit! Though earth be but a charnel-house,—though pain and sorrow be our portion *here*,—"there is a better and a brighter world," which we *may* win, if "faithful to the end."

"Irene, my daughter," spoke the feeble invalid, "God never forsakes His children. 'Tis true He chastens us with trials, but it is only to test

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our faith in Him; therefore, look to Him with a believing spirit and a contrite heart, and all things will be well. For it is written, "Ask and ye shall receive."

Here a violent fit of coughing interrupted the gentle admonitory words of the Christian father; and when his daughter gave him a few drops of the medicine which a kind neighbor had prescribed, he sank into an uneasy slumber, she all the while smoothing the hair on his temples, and speaking to him low words of endearment and consolation.

When she ascertained to a certainty that he really slept, her own eyes (though they never wandered from her parent's face) become dreamy, and her thoughts seemed to go back into the past. She remembered other days and years, unmarked by sorrow or care, over which the bright rays of happiness danced goldenly; and no wonder that big tears rolled down her cheeks when she contrasted "then" and "now."

Gentle reader, will you "go back" to see those days of which Irene is dreaming? And perhaps we may learn, by a brief retrospect, the cause of Arthur Mortimer's reduced circumstances.

On the banks of the picturesque Susquehanna stands a beautiful mansion. Everything that wealth could purchase or taste suggest was here displayed. Nor had Nature been a niggard in her bestowings, but had nobly contributed her share toward making a second Eden. And this was the home of Arthur Mortimer. He had lost his idolized wife when Irene was in her fourth year, and before she was old enough to understand the magnitude of such a bereavement. Left thus early to the fond indulgence of the lonely man, and the scarcely less indulgent governess he had provided, what wonder if Irene was sometimes wayward? She was, however, possessed of a gentle, amiable temper, and if chidden for her faults would earnestly seek to amend them.

Time passed, bringing more glittering coin to the already overflowing coffers of Arthur Mortimer, who still pursued the avocation of merchant, in the city of Brotherly Love. "One more year, and I shall have amassed wealth enough," soliloquized the merchant prince; "then for my beautiful home, and my darling daughter! Too much have I neglected her in my chase after 'dollars and cents.' My pretty one! I shall be very happy when I can be with you always."

Alas! alas! how our hopes outrun our deeds!

Six months later found our friend Mortimer on his way to the princely residence over which his fair daughter presided with dignified grace. His heart warmed, and the perplexing business wrinkle faded from his brow, when, upon his arrival, a pair of snowy arms were wreated about his neck, tears of welcome bedewed his cheek, and a musical voice cried—

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"Oh, father, dear, *dear* father, have you come at last? And are you going to stay! Oh, say yes—*do*."

"I am very sorry I cannot," said Mortimer, his eye resting fondly on his pretty daughter. "But when I return next time, I will always remain with my pet bird. And then, won't we have nice times? By the by, my dear, I met young Ostend last week, and he charged me with messages of remembrance to—can you guess who?"

"Ostend!" murmured the bright lips of Irene. "I wonder what he sends messages to me for?"

"That's what *I* wondered at, myself," answered the father; "for I didn't know you were acquainted with him. But that tell-tale blush speaks for you, telling more than I dreamed of."

"Oh! for shame, father! to think that my foolish habit of changing color means anything in particular. I never saw Frank Ostend but once, and you know I could not 'fall in love' at sight."

"Well I am not so sure of that," said Mr. Mortimer. "I should not be surprised if the susceptible heart of my pretty daughter should be smitten with the graces of this gay cavalier, even in a single interview, for he has that 'nameless something' which commends him very forcibly to the ladies. If you are a victim, let me wish you all happiness. He is a fine noble fellow, and a brother of mine into the bargain—that is, he belongs to our Lodge."

"Dear papa," replied the soft-toned voice of Irene, while the waving hair rested lightly on his bosom, and the black eyes were upturned to his, with their own truthful gaze; "if Mr. Ostend was half as good as you are, I should 'fall in love' with him at once."

"If you have not already done so," answered her father, smiling fondly, as he stroked her blooming cheek, and so the conversation ended.

"One more day, and my tiresome business cares will be over!" exclaimed Mortimer to a brother merchant, as he entered his store a few months later.

"And you really mean to retire?" interrogated the other.

"Such is my *bona-fide* intention," answered Mortimer confidently.

"Then my errand is vain. I had a favor to ask."

"I grant it before I know its nature."

"Thanks, kind Mortimer. Good friend, I want your signature, as indorser, on this note."

"What's the amount?" questioned Mortimer.

"*Five hundred thousand dollars.*"

"That is a larger sum than I like to be surety for," responded Mortimer; "but as I promised, here it is," and he quickly signed it.

The friend, after a profusion of thanks, and many assurances that it

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would be "all right," left Mortimer's store, and the retiring merchant sat down to meditate on his rash act. He had every confidence in the integrity of Sullivan, but still he could not divest himself of a feeling of uneasiness as he called to mind numerous instances of business men losing large fortunes by indorsing. But he was not given to despondency, nor did he look long on the "dark side" of the picture. He committed mitted everything to the wisdom of Divine Providence, and calmly awaited the result.

And now, in his retired home, with his pretty daughter, he seemed, for a time, perfectly happy. No shadow marred his peace—no sorrow made desolate his hearth. In serene content the days passed on, until a year was numbered. About its close Mr. Mortimer received intelligence of the failure of the merchant for whom he had indorsed. Like a thunder-crash came this tidings, for he knew he was a ruined man. It was not for himself he grieved; the loss of worldly wealth to him was a small matter; but for that fair, sweet girl, so fragile and so child-like, so unaccustomed to privation, how could she bear the change—how meet the shock? He was too old to begin anew his struggles with the world; and, in brooding over his child's future destiny—in trying to devise some plan to secure her from the evils of poverty—his health gave way, and, amid the accumulated ills of his lot, he had also this to torture him: the thought of leaving his darling alone in the unfeeling world.

His first duty was to apprise Irene of his misfortune. She bore it bravely, and besought her father to let her teach—sew—do anything to secure for him, in his declining years, some portion of the comfort to which he had been accustomed. But to this he would not consent.

His creditors were next informed of the change in his circumstances, and his property sold to secure them, for we are all familiar with the manner of "creditors" in general, in cases of this description, and know how, on the first intimation of a man's "failure," there are many *kind hands* extended to help him—on his downward road.

After satisfying the demands of his creditors and paying his security debt, there remained nothing but the small house occupied by Mortimer and his daughter on their first introduction by this veritable tale-teller. This was situated some six miles from Philadelphia. Here they managed to subsist—*how*, it would be difficult to say, for her father had become so enfeebled by disease as to require Irene's almost constant attention. She managed, however, by dint of industrious application, to earn what kept them from starving; and the brave young girl showed herself quite equal to the heroine of any novel whatsoever, for, despite her inexperience in household affairs, and her ignorance of any of the useful arts, she got along finely as nurse, house-keeper, cook, and maid-of-all-work. She was generally cheerful in her father's presence, trying, with a spirit of

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noble self-immolation, to conceal her sorrows from his eyes, that he might suffer less.

But sometimes her tears would flow. She looked on that wasted form, the sunken cheek, and hollow eye, and her heart, in its desolation and loneliness, seemed breaking, breaking!

From her reverie, that bright dream of the golden past, she was suddenly awakened by a modest knock at the door. She hastily brushed away her tears, and opened the door to admit a gentlemanly-looking stranger, who bowed respectfully in answer to her gentle salutation.

"Is Arthur Mortimer within?" interrogated the new-comer in a low tone.

"He is. Be seated," answered Irene.

The stranger was about taking the proffered seat, when a feeble exclamation from the low couch, which he had not seen, arrested his attention.

"Why, Luscum, is it possible I see you once more!" exclaimed the invalid.

"Oh, Mortimer, my dear old friend! thank God, I have at length found you!" was the eager answer, as kneeling beside the bed-side, they exchanged brotherly greetings, while their tears mingled. "Would—would that I had found you sooner!" continued Luscum. "For months I have been searching, and was about giving up in despair of ever finding your hiding-place, when, by the merest chance, I learned you were here. Young Ostend has been aiding in the search. He has been almost beside himself ever since your miraculous disappearance, leaving no stone unturned to discover your retreat. Now, why did you do this, dear Mortimer, knowing you were entitled to benefits and attendance from your Lodge? Here is one hundred dollars—a part of what is due you. I must now hasten back, and send some of the brothers and a physician to administer to your wants; for I can see that you are sick, and in distress, although you have not made it known."

"Oh, Luscum, how can I thank you for this brotherly kindness! May God bless you and our beloved Order!" answered the invalid.

"Do not thank me," returned Luscum; "I have but done my duty. It grows late, and I must hasten. I will send young Ostend down to-night, if he is not already on his way, which I think most probable, as I left word where you were supposed to be. Good-night, old friend. Good-bye, fair Irene. Be of good cheer, you have found true friends at last," and the worthy brother took his departure.

"Did I not tell you, my daughter, that God would not forget us? See, in our darkest hour of trial comes aid and consolation."

"I will never doubt His wisdom," answered Irene, reverently. "He has raised us up friends from a source I dreamed not of."

While father and daughter were thus conversing, another gentle tap at

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the door startled them; and this time Irene's heart leaped with glad expectancy, and the rosy tide rushed to her brow, cheeks, neck, forehead, and lips. That uneasy fluttering betokened the coming of somebody—and sure enough, when her trembling fingers undid the fastenings of the casement, before her stood—Frank Ostend!

Her extended hand was clasped in a warm pressure by the visitor, and her low words of greeting spoken and replied to, as, pressing forward to Mr. Mortimer's couch, Irene said,

"My father, Mr. Ostend."

"Why, Frank, my boy, I am delighted to see you. This is kind indeed. Did you meet Mr. Luscum on the way?"

"No, I did not. I must have missed him. I came the shortest road," answered Frank, looking at Irene, earnestly. "I was anxious to know if I could be of any service."

"My days are numbered, Frank," whispered Mortimer. "When I am gone console Irene: be a brother to her."

"Let me be something nearer, dearer still," murmured Frank, pleadingly, and taking Irene's hand, he drew her toward the couch. "I love Irene tenderly, sincerely. Will you ask what I dare not—if that love is returned?"

"What must I say, my darling," said Mr. Mortimer. "Do I guess right? May I tell him to hope?"

The head of Irene drooped upon her father's pillow, the gushing tears fell fast, the choking voice in vain essayed an answer; but when the young man leaned forward and kissed that rosy spot upon her cheek, and pressing the little hand, whispered, "Is it mine?" the tearful eyes smiled kindly, where their liquid, dewy tenderness, spoke an eloquent affirmative. Mr. Mortimer laid his hand upon the silken hair of his daughter in silent, fervent blessing. Then, waving them away, he gave himself up to communion with his Maker.

Night after night the brothers kept watch by the bedside of the sufferer, doing everything that human aid could do to mitigate his pangs. Ostend was in almost constant attendance, and the invalid's hollow eye always brightened at his approach. He was content to die; his daughter had found a noble protector. He had made his peace with God; he had a hope of immortality; there was nothing to keep him here; he was resigned.

"Irene, my darling—Frank, my dear son, come nearer; I cannot see you," gasped the dying man. "Be good! Be happy! Meet me in heaven! Do not mourn for me; I go where there is neither sorrow nor sighing. Luscum, my old friend, farewell! I have not words enough to thank you for your brotherly love and kindness. Will you be a father to the orphan till Frank claims her for his bride?"

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"Our mission is to protect the orphan," responded Luscum; "have no fears for your daughter. My own daughter shall not be more tenderly cared for than yours."

"God bless you!" fell from the pallid lips, as the soul hovered for a moment on the confines of mortality ere it took its flight to realms of eternal bliss.

The succeeding day, the funeral took place, followed by all the brotherhood. Luscum read the ritual at the grave in a faltering voice; the coffin was lowered, and the brothers two by two marched silently to the grave, casting upon the shrouded form the evergreen of remembrance, and mingling their sorrowing tears with the cold clods they heaped upon the grave.

In that beautiful valley a modest tablet rears up its head, speaking in brief words of the virtues of the dead; and ofttimes a pair of mourners visit the consecrated sod where rest the remains of him who, in life, they loved and honored.

Summer, with its flowers and sunshine—autumn, with its richly-hued falling leaves—and winter, with its snowy fleece and piercing winds, have passed away since Arthur Mortimer was laid in his lonely bed beneath the sighing willow. It is a morning in May; the rosy god of morn, tinging the eastern horizon with its first faint rays, wakes all Nature into life, joyousness, and beauty. The birds carol forth their songs of gladness, as they hop from bough to bough; the trees, with their pearly dew-drops, gleam like molten silver, and all things seem redolent with happiness. In yonder mansion the inmates seem to have caught the same inspiration, for fairy foot-steps, flitting forms, and merry laughter glance on the ear and eye. And well may it be a day of joy, for two loving hearts are to be bound together in the silken bonds of wedlock; but as "we" are an invited guest, let us enter, and take a view of the premises. It is a lofty room, with ceilings frescoed, and niches filled with rare statuary; long windows reaching to the floor, covered with crimson and lace, imprisoning the bright beams of the morning sun, and casting over the cheek of beauty its mellow, softened rays. The floors richly carpeted with the finest texture of the Persian looms; chairs of rosewood, and brocatelle and marble tables, scattered over with books; every corner filled with musical instruments, completes the inventory, making a drawing-room grand enough for an oriental palace.

A group is gathered around the center-table, in the midst of which we recognize our handsome friend, Frank Ostend, whose eye wanders dreamily from the dial to the folding-doors, now being opened to admit the bride and her attendants. Advancing into the middle of the apartment, Irene Mortimer placed her hand softly in the offered arm of Frank, as the

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minister commenced the solemn marriage-service. The ceremony was soon over, and the numerous party crowded around with their offers of congratulations. After partaking of a splendid banquet, the happy couple bade adieu to their host and friends, and took their departure for New York, the future home of the proud young husband, where we leave them to the enjoyment of their "honeymoon."

Patient reader, we here give you our farewell. "We" did not intend to write a love-story; but if it has unconsciously assumed that appearance, sentimental young ladies will pardon the error, while the author promises not to forget himself again.

Song.

Lightly blew the Summer breeze
O'er the dark blue sea;
Sweetly warbled Summer birds
On each leafy tree;
Gaily bloomed the Summer flowers,
Tinted rich and rare;—
Softly fell their perfume round,—
Fragrant all the air.

Gentle maidens crowned with curls,
Playful in their glee,
Twining wreaths in golden hair,
Sported on the lea;
All was bright in Summer tints,
All was gay with flowers;
Fairy-winged, and light of foot,
Tripped the joyous hours.

But a cloud in passing by,
Cast a shadow round;
And the rain-drops pattering fell
On the thirsty ground.
Maidens dropped their gorgeous wreaths,
Left their flowers to fade,
Sought the shelter of the trees,
Sought the forest shade—

Till the cloud again had passed,
Till the sun shone bright,
And the gems upon the grass
Sparkled in his light.
Thus it ever is in life:
Sunshine follows rain,
And the bitter tears we shed
Turn to smiles again.

S. M. W.

Alton, Ill., February, 1857.

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A Light in the Dark Ages.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is instructive to look back sometimes, and compare the condition of the world in the times of our remote Teutonic ancestors with that of the age in which our lot has been cast. The Odd Fellow, who labors for humanity, will gather renewed energy from such a retrospect; and while his heart will beat with thankfulness to the true heroes whose efforts have hastened the dawn of the higher civilization which is now bursting on the world, he will look forward to the future with a brighter hope from the lesson of unceasing progress he may read in the past.

Let us go back a thousand years, through the midnight blackness of the Dark Ages, to the scene depicted in our cut. It is in the church of St. Peters, in ancient Rome. The solemn music of the mass awes the listeners, and devout worshipers are kneeling around the altar. Among them is a tall, robust man, dressed in the German fashion. But though his garb is plain, he could nowhere be mistaken for a common man,—the stamp of high intellect is impressed upon every feature of his face. As he kneels before the altar, the Pope, Leo the Third, advanced toward him, and placing a crown of gold upon his head, pronounced him

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"crowned by God Emperor of the Romans." This man was Charlemagne. A year before, he had saved this same Pope from the daggers of his "pious" subjects; and his Holiness had chosen this unique method of transferring to his powerful benefactor a kingdom which had grown too turbulent to be ruled with safety by a weaker hand.

This event placed the greater portion of Europe under the scepter of Charlemagne. His sway extended from the plains of Hungary to the Atlantic, and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic; but his influence was not confined to Europe, nor to the age in which he lived. Had he been a mere conqueror, his glory would have passed away with the hundreds of warrior princes with which the history of the Dark Ages is crowned. But his conquests conferred a permanent blessing upon the nations he subdued. His powerful arm dragged them from barbarism, and infused into them a spirit of progress and social development which they ever afterwards retained. To him belongs the honor of restoring learning into Europe, and no philanthropist of our day has labored harder than he did in the cause of education, or had a higher appreciation of its advantages.

Perhaps at no period in the history of the world, did society present a more melancholy picture than upon the accession of Charlemagne to the crown of France. The civilization of Rome had long since passed away, and her dominions had for many centuries been exposed to the ravages of successive hordes of barbarians whose cupidity her wealth excited. Those of her colonies which had made any progress had been subjected by the rude Gothic or Teutonic chieftains, and the mass of their inhabitants reduced to a state of abject slavery. The inhabitants of the cities enjoyed many of the privileges of freemen, but the tillers of the soil were considered as mere cattle. They belonged to the soil, and with it to the lords of the soil, who alone had any right over them. The purchasers of lands considered its cultivators as much a part of the bargain as the trees which grew upon it; land-holders were absolute. The king was regarded merely as a leader in time of war; in peace, his rule was scarcely recognized beyond his own personal estates. Charlemagne was unwearied in his efforts to improve this state of things. He restricted the power of the land-holders over the laborers, and endeavored to prevent the land from being monopolized by the wealthy. But his efforts were only partially successful; not for the want of wisdom or power in himself, but from the difficulty of finding honest and competent agents in so disorganized a state of society. Many of these agents he selected from the lower classes, believing he could depend upon their fidelity from the sympathy they might be supposed to have with the masses; but, when removed from his own immediate inspection, they leagued themselves with the oppressors.

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This condition of things is amusingly illustrated by the Monk of St. Gall, who tells us that the ambassadors of Haroun al Raschid (who brought with them presents from that great Saracen ruler to Charlemagne, among which was the famous clock described in our last number,) were generally ill-received, and often treated rudely, by the prelates and counts whose duty it was to receive and entertain them, and that the journey took them a whole year. But when at length they arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, their reception at court made ample amends for the fatigues of their journey. One day, after they had become familiarly acquainted with Charlemagne, and were rendered somewhat more candid than usual by the warmth of his entertainment, they said to him, "Your power, Emperor, is doubtless very great; but certainly much less than fame reports it in the kingdoms of the East." Charlemagne, without appearing at all disconcerted, said, "Why, my children [for thus familiarly, we are told, he conversed with them], why do you say so? What have you seen to give rise to this remark?" They then gave him an account of all that had happened to them in their progress through his dominions. "We, in the East," said they, "look on you even with more dread than our own master, Haroun; not to speak of the Macedonians and Greeks, who fear your grandeur more than the tempests of the Ionian Sea. But the nobles of your dominions, as far as we can see, have no sufficient respect for you, except in your own presence. For, when we implored them to show us kindness for the love of you, they would not even listen to us, and sent us away empty." When he heard this, the chronicler tells us, "Charlemagne deprived of their dignities the counts and prelates through whose jurisdictions the Arabian ambassadors had passed, and made the Bishops pay heavy fines; and he took care that on their way back they should be treated with all imaginable care and honor." In such a state of society as this anecdote portrays we may well imagine that it required no ordinary genius and courage to attempt the reforms which have made Charlemagne's reign so conspicuous in the history of social progress.

It is true that the extensive wars in which Charlemagne was engaged compelled him to have recourse to the very measures which favored the tendency to Feudalism. But Feudalism, even in its worst form, was an improvement on the previous state of society. In it no land-holder was entirely absolute. It exhibited a graduated scale of dependence from the king to the lowest subject. This state of dependence necessarily reduced society to some system; the rights which the smaller owners demanded of their superiors, imposed upon them certain duties to those under them,—and thus custom aequired the force of law.

But we must not forget that in most of the wars in which Charlemagne was engaged he acted on the defensive; and, indeed, all of them may

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perhaps be justified by sound policy. The subjugation of Rome had shown how dangerous to any organized society were those idolatrous tribes which bordered his dominions. The yoke he imposed upon them was light, and they enjoyed under him little less liberty than under their own chieftains, while he relieved them from the frequent and devastating wars in which the rival clans were engaged. By introducing among them a purer form of religion, he imbued them with a more friendly feeling toward their neighbors; and the schools of learning he established, and the sound reforms he encouraged, gave a new direction to their energies. We can hardly fail to sympathize with the brave Saxons, and their noble chief, Wittikind, in their heroic struggles for freedom; but the solid advantages they derived from their conqueror more than compensated them for the loss of their nominal independence. He put into their hands a weapon more powerful than the sword; and to this race the world is indebted for the printing-press, and other discoveries, which have exercised so incalculable an influence in the progress of mankind.

Not less important in its consequences was his subjugation, and, indeed, almost entire extirpation, of the Huns. These wild hordes, of Tartar origin, had established themselves between the Danube and the Theiss, in modern Hungary. For centuries they had been the tyrants and terror of Europe, and at one time threatened the very existence of civilization in the West as well as in the East. They were looked upon with such horror that they were scarcely thought to belong to the human race, many of the people in their superstition believing that they were actually demons, and they studiously made themselves as hideous as possible, for the purpose of terrifying their enemies. The "Ring," or chief city of the Huns, consisted of nine circular hedges, made of trunks of trees and stones, twenty feet high and the same in thickness, and the diameter of the outer circle was about sixty miles. In the center of this ring was collected the plunder of ages. So enormous was this treasure, that its destruction by Charlemagne caused a diminution in the value of the precious metals of over one-fourth. The Huns were first led into Europe about the year A. D. 400, by Attila, who gloried in the title of the "Scourge of God;" and from that time their depredations had been incessant. Except from the Saracens, whose progress of conquest in Europe had been stopped by Charles Martel, the grandfather of Charlemagne, civilization had never been in greater peril than from these barbarians, and their overthrow deserves to be marked as one of the most important epochs in history.

We have before remarked that the social reformations of Charlemagne were impaired by inefficient agents. He labored under a similar disadvantage in many of his views, which were generally far in advance of the

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age. A project which he formed to connect the Rhine with the Danube failed for the want of a competent engineer. In his educational views he met with difficulties from the indifference of the nobles. To obviate this, he made advancement in his court to depend in some degree on the learning of the candidates. He frequently visited the schools and examined the scholars in person. In one of these examinations, observing that the sons of the poorer classes had made rapid progress, while the sons of the nobles had made but little, he thanked the former for their diligence, and promised to ever befriend them and hold them in honor if they continued to improve as rapidly; then, turning to the latter, he said: "As for you, you sons of the great, petty minions as you are, proud of your birth and your riches, you have neglected your own glory and the study of letters, and given yourselves up to ease, idleness, and useless sports; but, by the King of Heaven, I care little for your nobility, and you may hold it as certain, that if you do not make amends for your past negligence, you will never obtain authority from me." Charlemagne himself had attained his thirtieth year before he learned to write: yet, by application, he acquired considerable proficiency in the languages, astronomy, grammar, rhetoric, and logic. At his court he assembled the most learned men of the age, and formed in it a kind of academy from which the University of Paris is supposed to have arisen. Egbert, of England, was educated at this court, and from Charlemagne learned those lessons of war and public policy which enabled him to unite the Saxon Heptarchy, and prepare the way for those reforms which his grandson, Alfred the Great, prosecuted with so much success. Thus directly was the influence of Charlemagne felt by that portion of the Saxon family to which we more directly owe our origin.

FLOWERS.—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed around the cradle, the marriage-altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far east delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far west claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms,—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange buds are the bridal crown with us,—a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine around the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

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Visit the Sick.

Yes, visit the sick is a command uttered by Odd-Fellowship, and binding upon every Odd Fellow, who should strictly and punctually attend to this highly important matter. We should not only be ever ready to take our turn, in rotation, to sit up with him through the dark and silent hours of midnight, and render him all the assistance in our power; but, as it is our right and our privilege to visit a brother in sickness or distress, we should never wait for an invitation to do so. And when we make these visits of mercy, we should not make them merely a business matter, because we are bound to their observance by our laws; but we should do so from a cheerful disposition to do good—from a sympathetic feeling to mitigate the sorrows and woes of others, to bind up the broken-hearted; well knowing that it will not only be gratifying to the brother, but equally so to his friends and relatives. When a brother is laid low on the sick bed, whose frail body is racked with tormenting pains, oh! how pleasant and agreeable to receive the visit of some true and faithful brother! with what a thrill of delight does he receive the kindly hand! how consoling are those kind acts to his troubled spirit!

When the cold and icy sweat-drops are standing upon the pale and wasted countenance of a worthy brother, who is about to sleep the long and silent sleep of death—when the vital spark is about to flit away for the world above—when he is about to bid a last and long farewell to all he holds near and dear on earth—oh! then, above all other times, we should be there, that his last look may be turned upon us, in feeling of gratitude and friendship, for this last kind and fraternal act of goodness. Ah! when my time comes to "shuffle off this mortal coil"—when about to launch my frail bark upon the dark and mysterious ocean of Eternity, may I have the inexpressible delight of seeing, clustered around my dying couch, the well-known and familiar faces of my beloved brothers, that they may wipe my pallid brow, cheer my weak spirit, and bid me "trust in God." And when they have performed the last sad duty of depositing my cold, rigid remains in the house appointed for all, laid them low in the cold damp grave, may they there shed over me the tear-drop of affection, and after casting upon my coffin the evergreen, the emblem of immortality, may they, under its chastening influence, sacredly renew to each other the warm pledge of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

When God, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, takes away from this mundane sphere a worthy brother of the mystic tie, who leaves a widow and young orphans, see to it, brothers, that they receive your labors of love and mercy. Remember that there is no cessation from labor so long as there are any of his family left who may be in need of

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your charity and kind acts of benevolence. Call often to see the bereaved widow, and tender her those consolations which you may be able to offer; and make all needful inquiry concerning her prospects and situation, and if she is in want make it known to the Lodge, that it may make the proper provisions to supply her need. Never let it be said that Odd Fellows neglect those placed under their charge, but be always ready to wipe the falling tear from the weeping eyes of the disconsolate widow, and hush the cries of the mourning orphans. Let that heavenly grace, pure charity, predominate in all your proceedings, both public and private. Never let it be said in truth that the sorrowing child of humanity—the true Odd Fellow—has applied in vain at your doors for needed assistance. Never let it be said that a worthy Odd Fellow has taken up his abode in the poor-house, or is dependent on the cold charity of the world for support.

THE CHARMS OF LIFE.—There are a thousand ills in this world to afflict and sadden; but, oh! how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills we cannot escape: the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and the canker-worm of grief; but a vast majority of evils that beset us might be avoided. The course of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress; nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. It should not exist; it must die. Do away with all this; let wars come to an end; and let friendship, love, charity, purity and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for man alone. How much happier would we be, were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark. There is sunshine everywhere,—in the sky, upon the earth,—there would be in most hearts, if we would look around us. The storms die away and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven.

Sense is our helmet; wit is but the plume;
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves:
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam,
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.—*Young.*

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The Unknown Future.

BY PUBLIUS LICINIUS.

"What shall become of us hereafter? What
Is it we shall do? how feel and be?" Festus.

Wherever mortals dwell upon the earth,
This all-absorbing question meets the eye,—
The ear,—the trembling heart, of every man:
"Are we candidates for a life to come?"
And as this question needs an answer true,
That leaves the human mind without a doubt,
Who shall the long-sought light impart, and free
The world from every doubt and anxious fear?
What well-skilled hand shall now a Text-book write
Upon that unseen world which ne'er was mapped
By earthly wisdom? Who now can bring forth
The light of Truth, to tranquilize the heart
Where panting Hope and keen Despair contend
In never-ending strife? We look, we wait,
With deep solicitude, for a response!

Come now, ye grave and wise philosophers,
And teach a trembling world the holy way
That leads to fields of immortality!
Where are the classic schools of Greece, where man,
By master minds, was taught to know himself?
Have yet their pupils learned what their masters
Could not see? Could Plato teach what even
Socrates could not know? Both the learner
And the learned beyond the grave no light could
Then behold! Though Plato, with a giant mind,
Did reason hard to prove that man would live
Beyond the bounds of time, yet doubts and fears
Disturbed his manly breast, until Death cut
The Gordian knot which his poor logic
Never could untie! Eternity's broad
Light disclosed to him the long-sought truth, which
Ne'er was taught by Reason's glimmering spark!
But Plato speaks no more to mortal man;
No lesson does he bring from that unseen
Abode! And still the world, amid its gloom,
Calls for a beacon-star, to guide and cheer
Its storm-tossed sons, and bring them safe to port!
The past is gone, and cannot be recalled;
The present time no cheering hope inspires;
And all the future is obscuration!
Who, then, shall penetrate the dark abyss,
And tell to man his certain future doom?
Without Divine instruction given, the past
And the future are wrapped in shades of night;

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And the dark wave of annihilation
Comes rushing on to meet and overwhelm
This wretched world! Science, and Reason's voice,—
And all that earth could teach, have all been taxed,
To tell the fate of man; but all have failed!
Many skilled in science pure, could unlock
Its archives grand, and rear their monuments
Of fame, and thus display the strength of mind;
But, to stand with firm foot upon the world's
Nebo, and from thence descry the fruitful
Palestine of eternity—though much
Desired—was more than mortal man could do!
But still the heart of man pulsates with strong
Desires, and longing hopes for endless life!
The earth may yield her numerous joys of sense,
Her wealth, her social and domestic bliss,
Her spreading fame, and honors grand, her skill
Artistic, and all her scientific lore;
But still the aching heart cries out for *more*,
And asks, "O, where shall lasting good be found?"
And must it ask in vain? Will not some power
Divine, direct the mind where purer joys
Abound than this insolvent world can give?
The Pagan world, with all its bloody rites
And superstitions vile, now answers *"No!"*
Infidelity, with everlasting
Doubts, undying hatred, and boasted skill,
Echoes back that soul-distracting *"No! No!"*
While all the world stands trembling over its fate!"
But lo! an angel form, on pinions bright,
Now hovers o'er this sin-cursed earth, and calls
Aloud to listening climes, and bids them hear
The joyful news sent forth by Him who rules
O'er every world throughout the universe!
An anxious world in silence waits to hear
The import of this imperial—this
Divine proclamation. The heavenly
Visitant now withdraws the curtain dark
That shuts from mortal view the hidden world,
And points to hosts of shining, happy throngs—
The eldest sons of God—the countless bands
Of pure celestial ones, enthroned amid
The splendid bowers of permanent delight;
Or ranged along the streams, and mounts, and vales,
All glorious to behold! The angel
Then, with voice well-trained in heaven, in swelling
Tones exclaims, "This is the life that never
Ends;—the contrast world of that where mortals
Dwell!" The problem now is solved; the secret
Of man's immortality now revealed!
The strong desires of man's capacious soul,—

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His fondness for existence,—here meet with
Never-failing satisfaction! The fields
Of heavenly light; the never-with'ring flowers;
The cerulean skies; the music sweet;
The joys that never die; attract the souls
Of wanderers upon earth with power more
Than earthly, toward that boundless shore beyond
The transient homes, and scenes, and joys,
Of this, our mortal state? Immortal life!
Who can this vision bright with words describe?
A life that never ends,—a bliss without
Alloy! All that man can wish, all that God's
Eternal wisdom need bestow! The mind
Shall there expand, and put forth all its strength;
The pure in heart shall ever bask in light
Divine; and in triumphant extacies,
Unite in holy songs of love and praise!

COLUMBUS, IND., December, 1856.

The Star of Linwood.

BY BELLE BUSH.

CHAPTER IV.

The morning that was to witness the departure of Stella from the home of her adoption, dawned at last; and at an early hour the family carriage was at the door, into which sundry trunks and band-boxes were carefully stowed away, under the eye and according to the direction of Aunt Fanny, who, in all packing operations, acted the part of "surveyor-general," telling where this thing had best be placed, and in what snug corner that article would be sure to fit, and when it would be found to be a tight squeeze, with her own hands she would lay hold of it, and with an I-guess-it-will-go-now kind of air, tug away at the unoffending object until, by some means, it would be reduced to the necessity of yielding, when, with a smile of satisfaction, Aunt Fanny would exclaim, "There, I told you so! it takes me to pack!" This remark she, as usual, repeated for the benefit of the sturdy Hibernian who was employed in depositing the baggage of Stella, and who, with a quiet smile, replied,

"Faith and I believe yez; an' sure I am ye could put yer *soul* into a *nut-shell*, an' not squaze it much nather, so good a packer are yez."

Whether Aunt Fanny relished this rather doubtful compliment or not, we are unable to say; but there was one who did, if we may judge anything from the wicked smile which lingered for half an hour after on the lips of Cousin Alfred, who, happening to be on the steps, had overheard the above remark. While these preparations were being made without,

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Stella, arrayed in an elegant traveling robe, tripped noiselessly from room to room, and, with tear-suffused eyes, took a final survey of each familiar object, after which her pale anxious countenance was seen hovering a few moments over her favorite flowers, as if her spirit once more sought communion with their pure presence, and yearned to draw from them some fresh lesson of truth and love to sustain her when, far away from their peaceful sanctuary, she should be trying the stern realities of life. Plucking a white rosebud she placed it on her bosom, and with an involuntary prayer that, in her heart, flowers of immortal loveliness may be unfolded, as pure and perfect as the one she bore with her, she rejoined her friends in the parlor, where directly word was brought that everything was in readiness for her journey, when, taking an affectionate leave of the young acquaintances who had assembled to give her their parting salutations, and kissing Aunt Fanny, she looked her sorrowful adieus to all, and was about descending the steps to enter the carriage, when this last-named individual, who was close on her track, leaned forward, and whispered something in her ear that caused her cheeks to crimson, while the tears that had glistened like pearl-drops through the long fringe-like lashes of her eyes, coursed their way down her agitated countenance.

"Straws show which way the wind blows," said Aunt Fanny to herself, as Stella, without replying, passed on, and was handed into the carriage by Cousin Alfred, who, as he leaned forward to adjust the seat for her, seized the opportunity to whisper in her ear the following words of warning, "A *snake*, Stella—a *snake; beware!*" then, in an undertone, he added, "I will watch over you, darling, and, God being my helper, no one shall do you a wrong. Farewell!" With these words he departed, and Mr. Linwood, springing to a seat by the side of his young niece, gave the word to start, and, with a crack of the whip the driver answered the command, and away they went, rattling over the stony streets. A ride of thirty miles was before them; but the day was fine, the roads good, and before noon they had the pleasure of finding themselves rapidly approaching the place of their destination.

During the greater part of their journey they had kept silent, both seeming to be absorbed with the fancies of their own mind, but as they drew near the city of B——, Mr. Linwood grew communicative, and commenced a lively conversation, in which Stella at length joined him. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to make some inquiries respecting Mrs. G.

"Is she not the lady whom you invited to your party on Christmas-eve two years ago?"

"Yes," said Stella.

"And what reason did she assign for not accepting it?"

"She wrote to me that circumstances, which she could not explain to

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me then, rendered it necessary that she should decline an invitation which it would otherwise please her to accept."

"Humph!" said Mr. Linwood, "I should like to know what those circumstances were. Pride and poverty, though, I suppose."

"I do not know, sir; but I think not. Proud I am sure she is not; and with such a dear little home as she has, I do not think she can be called *very* poor."

"Humph!" said Mr. Linwood again, tapping the toe of his boot with his cane abstractedly. "We shall see."

Nothing more was said upon this subject, and, in a few moments after, the carriage stopped, and Stella, looking out, recognized, in the neat little brick house at her right, the home of her friend.

Descending from the carriage, she sprang lightly up the steps, and, in a moment after, was folded in the arms of Mrs. G., who bestowed upon her a motherly greeting, so full of true, earnest affection that Stella, half *distrait* with excitement, kissed her over and over again; but presently recollecting herself, she thought of her Uncle, whom, as a stranger, it was her duty to present to her friend, and, hurrying back, she met him as he was about entering the parlor, whither he had been conducted by a domestic. Mrs. G. advanced to meet him, and Stella was about repeating the usual form of an introduction when their eyes met, and, in an instant, there was a silent clasping of the hands, and then the words "Albert," "Ada," fell softly from lips all tremulous with strong emotion.

A silence of a few moments ensued, during which the tides of memory swept in tumultuous waves over the two hearts which had recognized in each other the friend and playmate of other days; then the barriers of feeling gave way, and tears of joy flowed unrestrainedly from eyes long unused to weep. After this followed a hurried conversation in which mutual explanations were made, and many a link in the dreary Past recalled, until Thought stood once more before the great temple of the Present, and looking forward toward the dim Future, faintly murmured "What then?"

Stella, half stupefied with astonishment at this strange meeting between two whom she had supposed to be strangers, stood, for a moment or two, with a bewildered air, looking first at her Uncle, then at Mrs. G., but gradually a faint perception of the truth dawned upon her mind, and with it came a sense of delicacy which caused her to feel that her presence at such a time must be an intrusion, and so she slid noiselessly away into another room.

Two hours passed, and still Mr. Linwood and his fair companion remained seated in the quiet parlor, engaged in close conversation. Of the nature of their communion, the reader will readily infer, when we state what was the simple fact, that twenty-five years before the period of

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which we now write, Ada Stanly and Albert Linwood had plighted together those sacred vows which they fondly trusted would, in a few short months, make them companions for life. But ere these hopes could be realized, the ill health of the latter induced him to try the benefits of a sea voyage. With many promises to be faithful to her first and only love, Ada bade him a sorrowful adieu, praying Heaven to bless and restore him to her again. For a few months frequent tidings were received of the wanderer; but then, alas! the old story of a secret enemy, of letters intercepted, of hopes long deferred making the heart sick; and then there came a bridal train, and Ada was wedded—not to *him*, her idol, her heart's first love—but to another, whom her doting parents preferred to the absent one, of whom it was reported that he was dead, or had proven faithless.

When the tidings of Ada's marriage reached Albert, so great was his disappointment that all desire to return to his native land was crushed for the time in his bosom; and though he had been on the eve of embarking for home, he altered his purpose, and resolved to spend two years in traveling on the continent of Europe. It is needless to say that the image of his lost Ada went with him, and thoughts of her broken vows often filled his soul with the keenest anguish; but never did her name pass his lips, and not once did he inquire as to whom she had given her hand. Through long, long years of weariness and pain he has cherished that early dream of love, and none other hath been permitted to banish it from his heart. And now they have met again, and Stella has been the unconscious link that has brought about that meeting. Ah! what wonder, then, that as their thoughts returned to her, their hearts should feel a tide of fresh affection welling up for her, and that, with one voice, they should exclaim, "Heaven bless our dear Stella!"

"She was rightly named," said Mr. Linwood. "A star whose guiding light never failed was she to her father, pointing him to the promise of the life that is to come, and gently winning him to a hope in the mercy of God; and since his death, she has been a star to me, bright and beautiful, unto whom it has been given to lead me to my love, my Ada—toward whom my heart has turned with all the strange, unutterable yearnings that thrill the souls of those who have once truly loved. But here she comes, 'with joy in her tread and laughter in her eye,'" he added, as Stella's slight form appeared before them.

"Well, Uncle Linwood," she commenced, a roguish light dancing in her dark eyes, "has it taken three hours to find out whether I can remain here or not? If so, you must have made the circuit of Robin Hood's barn several times in the asking," she added, with a merry laugh.

"What if I say I had entirely forgotten to mention the subject?" said Mr. Linwood.

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"Oh! in that case I should discharge you at once from my service, and be my own negotiator for the future."

"Then I fear there is no way of escape for me. With as good a grace as possible, therefore, I submit to the dishonor of being discharged from your service; for, to tell you the truth I did forget, not only the nature of the business that brought me here, but the person whom it most intimately concerned, even yourself. When it is day, it is natural, you know, for us to forget the stars, let them be shining ever so brightly."

"And it is day with you, then?" said Stella meekly, with the tear-light glistening in her eye, as she took the hand of her Uncle.

"It is the dawn yet, my darling; but the day will come by and by—by and by," he murmured again, and—strange power of words!—the echo of that "by and by" on the ear of Stella sent a chill to her heart that thrilled her whole being; but it was over in an instant, and when her Uncle inquired if he was forgiven for his forgetfulness of her interest, she earnestly replied:

"Yes, yes, dear Uncle, a thousand times forgiven! But tell me, has it indeed been night with you? I am sure no one would ever have suspected it from your looks or conversation."

"It has been night nevertheless, my love; but a night so resplendent with glowing stars, that I have been constrained to look up, and thank God for his goodness in making the path before me so beautiful. And now that the night is passed, I must not be so ungrateful as to forget altogether the gentle orbs that blessed it with their beams. The brightest, which was yourself, shall have a place in my memory still, and in my heart, too, though that heart, my Stella, belongs by right to another, to whom it was given years before your fairy feet first touched the floor of Time. I would have it no secret. Your friend here is likewise my friend, though I did not know it till, through you, we were brought thus unexpectedly together. In my youth we met, and we were to have been——"

"I know—I understand it all," said Stella, as her Uncle paused, leaving the sentence incomplete. "And, oh!" she added, "I am so glad, so happy! And all this has been brought about by the one circumstance of my having to come to attend school. Ah! I see now how foolish it was in me to grieve so much about it."

"Yes, you see it now. It is always easy enough for us poor mortals to say, 'Thy will be done!' when we had just made the discovery that what we had before deemed a sore trial has turned out to be a blessing; but afterward, let anything occur to prevent us from carrying out our cherished plans, and we are just as ready to court the presence of the Giant Despair, and, with complaining lips, arraign the goodness of Providence, and that before the weak tribunal of human Reason."

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"I know that is too true," said Stella, tearfully; "but I will try hereafter to keep better guard over my feelings. I fear I am too apprehensive. I will endeavor to be less so in future."

"It would be well to do so," said Mr. Linwood. "Now shall I ask Ada—Mrs. Griswold, I should say—whether she will consider your presence in her house for the next few months an affliction not to be tolerated, or will you make the inquiry yourself?"

"I will answer the question as Ada, and without putting her to the trouble of asking it," said Mrs. Griswold. "I assure you her presence could never be anything but a blessing. I shall expect her to stay with me certainly."

"Then the business which brought me here to-day is accomplished," said Mr. Linwood. "But concerning that which keeps me here, I can't exactly say it is finished; for, unfortunately, courtesy demands that the same person whose wishes were to be consulted in the former case should be the arbiter of fate in the latter. I pray you, then, consider quickly my position. I have been between the horns of two dilemmas. You have helped me in regard to one, and on the principle that 'one good good turn deserves another,' taken in a one-sided view, I now entreat your aid in removing the other also. What say you, Ada? Shall it be as I have dared to hope?"

A deep glow mounted the cheek and brow of Mrs. Griswold as she listened to these words; but a pressure of the hand which had tenderly grasped her own, conveyed the answer her lips refused to speak.

She was understood, and with a "Heaven bless you, Ada—my own at last!" Mr. Linwood rose to depart. Concerning Stella, his mind was now at rest. She would be with Ada, whom he knew he could trust—whose attention, if not equal to the devotion of a mother, would certainly compensate her, in a great measure, for his absence. He, therefore, felt less afflicted at the thought of parting with her; and turning to her with a smile, he kissed her cheek, which was wet with weeping, and telling her that she would see him once more before his departure for England, he bade her adieu; and turning to Mrs. Griswold once more, said, "Remember, Ada, I said on the 22nd; on the eve of the 21st, I will be with you again. I hope all will be in readiness then. Farewell!"

Like a dream to Mrs. Griswold had been the events just related—like a bright, blissful dream, after the lapse of years filled up with stern, sad realities; or, like a sweet, joyous strain of music breaking in upon the monotonous, melancholy moan awakened in her breast by the thousand belligerant cares that, during all the days of her widowhood, had besieged the citadel of her peace, threatening to put to flight the army of her strong hopes, and overthrow her lofty faith in God and in humanity. What wonder, then, that, as a sense of the reality gradually stole over her

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mind, she should draw to her bosom the weeping form of Stella, and, in smothered accents murmur, "The Lord is better to us than our fears. Let us trust Him hereafter, nothing doubting but that 'out of seeming evils he knoweth well how to bring great good.'"

A long time after Mr. Linwood's departure, did these two friends sit and converse with each other, and with their own hearts; nor did they forget to lift up their thoughts in grateful praise to Him who had so unexpectedly blessed them. But it is not our purpose to dwell on the particulars of their conversation. It is sufficient to say that both derived strength and satisfaction from it, which imparted to the rest that followed a serenity which lingered on the countenance even after sleep had distilled upon them her Lethean dews.

In a few days everything had been arranged for Stella's entrance upon her scholastic duties, and, greatly pleased at being once more permitted to drink at the refreshing fountains of knowledge, she applied herself with a diligence and earnestness that soon won for her an enviable position in the esteem of all her teachers. She was no prodigy; she could not master the varied lore of the classics or unravel the mysteries of the exact sciences by intuition; her only way to their treasure-house was by labor, and from this she never shrank, feeling that she was amply rewarded for the pain it caused in the pleasure she derived from the continual increase in useful knowledge, and in the satisfaction there was in being able to surmount obstacles.

Before her persevering industry every difficulty vanished, and ere long her craving mind was enabled to cast a searching, comprehensive glance over the illimitable fields of thought, and to discover, with a clear understanding, the nature of the mission intended for her. This discovery made her impressible intellect readily attract to itself those external conditions necessary to its enfoldment in the desired direction, and by a process almost unknown to herself gradually assimilated or incorporated into her own being those high and important truths which, when once received, are never forgotten, and which tend to ennoble and invigorate the soul. As we may not have occasion to refer to this subject again, we will remark in connection with the above, that not many weeks had elapsed from the time of her entering school ere her career was marked by that rapid progress which is the sure index of an active and well balanced mind.

But to return to Mr. Linwood. The evening of the 21st having arrived, we find him again in the small but pleasant parlor where, but a few weeks before, we witnessed his reunion with his beloved Ada. But this time other guests are present; one an elderly gentleman, whose white neckcloth and solemn air betoken the clerical order; another, a young man, on whose broad, massive brow rests the stamp of a high and noble

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intellect, and in whose deep, cavernous eyes such gleams of soul-light linger as are seen only where the immortal fires of genius burn in their full splendor. But though manly the form and feature of the youth, there is something in his cast of countenance that clearly denotes a close relationship to her who is this evening to take upon herself the performance of vows made in early life. Rejoicing in the happiness of a mother whom he has almost idolized, we need not wonder that the countenance of Norman Griswold should glow with an unwonted animation, or that the glances which he occasionally bestows upon the fair girl seated by his side should seem to penetrate into her very soul, and the few words which he utters thrill the life cords in her young heart. On the opposite side of the room, facing Stella, is seated a person whose well-developed figure and grave but handsome countenance we recognize as belonging to Cousin Alfred, who, it may be well to state here, is the adopted son of Mr. Linwood. Aunt Fanny's sharp face and attenuated figure is no where to be seen. We therefore conclude that her presence on this important occasion was not solicited; indeed, we have heard it suggested that it was the intention of Mr. Linwood to keep the events of this evening a secret from her until after his return from England.

As the hour drew nigh which was to witness the solemnization of those vows which are said to be registered in Heaven, the heart of each one of the little company assembled was filled with a subdued peace-giving pleasure, and when the ceremony was over, the sentiment which seemed to pervade the minds of all who witnessed it was most eloquently expressed by him who, standing by the side of the pensive Stella, stooped over and whispering in her ear, said, "Beautiful is the union of two hearts who have been faithful to each other through the agony of a long separation! Do you not think so, Stella?"

"Certainly," murmured the far girl, and looking up she caught the eye of Norman Griswold, and in the burning glance which he fixed upon her she read that which made her heart thrill again with an undefined pleasure, and blushing deeply, though she scarce knew why, she turned away to bestow upon her Uncle and her dear Aunt Ada, as she was henceforth to call her, the usual congratulatory kiss. As she tripped across the room on her joyous mission, there were two persons who followed her with eager looks, and two in whose hearts were silently welling up the words, "I love her!" and then in both minds, through all the deep wells of thought, went forth the inquiry, which, in tones half of hope and half of despair, murmured, "Will she ever be mine?" and, looking up, Norman Griswold and Alfred Linwood exchanged glances, which told each to the other's soul that they were rivals. But hated rivals they never could be; both were too noble, too generous for that; and the object of their mutual worship was a being too pure to admit of

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hatred forming any part in the train of emotions excited by her presence. They therefore regarded each other with a mournful silence for a few moments, during which they seemed to come to a tacit agreement that neither of them should have recourse to any overt acts to win the affections of the lovely girl who, all unconsciously, had stolen away their hearts; but that she should be left free to decide for herself whose love she would bless in the bestowal of the wealth of her beautiful and guileless nature. After this, with an easy grace, they threw off all feelings of restraint, and were soon engaged with each other in a cheerful and animated conversation.

Thus the evening wore away with satisfaction to all parties. With feelings equalled only by those which had characterized his early passion for the same object, did Mr. Linwood now contemplate the calm, but still handsome features of her who, the betrothed of his youth, had been reserved to become the bride of his old age; and when, as the company were about to retire, Stella, going to him and taking his hand, whispered softly to him, "Is it day with you now, dear Uncle?" With a quivering lip, and a moisture in his eye that showed how deeply was the fount of sweet feeling stirred within him, he answered, "Yes, darling; it is day!"

A Noble Example.—Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, an humble, conscientious boy was to be seen, and it was evident to all that his mind was beginning to act, and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him put forth on foot to settle in a remote town in that State, and pursue his fortunes as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time he is in business in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the State. Before he is twenty-five years of age, we find him supplying astronomical matter for an almanac in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-fitted lawyer. Now he is found on the bench of the Supreme Court. Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress. Then he is a member of the committee of five to frame the Declaration of Independence. He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest counselors in the land. At length, having discharged every office with a perfect ability, and honored, in his sphere, the name of a Christian, he died regretted and loved by his State and nation. This man was Roger Sherman. We take particular satisfaction now and then in chronicling the career of these self-made men, and holding them up as bright examples for the youth of our time to follow.

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Decision of Character.*

BY L. W. HOLABIRD.

While gazing upon the multiform phenomena that have been strewn along the path of life thus far, there are few facts that cannot have escaped your notice. One is this: that in the great drama of human life, each one makes choice of his own part, and is, to a great extent, the deviser of his own destiny,—the artificer of his own fortune. Time, propitious or unpropitious circumstances, have their influences, but over no man's head hangs a star of changeless benignity, nor flashes a meteor of stern, malignant fate.

Thus, when a man enters the great portico of life; the chisel is in his hand, the material is before him, and models of every variety are about him. He can fashion his character such as he will. He may be learned or unlearned, known or unknown; he may be a fountain of wo to the world, or a well-spring of life to the family of man; he may saunter away existence amid the gloomy shadows of obscurity, or walk forth brightest among the bright; he may live and die without an *epitaph* to tell that he has been,—or, departing from the world, made *wiser* and *better* by his having been in it, he may leave on Fame's imperishable tablet his own initials, carved in letters of living beauty. For —

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of Time."

Your minds, perhaps, have often adverted to another principle, viz.: that a single shining characteristic cannot secure to any one the distinguished appellation of great and good. Hard indeed is it to find, even among the serfs of humanity, one who is destitute of every worthy, commendable quality. The debauchee who whirls amid the giddy circles of folly and crime, not unfrequently possesses a sensitive soul and a liberal heart; the plotting conspirator who, Cataline-like, chooses rather to be tossed upon the mad billows of anarchy, than to float upon the smooth waters of public peace, harbors in his soul a daring of spirit which, if properly directed, would exalt its possessor high in the scale of influence and excellence; the man of blood who meets his fellow in single combat has a courageous heart and an inflexibility of purpose;—while the infidel philosopher, like some species of the serpentine race, possesses the strange capability of flattening and attenuating himself so as to crawl

* An Address, delivered before Palmetto Lodge, No. 175, I. O. O. F., of Cincinnati, on the evening of February 2d, 1857. Published by request of the Lodge.

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through crevices of a hair's breadth; and the *libertine "Poet,"* like some foul bird polluting the atmosphere about him, may nevertheless possess a vigór of wing that will carry him far into the regions of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity. Yet, because of these *single* worthy qualities, who would call them *great*,—who denominate them *good?* Their character is like the darkened canvass with but a single radiant spot, that renders, by the power of contrast, the enveloping gloom the more intense; or, like the heavens in the hour of elemental warfare, dark, fearful, and foreboding,—with but a single opening through which can be seen the distant blue sky.

He only will be looked up to as worthy of lasting praise and emulation who centers in himself the convergent rays of many excellencies,—whose character, like the rainbow, attracts and blends in itself the varied hues of multiplied beautiful colorings. The great object of all is to form such a character. And this is another fact which we mention; a fact which you have witnessed in others, and experienced for yourselves. To what better theme, then, can I call your attention, than to an analysis of that character which commands the greatest amount of influence in life, and secures the affectionate remembrance of posterity? This, then, is my subject. I do not propose, however, to go into a full analysis, for I have not time, but I will take one single characteristic of such a character,—and that is DECISION.

The opposite characteristic is every where met with, and is followed by effects painful in the extreme. Many live and accomplish nothing; not, however, from a lack of ability, for their natural powers may be gigantic, but, through hesitancy and a want of well-directed effort, they utterly fail of that swaying influence which it is the province of talents to exert. Neither are they destitute of desire, for individuals of a vascillating turn of mind live in the very furnace of solicitude; but their longings, instead of flaming out in one continued luminous train, flash forth from the heart in numerous directions, like fiery scintillations from a heated globe. When inactive, they are filled with anxiety lest inaction involve their ruin. When venturing forth upon an enterprise, they move with a trembling foot, lest further advancement convict them of treading on forbidden ground. When persisting in silence, they dread the imputation of ignorance. When expressing their opinion, it is in such a faltering tone as to divest it of all its power. They are disturbed by every breeze, perplexed by every fluctuation, the dupes of every despair, the possession of all men, but not possessed of themselves.

A man of decision will bethink himself, resolve, apply the mind, con the task, and obtain a knowledge of Greek or any other difficult branch. While one of indecision is groaning and sighing, "I want to learn it, but how can I?" the former will dispassionately consider the matter, scan

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all objections, weigh all difficulties, abandon the counter or plow, enter a preparatory department, ascend to the higher grade of a collegiate student, dash on in his determinate course; while the latter is hesitating with inexpressible anguish between a debt of a few hundred dollars and a life of grovelling ignorance.

Decision does everything. It was this that called Luther from the cloistered halls of a monastery, and planted him like a pillar of brass in front of a fulminating vatican. 'Twas decision that carried Galileo forward in his discoveries, when it was heresy to assert the earth's annual revolution, and but one remove from it to look through a telescope. It was decision that piloted Washington across the tumbling Delaware; that gave Bonaparte the battle of the Pyramids; that led Hannibal over the cloud-capped Alps; and it was a want of decision that wrested Rome from his grasp when, like a lion, he might have pounced upon it. It is decision that makes the scholar, and moulds the man of influence. And in any undertaking, when the resolution is firmly fixed the labor is half performed, the task half done, the achievement half accomplished. Especially must the aspirant to distinction be decided in marking out the course of future life,—in choosing the profession to which he will bind his energies. And it may be asked, When shall a young man trace out a path on Life's map and say, Therein will I travel? When he has closely studied himself, his abilities, his turn of mind; when he has acquainted himself with the facilities reasonably to be expected, and the difficulties to be surmounted; when in his mind he has traversed the ground, step by step, finds the course congenial to his heart, and longs to enter upon the onward race,—then let him decide. And, if he would have his exertions crowned with success, let him take that track to which duty calls and inclination leads. This survey and choice, too, should be made as early as possible.

That some great men have entered upon their labors comparatively late is true; but it is also worthy of observation that the major part of the most distinguished commenced in early life those pursuits from which they reaped their brightest laurels. Pope lisped poetry in his cradle; Pascal studied, or rather invented, geometry in his youth; and Napoleon reared bulwarks of mud, mounted the ordinance of war, and marshaled his puerile troops, while yet in the green days of sportive boyhood. And whatever profession may be chosen, the student should fix his standard high. He must bear in mind that society is on the advance; progression is its watchword. The streams of knowledge, like so many veins of life, run through the throbbing bosom of the community, sending their healthful influence through the entire body politic, from its palpitating heart to the most distant extremities,—from the gorgeous capitol to the humblest cottage. Heavy contributions are

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therefore laid upon a man of professed attainments; and these levies he must meet, or suffer the pain and chagrin of merited neglect.

Attainments once respected are now insufficient; what was once high ground is now in the vale. Nor is this all: in planting his standard he must not only have an eye to the present state of things, but he must also estimate the world's future advancement. If he regard only the requisitions of the present, the evolution of a few years will leave him quite below the line of mediocrity. He must not only ask What do I need now?—but also, What shall I need in time to come? Not only What will give me influence now?—but likewise, What will secure it after the lapse of years? Taking his stand, then, in advance of the age, on high, commanding vantage-ground, the student should fling out his banner bearing this expressive motto: "Excelsior!" And upon his one profession, whatever it may be, he must lavish all his thoughts, expend all his awakened energies and husbanded resources. No allurement must seduce; no obstacle confound; no taunt, no failure, dishearten. Adopting Crockett's motto, which contains more sound wisdom than nonsense, he must be sure he is right, "and then go ahead!"

Is it his highest wish to become famous for polyglot knowledge? Then must he dwell among books, and grow familiar with the many-tongued productions of hoary antiquity. Does he hope to become a proficient in the law,—to win lasting applause for his powers of discrimination, the correctness of his decisions, and the ability of his charges? Then, as the rays of light center in the sun, so must all his desires, hopes and attainments, center in the one grand absorbing object. Does he crave the high honor of the pulpit? would he stand a master-spirit between mortals and the great "I Am," holding in one hand the flaming scroll of a broken law, and in the other, an amnesty of all crimes? would he arouse the world from that deep stupidity into which it has been rocked? Then he must lay earth, heaven, and the pit under tribute, and compel them to pour their exhaustless treasures at the covenant angel's feet!

It is impossible to become prominent in all pursuits; and he that is poet to-day and philosopher to-morrow,—statesman now and divine hereafter,—holding the chalice in one hand and the crucible in the other,—imposes an arduous task upon his biographer, to say nothing more. Poor being! Sitting down to narrate his hero's story,—to write his eulogy! What an assemblage of airy forms flit before him! First comes the rhyming ghost, muttering some doggeral hexameters for which a Laureate's wreath is claimed. Then moves by the shade of of an M. D., portmanteau in hand, craving a monumental immortality founded upon,—*pills*. Changing his aspect to correspond with his pursuit, the Protean solicitor gravely files a claim to celebrity for an exegesis

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of the Apocalypse, written before the author had read the other parts of the Bible. Changing once again, and flying by in a chariot of fire, the spirit whispers in the recorder's ear, "Don't forget the novel I wrote; it is one of rare acceptance, especially with creation's fairy part. Overwhelmed with such a motley mass of titles, the poor remembrancer cries out with consternation: "Jingling verse and nauseous drugs,—fulsome novels and sage divinity,—professor of dialectics and teacher of elocution! He must have an abler eulogist than myself!" He shuts the record, blots the name, and delivers the aspirant over to the cold embrace of dark oblivion.

But hitherto we have spoken of only literary acquisitions. We must add, he that would sow the seeds of happiness, bless the world with an example worthy of emulation, and endow himself with a deathless remembrance, to all others must add the accomplishments of moral excellence. When in the garden of his mind he has planted every delicate shrub, blooming flower, and fruitful tree, he must shed o'er the whole the sun-light of virtue, the radiance of a pure heart. Intellectual attainments alone will not suffice. Of this we have had many illustrations; so many, indeed, that we hope the world will be cursed with but few more. We have had our Burns, our Humes, our Gibbons, and our Voltaires,—the foster sons of Nature,—the recipients of Heaven's highest, noblest, richest endowments; and yet they were angels fallen, spirits revolted. They are remembered, to be sure, but the web of their memory is interwoven with hideous associations. They had a greatness, but it was the greatness of a tornado, which awes, but never charms. They had a splendor, but it was the splendor of a meteor, that glows only to consume. They left impressions upon the world's bosom, yet these are but the deep indentations of the plowing avalanche, which waters of mercy can alone wash out. Neither are endowments of themselves sufficient. They will secure peace to their possessor, but not extensive influence over others; for alone they cannot drive the furrows of reform through the fallow soil of a hardened earth. But the two combined,—the pride and impetuosity of genius blended with the compassion of humility and virtue, form the symmetric, the suasive, the perfect character.

One of mental grandeur only is like the mountain mantled in ice. It lifts its glacial front to the clouds, is beautifully transparent, while round it play ten thousand varied refractions. Still it is cold and repulsive; it neither affords sustenance to the famishing, nor sheds a balm upon the circumambient air. Now would you see the effects of moral discipline! Shoot through that mountain the radiations of heat, lift upon it the melting influences of a Summer's warmth, and quickly 'twill bud and bloom with eternal green, while up from its deep bosom burst the fount-

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ains of living waters. Nay, the son of intellect alone resembles "Polyphenus;" he possesses giant strength, bones of iron, joints of adamant, sinews of brass, and nerves of steel,—*but he is blind*,—he cannot see! Give him now the keen-sightedness of heaven-born faith, and he will have the same strength, the same bones, the same joints, the same sinews, the same nerves—with an eye that can comprehend all things from an atom to a globe,—from the narrow circle of time to the far-sweeping cycles of an illimitable future.

It was the combination of these characteristics that lifted Socrates so far above his malicious countrymen—that shed a beauty upon his life, a grandeur upon his death, and a lasting fragrance upon his memory. It was this that made Howard what he was; for, from the goodness of his heart originated plans of mercy, and by the energies of his mind he carried them into successful operation. The same union made Wesley the angel of destruction and the messenger of peace; for, with the ponderous power of intellect he dashed his foes to the earth, and with the cordial of love bathed their bleeding wounds. Mental power and Christian simplicity harmoniously blended made the first President of these United States what he was—whose name, like a holy enchantment, yet lingers in the heart of every true American, and whose virtues will be revered while humility has an admirer, or true greatness challenges esteem.

But, brothers, these worthies are gone. We mention their names in token of reverence, and then turn to you, the emulators of their renown. You have entered upon that race which they so nobly, so triumphantly won. You are candidates for those laurels which honored them, and they in turn imparted fresh honors. We, this night, draw aside the curtain, and reveal to you the boundless fields of wisdom, human and Divine. These fields you may range; it is for you to say how much you may know, what you will be, and what you will do.

Go, then, associate yourselves with the wise and great; equal those that have preceded you, and be waymarks to those that shall come after you. In your efforts be decisive, be persevering; cultivate purity of sentiment, rely upon yourselves, and take all knowledge as your province. With Boyle, study the earth; with Newton, study the heavens; with angels, study the Bible. Go with Hannah More, assuage the woes of weeping humanity; with Mrs. Hemans, touch the chords of immortal song.

We draw aside another curtain, and Zion's Mount is before you. On its sunny breast bloom the flowers of Paradise; while on its summit, from afar, shines the everlasting Temple of God. Go, my brothers, pluck these flowers, and weave for your every brow amulets of fadeless, immortal beauty. Let them be your brightest insignia, the loveliest ornaments of your lives; and, then, when no longer of this earth—when the

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storms of Time have died away into the deep serenity of Eternity—when all else has faded, still blooming with an undying freshness, these chaplets shall be your passports to those loftier halls prepared for the virtuous and the good, where pleasure flows with a perpetual fullness, and wisdom shines with an unclouded splendor.

A Good Deed in Season.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Get away with you, you dirty old beggar-boy. I'd like to know what right *you* have to look over the fence at our flowers?"

The speaker was a little boy, not more than eleven years old, and though people sometimes called him handsome, his face looked very harsh and disagreeable just then. He stood in a beautiful garden, just in the suburbs of the city; and it was June time, and the tulips were just opening themselves to the sunshine. Oh! it was a great joy to look at them as they bowed gracefully to the light wind their necks of crimson, of yellow, and carnation. The beds flanked either side of the path, that curved around a small arbor, where the young grape-clusters that lay hidden among the large leaves wrote a beautiful prophesy for the autumn.

A white paling ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar-boy, so rudely dressed, was leaning. He was very lean, very dirty, very ragged. I am afraid, little children, you would have turned away in disgust from so repulsive an object, and yet God and the angels loved him!

He was looking, with all his soul in his eyes, on the beautiful blossoms as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind, and his heart softened while he leaned his arm on the fence railing, and forgot everything in the long, absorbed gaze. Ah! it was seldom the beggar-boy saw anything good or beautiful, and it was sad his dream should have such a rude awakening. The blood rushed up to his face, and a glance, full of evil and defiance, flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could retort, a little girl sprang out from the arbor, and looked eagerly from one child to the other. She was very fair, with soft, hazel eyes, over which drooped long, shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her bare, white shoulders, and her lips were the color of the crimson tulip blossoms.

"How could you speak so cross to the boy, Hinton?" she asked, with a tone of sad reproach quivering through the sweetness of her voice. "I'm sure it doesn't do us any harm to have him look at the flowers as long as he wants to."

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"Well, Helen," urged the brother, slightly molified, and slightly ashamed, "I don't like to have beggars gaping over the fence. It looks so low."

"Now, that's all a notion of yours, Hinton. I'm sure if the flowers can do anybody any good, we ought to be glad. Little boy," and the child turned to the beggar-boy, and addressed him as courteously as though he had been a prince, "I'll pick you some of the tulips if you'll wait a moment."

"Helen, I do believe you're the funniest girl that ever lived!" ejaculated the child's brother, as he turned away, and, with a low whistle, sauntered down the path, feeling very uncomfortable; for her conduct was a stronger reproof to him than any words could have been.

Helen plucked one of each specimen of the tulips, and there was a great variety of these, and gave them to the child. His face brightened as he received them, and thanked her.

Oh! the little girl had dropped a "pearl of great price" into the black, turbid billows of the boy's life, and after years should bring it up beautiful and bright again.

Twelve years had passed. The little blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall, graceful woman. One bright June afternoon she walked, with her husband, through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The place was little changed, and the tulips had opened their lips of crimson and gold to the sunshine, just as they had done twelve years before. Suddenly they observed a young man in a workman's blue overalls leaning over the fence. His eyes wandered eagerly from the beautiful flowers to herself. He had a frank, pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the lady and gentleman.

"Look here, Edward," she said, "I'll pluck some of the flowers. It always does me good to see people admiring them," and releasing her husband's arm, she approached the paling saying—and the smile round her lip was very much like the old, child one—"Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into the fair, sweet face. "Twelve years ago, this very month," he said, in a deep voice, and yet tremulous with feeling, "I stood here, leaning on this railing, a dirty, ragged, little beggar-boy, and you asked me this very question. Twelve years ago, you placed the bright flowers in my hands, and they made a new boy—aye, and they made a man of me, too. Your face has been a light, ma'am, all along the dark hours of my life, and this day that little beggar-boy can stand on the old place, and say to you, though he's a humble and hard-working man, yet, thank God, he's an honest one."

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Tear-drops trembled like morning dew on the shining lashes of the lady, as she turned to her husband, who had listened in absorbing astonishment to the workman's words. "God," she said, "put it into my child-heart to do that little deed of kindness, and see how great is the reward that He has given me."

And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple light over the group that stood there—over the workman in his blue overalls, over the lady with her golden hair, and over the proud-looking gentleman at her side. Altogether it was a picture for a painter; but the angels who looked down on it from Heaven saw something more than a picture there.

Home.

BY L. B. SMITH.

The associations of "Home," like the "sky of Italy," have, I think, been overdone. From time immemorial, priests and poets have vied with orators and statesmen in eulogizing the associations and sanctities of home. They have stoutly proclaimed, not only that it *ought to be*, but that it *is*, the "sanctum sanctorum" of man on earth. They have held up to our imagination pictures—glowing pictures—of those "magic circles" seated in heavenly harmony around the "old hearth-stone," listening to the wise maxims and sage counsels of the venerable sire. They have told us of the pious and devoted mother, as she takes down the old "Family Bible," and reads therefrom the inspiring truths of life and immortality to an admiring progeny. They speak to us of the felicities of home as the great central magnet of human existence, around which all other "beatitudes" cluster and entwine. And that such should be the case, I freely admit; and that it sometimes *is*, I would fain hope.

But in how few "homes" does not an opposite reality stare us in the face? How much oftener do we find it the scene of the most revolting exhibitions of passion, vanity, and folly?

While catering for the world's facetious patronage, policy as well as decency demands a decorous appearance; and often the meaner passions and grosser tempers are restrained and disguised in public, to burst forth more furiously in private life. How often is it the case that the husband and the father is the observed of all observers, by reason of his good nature and affability to an admiring public, and is a "walking excommunication" at home? It is no rare occurrence to see the mother, though a model of politeness and urbanity in "fashion's" giddy promenade, a "vixen insatiate" at home; and the "promising" son, though delightfully voluble at the tables and in the saloons of the "upper-tens," is (to

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his praise be it said) as delightfully *dumb* in his home. And the affectionate daughter, who smiled so bewitchingly at "Mrs. Grundy's," is too peevish and ill-natured to be endured at home. And even the annointed man of God, though he may smile with ineffable sweetness on his wealthy parishioners, is not unfrequently as cross and churlish as a vain-glorious sanctity can make him in his home. The lawyer is generally as taciturn and morose at his home as he is clamorous and noisy at the bar.

And so it is in every condition of life. We become jaded in spirits by an undue desire to please and attract the public, and the inevitable stupor which follows in the wake of receding excitement renders us extremely boorish and repulsive at home; and a close observer could hardly fail to notice (for the fact is notorious) that if an individual has a fault, it will be sure to show itself at home.

"Home," after all the fulsome flattery that has been wasted upon it, is still the theater of rankling passions, latent faults, and flounting follies. It has been my lot to be an inmate of a great many *families* (not homes), and in calling them to mind, I can consistently baptize no one of them by the endearing name of "home," as it is generally understood; and I have universally found the members of these families less agreeable at home than in any other place. There may be families that "dwell together in unity:" if so, they are exceptions which prove rather than invalidate the rule.

AMHERST, March, 1857.

LITTLE CHILDREN.—I am fond of children; I think them the poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes, little conjurers, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get along very badly without them. Only think if there never were anything anywhere but grown-up men and women! How we should long for a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delighted prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and draw the disobedient to the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within us what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recal us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness; that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charties of life.

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Trials, Penalties, and Charges.

We extract the following laws and decisions of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, from a digest prepared by P. G. Chas. E. Buckingham :

No subordinate lodge has a right to rescind a vote whereby they have suspended a brother.

A lodge cannot suspend or expel a brother, nor refuse to admit a person to initiation because he traffics in intoxicating drinks as a beverage.

Lodges may suspend or expel brothers for keeping gambling houses, or for allowing persons to gamble or play unlawful games on premises of which they [the brothers] have the control.

No brother, upon trial in a subordinate lodge, shall claim as his peers brothers of a higher than the scarlet degree.

If any brother of the Order, holding a card of clearance from any subordinate lodge, is guilty of any gross misconduct, charges may preferred against him during the time which his card allows him to visit lodges, by the lodge which gave him his card or brothers of other lodges ; and his case shall be tried by a committee appointed by the Grand Lodge, whose decision shall be final upon the case ; and if convicted, notice of such conviction shall be sent by the Secretary of the Grand Lodge, with the seal of the lodge attached, to all the lodges in the State.

A communication, containing charges of dishonesty in business, cannot be laid upon the table ; but it is the duty of the lodge, immediately upon charges being submitted against a brother in due form, to appoint a committee for the trial of the accused.

When a resolution to suspend or expel has proceeded to a final action, and is not sustained by the constitutional two-thirds majority, the brother who is being tried stands acquitted of the charge preferred.

A lodge having evinced a willingness to re-admit an expelled brother, it is only necessary that it should pass a vote to that effect, and his relations to the lodge will then be the same as at the time of his expulsion, provided the consent of the Grand Lodge is also obtained.

The unrestricted admission of hearsay evidence before a committee, is a sufficient ground to entitle a brother to a new trial, on an appeal.

A lodge is not bound to furnish to a brother who has been on trial, a copy of a report of the same.

A recommendation incorporated in the report of a committee of trial is equivalent to a motion.

Brothers indefinitely suspended suffer no longer than they allow the cause of suspension to exist ; and Lodges are not allowed to exercise a discretion as to the reinstatement of members so suspended.

It is perfectly competent for a lodge to make a by-law, to expel a bro-

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ther who has been suspended for non-payment of dues, provided that his dues remain unpaid for the space of one year after his suspension.

In all cases of trial of brothers of the Order under this jurisdiction, the proceedings, both in committee and before the lodge, shall be conducted in the English language; and all lodges, working in a foreign language, shall have their by-laws printed in the English as well as in the foreign language.

A member of any lodge has a right to prefer charges against a brother of another lodge, but the charge must be transmitted to the brother's own lodge for trial.

A member cannot be expelled from this Order, without a fair and legal trial, and any action of subordinate lodges in the expulsion of members for the non-payment of dues, without charges and specifications being made, and a fair trial being had on the subject, is clearly wrong, and such action should be reversed.

A resolve properly passed in the lodge and standing on record, if it relate to the subject of the imposition of fines, whether it conflict with the subordinate Constitution or not, is *not* as binding as the printed By-Laws, unless proposed and passed as an amendment to the same.

Whenever any Elective Officer of a subordinate lodge shall be guilty of official misconduct, charges against him may be preferred by any member of his lodge, and the proceedings upon his trial shall be as is herein provided.

The party bringing charges shall give notice verbally, or in writing, at a regular meeting of his lodge, and shall forthwith furnish copies of the charges to the officer charged, and to the G. S. of the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Secretary shall, at the meeting of Grand Officers held next after the date of the reception of the copy of the charges, lay the same before the Board; and if they shall determine that the charges of official misconduct are of sufficient importance to require investigation, they shall appoint a Commission of Trial, to consist of five Past Grands, subject to the challenge of either party for cause shown: Provided, that if such copy be filed with the Grand Secretary within two weeks of a session of the Grand Lodge, that the Grand Lodge shall then determine upon the necessity of trial, and shall appoint the Commission.

The Commission of Past Grands shall, without delay, proceed with the trial, and shall conduct the same according to the rules and usages of the Order; and if they shall find that the officer is guilty of the offense charged against him, they shall impose upon him the penalty of reprimand, or of removal from office.

The decision of the Commission shall be final, save that an appeal by either party to the Grand Lodge may be had, for informality or want of fairness in the trial.

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The Baby is Gone.

BY ZULEIME.

"Is there no hope, Doctor?"

"Prepare yourself for the worst, dear madam, the child will soon be at rest."

"The baby is gone," said the servant girl to Patrick, as he came in with the vegetables. "Poor little thing, it is out of its suffering, but it nearly kills missus."

How still it is all through the house—step lightly, for the baby sleeps in the shaded room. Go again and again, mother, into that mysterious chamber, for all too soon the little lifeless body will be gone. Oh, press the lips and cheek and forehead and the little dimpled hands, while yet thou canst, for the "last time" will soon come!

The funeral is over; take the cradle from its accustomed place—put it out of sight, for the baby is gone—and those little clothes, that we rolled so carelessly together and laid under the pillow, "take them up tenderly, lift them with care," mother, as thy tears baptize them; remove not the soiled ribbon from the sleeve that fitted so closely to the tender arm; smooth not the creases and wrinkles—leave them as they were when on the baby that is gone; but its memory will never depart while you keep those little garments—they will ever keep it fresh. Oh! yes, too freshly for thee now—lay them away.

The little coach stands useless in its place; take it away softly—softly take it, for the rattle of the wheels, that used to tell "the baby is coming," seems now to say, "the baby is gone."

There is a gloom on the mother's face, a sigh that will come up in her most cheerful moments; her step is slow and spiritless, there is a shadow in her eyes that reflects the language of her heart—the baby is gone! and from dreams she awakens, and reaches her arms aloft, to fold them again in agony to her breast, for the baby is not there! Thou art the mother of an angel! mourn not as one comfortless, for the baby is gone to heaven.

RICHMOND, Ind., March, 1857.

'Tis a strange mystery, the power of words!
Life is in them, and death. A word can send
The crimson color hurrying to the cheek,
Hurrying with many meanings; or can turn
The current cold and deadly to the heart.
Anger and fear are in them, grief and joy
Are on their sound; yet slight, impalpable:
A word is but a breath of passing air.—*Miss Landon.*

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Fossils.

The various bodies which are found by digging in the earth, are called fossil substances. Fossils appear to form the most simple productions in the economy of creation, whether disposed in loose, independent masses, or in horizontal strata, in angular columns or basalts, or in the disportive-like ramifications or shootings, which they sometimes assume in crystalization. Hence, we find under ground those bodies that have once held a higher place in creation, as animals and vegetables, have put off the delicacy of their former constitutions, and become real stone, while they have preserved their original forms, or perhaps rather, by absorbing water, holding lapideous particles in solution, the interstices have been filled, and the concretion has consequently borne the form of the organized body. Hence fossils are compounded with each other, through innumerable varieties; hence many of the compounds are produced in chemistry, and many more that are not to be met with in the earth; hence some of these substances are diffused through the whole creation.

It is supposed that some great convulsions or revolutions in the natural world, have produced the irregular appearance of the work. The Hebrew writings inform us that our earth was once deluged by a general flood of waters; and later accounts tell us of more partial inundations, of sudden earthquakes, rocks cleft by the frost, mountains accumulated or torn to pieces by subterraneous fires or volcanoes; of towns swallowed up in the earth; of countries laid under the rolling waves of the ocean, and of lands rising from the midst of the waters, and becoming the habitations of beasts and of men; so transient and uncertain are all earthly things.

If it were permitted man to follow, during several ages, the various changes which are produced on the surface of our globe, by the numerous agents which alter it, he should, at this time, have better understood the causes of these phenomena; but, cast, as it were, for a moment, upon a small point of this vast theater of observation, he regards the mighty works which have been preparing for many ages, and himself disappears in the midst of his inquiries, when he has just proceeded so far as to connect a few facts together. Those revolutions which have been accounted convulsions in nature, seem not only useful, but necessary to the support of the present constitution of our globe. What would be the order of things, if there were not occasionally a rising up of the earth, whether by subterranean fires or other causes—if there were not, in different places, a reduction, or wasting away of the land by the waters of the sea?

The effect of rain is to depress the mountains. The water which falls on their summits, washes them down into the valleys, and reduces them

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into gentle uplands, or it flows down in torrents, wears away the soil, hollows out a bed or channel, and carries along with it portions and fragments of such stones as it loosens in its course. These stones rolled along by the water, striking together, break off their projecting angles. The sea receives them from the rivers, and throws them back again upon the shore. By these depositions the land encroaches upon the sea. Man erects his habitations on it, and cattle feed thereon; on digging, he discovers the stones, and in some measure rounded, by their having been rolled about: those which are near the hills are less so, and of larger size than those which have been carried further, and been more broken in the waters; he finds also the wreck of sea and land shells, and the remains of animals and plants. It happens that these depositions vary in different situations and under different circumstances. In one place, strata of shells and other substances being deposited, give rise to marls, marbles, or limestone; in another, an abundance of plants, lays a foundation for future coal mines; the hills, in the meantime, are gradually wearing down, and the land is encroaching on the waters of the sea. It is even supposed that the central part of the globe may be formed of granite, which, however, is generally in its own composition an assemblage of certain silicious stones, and the stones themselves are separately combinations of different principles.

Doors.

An ingenious writer or talker, I am not certain which, once proposed to trace the progress of human civilization by the number of prongs in the fork with which we eat our food. The imperfectly civilized man, he showed, ate with a skewer or a fish-bone; our middle-aged ancestors were content with a dagger or a hunting-knife to sever their victual and convey it to their mouths; then came the fork with two prongs, which is yet used by the peasant in some remote parts of England. Advancing civilization brought with it the three-pronged fork—of fiddle, king, or prince's pattern; and now that we are in the apogee of our refinement, the gourmand demands, obtains, and uses the fork of four prongs. Each succeeding age may add another prong to the fork, until the number amount to ten; then perhaps the extremes will meet, and we shall revert to the simple austerity of savages, and eat with our ten fingers.

I scarcely know why I should have noticed this ingenious theory, for I am not at all inclined to agree with it, and do not, myself, see any special analogy between civilization and forks. For the most civilized nations and renowned epicures of antiquity used not any forks—save to

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make furcifers, as a mark of ignominy for criminals; and the most ancient people and the most elaborate professors of social etiquette in the world—the Chinese—have no forks to this day, and have no better conductors to their mouths for their stewed dog and edible bird's-nests than chop-sticks. I take Sir John Bowring to witness. However, just as that valiant Field Marahal Thomas, alias Thumb, was accused of making his giants before he slew them, and as an advertising tradesman mentions his rival's wares in order to decry them and puff his own, it may be that I have touched upon the theory of civilization and forks to enable me with a better grace to introduce my own theory of civilization and doors.

The savage has no door to his dwelling. Even when he has ceased burrowing in the ground like a rabbit or a wild dog, and has advanced to the dignity of a hut, or kraal, a hunting-lodge, a canoe turned keel upwards, or any one of those edifices in resemblance between a wasp's-nest and a dirt-pie, in which it is the delight of the chief and warrior to dwell, to dance, to howl, to paint himself and eat his foes, he never rises to the possession of a door. The early Greeks and Romans had doorways, but no doors. Noah's ark—the ridiculous toy-shop figment notwithstanding, could not have had a door. Mordecai sat in the gate, but Haman's door is nowhere mentioned. The old painters who represent Dives take care to show you an opening into the street, but no door; and through the entrance you see Lazarus lying, and the dogs licking his sores. The mouths of caves and sepulchres in oriental countries where the dead were buried were closed with huge stones; it was reserved for our age of funeral furnishers and cemetery companies to build a mausoleum over our dear brother departed with a door with panels, and knobs, and nails, and carvings, wanting only a brass knocker to have everything in common with the door of a desirable family mansion. The Parthenon had no door; go and look at its modelled counterfeit in the British Museum; through the lofty portico you see the wilderness of columns and the gigantic statue of the goddess. The great temples of Nineveh and Babylon, of Ephesus and Egypt, had no doors. Skins and linen veils, tapestries and curtains of silk, were hung across doorways then—as, in the East, they are now—to insure privacy to those within; Gaza had gates, and so had Somnauth; but the door, the door-knocker, the brass-plate, the bells that flank it for visitors and servants, the iron chain, the latch-key, the top and bottom bolts—these are all the inventions of modern times, and the offshoots of modern civilization. Wherever there is most luxury, you will find most doors. Poverty, dirt, barbarism, have little or no doors yet. Again, where manners are rude and unpolished, a post, a pit, a cellar, a cage, suffice for the confinement of a criminal; but where men congregate thickly—where art, learning, and commerce flourish, where riches multiply, and splendor prevails—men must have

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prisons with many doors, ten, twenty, thirty, one side or the other, like carvings in a Chinese concentric ball.

Doors have as many aspects as men. Every trade and calling, every sect and creed, every division and subdivision of the body social, have their several characteristic doors. As in the curious old toy-clock made at Nuremburg, the apostles came out at one door; an angel at another; the cock that, crowing, confounded Peter, at another; while Judas Iscariot had a peculiar low-browed door to himself, from which he popped when the hour struck; so now-a-days, in our clock of life, every grade has its special doors of ingress and egress. Royalty rattles through the big door of Buckingham Palace; while Lieutenant-Colonel Phipps modestly slips in by the side-postern, hard by the guard-house, and the grooms and scullions, the footmen and turnspits, the cooks and bottle-washers, modester still, steal round the corner into Pimlico, and are admitted by a back door opposite to the Gun tavern. So the Duke of Mesopotamia's guests to ball or supper are ushered up the lofty flight of steps, and in at the great hall-door; while Molly, the house-maid's friend creeps down the area steps, and taps at the door opposite the coal-cellar. So the theater has its doors—box, pit, and gallery—with one private, sacred portal for the Queen Bee when she condescends to patronize the drama; a door leading into a narrow, inconvenient, little passage generally, with a flight of stairs seemingly designed for the express purpose of breaking the neck of the stage-manager, who walks in crab-like fashion before Majesty, backwards, in an absurd court-suit, and holding two lighted tapers in battered old stage candlesticks, hot drops of wax from which fall in a bounteous shower upon his black silk smalls. Just contrast this multitude of doors with the simple arrangements of the Roman amphitheaters. Apertures there were in plenty to allow the audience departure, but they were common to all; and the patrician and his client, the plebian and the freedman, struggled out of the Coliseum by the same vomitories. There was but one special door in the whole circus; and that was one entrance through which was envied by nobody, for it was of iron, and barred, and on the inside thereof was a den where the lions that ate the gladiators lay.

The church has many doors. One for the worshipers who are lessees of pews, or are willing to pay one shilling a-head for doctrine; one leading to the rickety gallery where the charity children sit; one which the parson and clerk more especially affect, for it leads to the vestry; and one—a dark, dank, frowning door—in a sort of shed in the churchyard; this last is the door of which the sexton has the key—the door of the bare room with the whitewashed walls, the brick floor, and the tressels standing in the midst—the door of the house of death.

Then there is the great door of justice in the hall where that glorious

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commodity is so liberally dispensed to all who seek it. This is the great door that must never be closed against suitors; and never is closed—oh, dear, no!—any more than the front door of the mansion inhabited by my friend Mr. Webspinner the Spider, who keeps open house continually, and—hospitable creature!—defies malevolence to prove that he ever closed his door against a fly. Justice has more doors. There is the private door leading to the judge's robing-room; the door for the criminals, and the door for the magistrate in the police-court. There is the great spiked door through which the committed for trial enter into Newgate; and there is the small, black, iron-gnarled door above the level of the street—the debtors' door, where the last debt is to be paid, and whence come in the raw morning the clergyman reading of the resurrection and the life, and after him the pallid man with his arms tied with ropes, who is to be hanged by the neck until he is dead. After this, there is but one more door that will concern him—the door that must concern us all some day—the door covered with cloth, neatly panelled with tin tacks or gilt nails, according to our condition; with an engraved plate, moreover, bearing our name and age: the door that opens not with a handle, or closes with a lock, or has hinges, but is unpretendingly fastened to its house by screws—the door that has no knocker, for the sleeper behind it must be wakened with a trumpet, and not a rat-tat.—*Household Words*

Men of the World.

Your man of the world is a very bustling body, and generally looks as if the whole weight of this globe was incumbent on his shoulders. No man has a right to question any opinion which passes from those oracles of human wisdom, his lips; for anything he says is necessarily the result of eagle-eyed observation and philosophical analysis. He has a perfect contempt for inferior understandings; and his humor flows in a sublime rage if impertinence dare contest his right to monopolize the knowledge of the world. He is a great bigot; and hurls his withering anathemas at the heads of all those who manifest their heresies by uttering maxims which are in opposition to his own philosophical code. He is a man who uses old saws with a wink, which implies as much as the sword of Solomon; and those whom he chooses to bless with a squint, are in duty bound to cheer him with a smile. He is the general repository of all those fragments of wisdom which have escaped the shipwreck of ages, and floated down to us on the stream of time, and is of course a marvelous stickler for precedents and antiquity. He gathers together all the bits and ends of fragments which go to make up the traditionary lore of a country, and which have not been and cannot be hooked. In fine, your man of the world is a very great man, and is to be respected

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whether he discourses of evangelists or a horse-race, or flourishes politics and that Helicon of state wisdom, a beer mug, in the unquiet recesses of some venerable alehouse.

This is an outline sketch of the man of the world when the shadows of fifty years or so are upon him, and after he has got through with the excesses of passion, and exhausted the fountains of his wild blood, and turned out philosopher at last. A man must run a narrow and labyrinthine gauntlet, before he can pretend to be a man of the world. He must have had experience of the darker kind, before he has a right to set himself up for the oracle of a neighborhood. It is the strongest evidence that a man can give of folly to usurp the throne of wisdom, before his shoulders have been legitimately invested with the *purple* of sin. Such a man is a shocking specimen of lawless humanity, which all the true blue are called on to despise. The true right to rule, is only purchased by a youth of prostitution, a manhood of degradation, and an old-age of penitence.

Gentle reader, you may perhaps have seen a man of the world sitting under the shadow of the portico of a village inn, discoursing sublime wisdom with fluency to the astonished and simple-hearted villagers. He has the true mark of a great man upon his face—a nose, the bulbous and indented excressence of which, glowing like a flaming beacon, is the sole memento of sundry barrels of fourth-proof. The fire-waters which he has swallowed, have given a remarkable clarification to the emanations of his intellect, as is discoverable in the vividness with which his wisdom glares on the understandings of his auditors. Well, there he sits, the man without a competitor, with the flippant attorney at his side, discussing the affairs of the nation to the edification of his auditors, and the especial enlightenment of the chief magistrate of the village, whose well behaved ideas never strayed beyond the hill top in the distance, or went off on a wild-goose chase after the phantoms of knowledge. He lays down his premises, and argues them logically, now interlarding a maxim, and then shooting off at a tangent to tell of some saying of the wise man, his predecessor, who sleeps in the churchyard, with either of which he chokes down the upstart pretensions of the dismayed pettifogger. He is an unsophisticated specimen of the genuine man of the world, whose opinions must not be suspected of resemblance to counterfeits, and whose dogmas it is irreverent to doubt.

There are great variety of modifications of your men of the world; but we have not room just now, to serve them up. They are remarkable for one peculiarity—they contemn those who differ from them, and hate those who are so heretical as to avow their disbelief in that creed, whose first article teaches, that there is no wisdom so valuable as a knowledge of the world.

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The Glories of Odd-Fellowship.

Sickness overtakes a man, and he is prostrated. By his bedside stand his brothers with ready hands to administer the necessary medicines, bathe his fevered brow, cheer his afflicted mind, and give him assurance of assistance and sympathy; to watch over him and relieve the cares of his family, and provide for their necessities.

Death enters the dwelling and summons the spirit of the afflicted brother to meet his God. Gathering around his corpse are the companions of his life, mourning relatives and friends pour out their grief for the departed one. There, too, are the brethren whom he has often met and joined in kindly offices of love and duty. On their countenances are the marks of sadness; the "grim messenger" has broken their ranks: they feel as those only can feel who know the gentle influence of fraternal ties. Mournfully they gaze upon the lifeless form of the dead; then bethinking of their duties, they prepare for the last sad rites, and consign the inanimate body to the silent tomb, into which they drop the emblems of eternal remembrance, and bid a long farewell with hopes of meeting again in the Camp of Heaven, where they may join in an everlasting fraternity free from all cares.

Having ended their duties toward the dead, their attention is turned to the living. The broken-hearted widow is to be comforted, protected, and her wants provided for. Food and clothing for the orphans of the departed brother—now the children of the Order—and their minds must not be forgotten; it becomes the duty of the Lodge to see that they are educated, and their infantile years watched over with parental care and solicitude. Such, brethren, are the duties of Odd Fellows, and such are the works that receive the commendation of just men and the smiles of approving Heaven. No unhallowed motives move man to watch by the bedside of a sick brother; avarice and ambition find no treasure there; selfishness turns aside to take its ease, and vanity hides until it can appear in high places, where it may receive the admiration and flattery of the thoughtless and vile. But where there is suffering, there stands the sympathizing Odd Fellow to comfort; where poverty reigns will be the open hand of charity; where oppression scourges, there will be the strong arm of the noble and the brave, to turn the blow aside and protect the oppressed. In short, the true Odd Fellow will always be found on the side of justice and mercy, with tears for the mourner, alms for the indigent, strength for the work, and Friendship, Love, and Truth *for all*. In a faithful performance of the duties implied in our motto, lie the glories of our Order.

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Married Politeness.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice.

And the husband answered, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

It was quietly but heartily said: the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural, and very affectionate. We thought how pleasant that courteous reply! How gratifying it must be to the wife! Many husbands of ten years' experience are ready enough with the courtesies of politeness to the young ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak abruptly to the wife, and do many rude little things without considering them worth an apology. The stranger whom they may have seen but yesterday, is listened to with deference, and although the subject may not be of the pleasantest nature, with a ready smile; while the poor wife if she relates a domestic grievance, is subdued, or listened to with ill-concealed impatience. O! how wrong this is—all wrong.

Does she urge some request—"oh, don't bother me!" cries her gracious lord and master. Does she ask for a necessary fund for Susy's shoes or Tommy's hat—"seems to me you're always wanting money!" is the handsome retort. Is any little extra demanded by his masculine appetite—it is ordered, not requested. "Look here, I want you to do so and so—just see that it is done;" and off marches Mr. Boor, with a bow and a smile of gentlemanly polish and friendly sweetness for every casual acquaintance he may choose to recognize.

When we meet with such thoughtlessness and coarseness, our thoughts revert to the kind voice and gentle manner of the friend who said, "yes, my dear, with pleasure." "I beg your pardon," comes as readily to his lips when by any little awkwardness he has disconcerted her, as it would in the presence of the most fashionable stickler for etiquette. This is because he is a thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to precedence. He loves her best—why should he hesitate to show it; not in sickly, maudlin attentions, but in preferring her attentions, and honoring her in public as well as private. He knows her worth, why should he hesitate to attest it?

"And her husband, he praises her," saith Holy Writ; not by fulsome adulation, not by pushing her charms into notice, but by speaking, as opportunity occurs, in a modest way, of her virtues. Though words may seem little things, and slight attentions almost valueless, yet, depend upon it, they keep the flame bright, especially if they are natural. The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere, and learn to respect their parents as they see them respecting one another. Many a boy takes advantage of a mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits and

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the thoughts and feelings they engender, and, in his turn, becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother—why should he thank her? father never does. Thus, the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearth-stone, fully prepared to render justice, benevolence, and politeness to any and every one but those who have the highest claims. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead—the smiling wife and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

MEMORY.—"Quick recollection," says Coleridge, "is often mistaken for reflection." This brief saying has suggested to me the inquiry, How much of our knowledge may be considered as independent of memory? I contend that, excepting a few first principles, such as personal existence, etc. (which are matters, not of inference or of demonstration, but of intuition) none of our knowledge is unrelated to memory, and that all of it is ascertained without the aid of any such principle of the mind as the judgment or reflection.

Common minds seldom, hardly never, reflect; they memorize. If you ask some if they have a good memory, they will answer, no: meaning that they have not cultivated a memory of words or books. The truth is, they were not born with a love for that particular branch of science, but have applied themselves to some other. But the mind is so constituted that it must be active in something; therefore, each man has some one ability acquired by a constant repetition of it; such, for instance, as cracking jokes, violin playing, painting or drawing. Proficiency in these is attained, not by reasoning, but by frequently practicing, till memory is perfect. Thus all memorize; few think, few originate, few are creators. Shakspeare even was but a delineator. Such truthfulness to nature as his was never attained by meditating on abstract subjects in his closet, but by daily contact with humanity as it is. He painted the picture of human life as seen, visited, and experienced by himself. His copies were perfect, it is true; but nature was the original, which he so perfectly imitated from his matchless memory. His chief distinction was his matchless memory.

Bunyan, too, who was an inventor, if ever there was one, related, in his immortal allegory, only his own experience, and as truly depended upon his memory as his chief resource as he who learns the history of nations and then rehearses them to others. How long and vain was Newton's attempt to solve the law of gravitation among the heavenly bodies till he remembered the falling apple!

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The Vision;

"OR, TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

During the early part of the reign of George III, there lived in an obscure village of Ireland, a family in the middle walks of life named Gunning. They were not richly endowed with this world's goods, but possessed sufficient for all the comforts, if not the luxuries of life. Matthew Gunning was a farmer by profession, (if so it may be called), and had he possessed that spirit of frugality, which seems almost unknown to the Irish nation, he might have been a wealthy man; as it was, he generally followed the principle of "letting to-morrow take care of itself." His wife had been the village belle, and still retained traces of that extraordinary beauty which had excited the admiration of all who beheld her. Two girls were the sole fruits of their union, who promised, even in their infancy, to equal if not surpass their mother in personal charms; and that mother's soul was bound up in them. Being near of an age, the children were constantly together; and the sprightly Lizzie and the fairy Louisa were spoiled by both young and old in the village of E——. One summer afternoon, fatigued with their sports, the infant sisters threw themselves upon the grass beneath a willow which enshadowed their parents' cottage, and with the fair round cheeks of Louisa pillowed upon the tresses of Lizzie, and their dimpled limbs and snowy robes thrown into strong relief by the rich wavy sward, they presented a picture which Lawrence would have longed to transfer to canvas. The mother, as she sat with her spinning-wheel in the deep embrasure of the window, watched them as they slept, and unconsciously her thoughts wandered into the future; and, with a mother's fond anxiety, speculated upon their future career.

As she mused, she too fell into a gentle slumber, and as the visions of her musings assumed, as it were, a tangible shape, "a local habitation and a name," and like a phantasmagoria passed before her, she fancied herself in London, that great city of which she had heard so much, and she seemed an invisible spectator of a scene that surpassed her proudest hopes; she saw her lovely daughters appearing in the perfected beauty of womanhood, as actors on the busy arena of the aristocratic world. Peers and peeresses, prelates and statesmen, even royalty itself, seemed to do homage to their beauty and distinguished from the rest by his haughty bearing, and the glittering star upon his breast, a duke knelt at the feet of her youngest born, her bright haired Lizzie, and she thought upon the regal brow the coronet formed of the ducal strawberry leaves, rested as if it had found a fit abiding place. Delighted, she

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awoke, and with the glittering vision still filling her imagination, she started to find herself in her own humble cottage and her children sleeping beneath the tree.

She mentioned her dream to none, but the memory of it lingered for years, and with a mother's fond partiality, she whispered, "why should not such things be?"

Time sped on, and our heroines increased in beauty and years; they received the best education the place could afford; and the worthy cure, seeing that their minds soared far above mediocrity as well as their persons, formed their ductile powers to such a degree that they were soon fit to grace any circle.

When Louisa was about seventeen, their mother died; and on her death-bed exacted a solemn promise from her husband, that before the expiration of six months he should take them to London; then, for the first time relating her dream, she begged him to remain there a year at least, and at the end of that time, if they had not attracted notice, he might return with them to his native village. Had it been anywhere but at the dying bed of his wife, Matthew Gunning might have smiled at the ascendency which the imagination had been allowed to gain over the judgment; but although he desired no higher destiny for his children than to see them the wives of respectable men in their own sphere of life, still he would not refuse her last request, and made the required promise. Could he have foreseen the future?

As soon as the daughters could become reconciled to leaving the grave of their beloved mother, and the many endearing associations of their childhood, for the vast city, where they would be "unknowing and unknown,"—they started for the metropolis. They arrived there in June, that month whose delights the tyrant Fashion had compelled the aristocracy of Britain's Isle to forego, and obliged to remain in the city when they would fain be reposing beneath the shade of those gigantic trees that wave proudly over the ancestral home of England's haughty nobility.

Matthew Gunning, willing to fulfill his wife's wishes as much as possible, took lodgings in a fashionable hotel, and ere many weeks had elapsed London was in an uproar. Who were those angels that had suddenly appeared as from Paradise? The *furore*, as Horace Walpole calls it, was unparalleled. The young nobles, whose tastes were satiated with the usual London belles, begged their stately mammas to leave their cards upon our heroines, if they wished them ever to assist at their monthly balls; and if the aristocratic parent refused upon the plea of their being "nobodies," the youthful peers declared they would repair to the club whenever their mothers and sisters particularly desired their escort.

And so it went on; day after day, week after week, the gate of the

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hotel was thronged with England's proudest and noblest, and the eyes of the fair Ireland lasses were almost dazzled by the array of brilliant names, whose cards were hourly sent to them; and even Matthew began to think that his wife was not so foolish as he had once deemed her. From the duchess to the baronet's lady, from the peeress who boasted of descent from the Plantagenets to the parvenu of yesterday, all alike strove to do them honor; and more than once had the proud duchess, in whose veins flowed the blood of kings, found her rooms empty on the night of her most magnificent fete; because why? she had neglected to invite the Gunnings: and, to her mortification, she would hear that the rooms of the rich banker's wife were crowded the same evening by the elite of the nobility, and the magnet of attraction was the fair sisters. These few solitary exceptions at length gave way before the overwhelming tide of excitement that was rushing on like a mighty torrent, and the usually invincible aristocratic walls of Almack's fell without a blow, before the irresistible power of beauty. And now had their mother been alive, she might have indeed thought her fairy dream fully realized.

No person who was not a spectator can conceive the rage for the fair sisters that was evinced by the fashionable world. Walpole in his letters speaks of it as the most extraordinary thing that happened for centuries. Selwyn, the famous wit, was a devoted friend of the elder sister, and evinced it for a many a year. And now comes the crowning scene in the sleeper's dream.

The Duke of Hamilton, one of the most courted and admired nobles, and at whose approach managing mammas fanned themselves violently, so as to appear unconcerned, and the unconscious daughters looked down and smelt of their bouquets, whose movements were watched by many a glittering eye and anxious heart—he, the young and haughty Duke of Hamilton and Grandon, was vanquished by the charms of the young Elizabeth; and before the end of the season, the ducal coronet was in reality placed upon those shining tresses. In the course of a fortnight from her sister's marriage, Louisa married the Marquis of Coventry.

The rest of their career is known to all the world. Who has not heard of the shoemaker who made upward of two guineas by exhibiting a slipper he was making for Lady Coventry, at a penny a head? And also read with amazement of a thousand persons who sat up all night around the doors of a hotel to see the Duchess of Hamilton enter her carriage at an early hour the next morning? Who would have dreamt that the daughters of a humble Irish farmer should thus become an integral of that haughty aristocracy of England? But so it was, and the bright-haired Lizzie, who reclined beneath the willow, hushed to sleep by the music of her mother's spinning wheel, lived to become the wife of two

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Dukes nnd the mother of four. For after the death of her first husband she married the Duke of Argyle.

There is scarcely an instance on record which more clearly proves that "truth is stranger than fiction," than the history of the motherless daughters of Matthew Gunning.

Thoughts which are Thoughts.

SELECTIONS.—BY JOHN T BANES.
Georgetown, D. C.

Dr. Lawrence being asked what he thought the best system of education, replied, "School in school hours, and home instruction in the intervals."

Macaulay says of Byron, that he could exhibit only one man, and only one woman—a man, proud, cynical, with defiance on his brow, and misery in his heart, a scorner, capable of deep and strong affection ; a woman, all softness and gentleness, loving to caress and be caressed, but capable to be transformed by passion into a tigress.

It is said of the late Sir Charles Wetherell, that when he was attending a parliamentary committee on a contested Cornish election, as counsel for the sitting member, a witness to speak to a fact which his client's safety required to be proved, was called for by the chairman, but in vain. Sir Charles, in a whisper with the solicitor, ascertained that he was at home, and that it would take three days to send for him and bring him to town. "Then send off a post-chaise and four at once, and I will argue the point whether he is a necessary witness or not in the meantime." The argument was far from concluded, when towards the close of the third day the witness arrived ; and it is said that the learned counsel was annoyed at being interrupted so abruptly.

In the mind of man, one desire gives way to another, as a second stone cast into the water effaces and confounds the circles of the first.

George III was extremely punctual, and expected punctuality from every one who had business with him. The late Lord H. was the most punctual person who attended on his Majesty. He had an appointment one day with the king at Windsor, at 12 o'clock ; on passing the hall, the clock struck 12, on which his Lordship raised his cane and broke the face of the clock. Upon entering the king's apartment, his Majesty reminded him that he was a little behind the time, which he excused as well as he could. At the next audience, the king as he entered the room exclaimed:

"Why, Lord H., how came you to strike the clock?"

"*The clock struck first,* your Majesty."

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Rulhierre said to Talleyrand: "I know not why I am called a wicked man, for I never in the whole course of my life performed but one act of wickedness."

"But when," replied Talleyrand, "will this act be at an end?"

Remember that labor is necessary to excellence. This is an eternal truth, although vanity cannot be brought to believe or indolence to heed it.

The character of the real gentleman is the most respectable among men. It consists not in plate and equipage and rich living, any more than in the disease which that mode of life engenders,; but in truth, courtesy, bravery, generosity, and learning, which last, although not essential to it, yet does very much to adorn and illustrate the character of the true gentleman.—*Randolph.*

Laughter means sympathy; good laughter is not "the crackling of thorns under the pot."

Periods of suffering are in the end seldom lost either to the cause of truth or the moral discipline of nations; it is the sunshine of prosperity which spread the fatal corruption. Christianity withered under the titled hierarchy, but she shone forth in spotless purity from the revolutionary agonies of France, and that celestial origin which was obscured by the splendor of a prosperous, has been revealed in the virtues of a suffering age.—*Addison.*

The reign of injustice is not eternal; no special act of Providence is required to arrest it; no avenging angel need descend to terminate its wrathful course; it destroys itself by its own violence, the avenging angel is found in the human heart.—*Allison.*

If conscience plays the tyrant, it would be greatly for the benefit of the world that she were more arbitrary, and far less placable, than some men find her.—*Junius.*

Flatter not yourself with contrarieties of pleasures. Of the blessings set before you make choice and be content. No man can taste the fruits of autumn, while he is delighting his scent with the flowers of spring; no man can at the same time fill his cup from the source and from the mouth of the Nile.—*Johnson.*

Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven; but insults admit of no compensation.

The annexed beautiful lines are copied from a tombstone in the Protestant grave-yard at New Orleans:

"There's not an hour of the day or dreaming night but I am with thee; there's not a wind but whispers of thy name, and not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon but in its hues or fragrance tells a tale of thee."

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VARIETIES.

Sweet April, many a thought
Is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.—*Longfellow.*

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering: and is this a greatness which is apt to make a show, or which is most likely to abound in conspicuous station? It is force of thought which measures intellectual, and so it is force of principle which measures moral greatness.

The tallest crying heard of is related by Professor Longfellow in his late poem of "Hiawatha." It is as follows:

"And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro, moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish
That the forest moaned and shuddered;
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish."

The Girl in Red.—Cassius M. Clay tells the following: "During the late political canvass Burlingame and myself occupied adjoining rooms at the Bates House, Indianapolis. At a late hour one evening I was in Burlingame's room, and both of us were somewhat elated with the popular enthusiasm. We were, as old soldiers are wont to do, fighting our battles over again, when a fine band, right opposite my room, poured o'er the night floods of soul-stirring music. 'Clay, you are honored,' said B.; 'go and acknowledge the compliment.' With due diffidence, I excused myself, when, as I anticipated, the band broke forth anew in strains of heroic melody in front of the room occupied by B. 'I have you now,' said I; 'now give 'em a sentiment.' 'No; you,' said B. 'Well,' said I, 'both together;' so locking arms, with an air of intense dignity, we walked out upon the balcony, and, in a faltering voice I commenced; Indiana, Massachusetts, and Kentucky—triple sisters—may they ever be true to the family union! The leader of the band,

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after a pause, with a thick tongue inquired, 'Who are you?' 'Clay and Burlingame,' said I. 'The h—ll you are!' said he in reply; and then, in an undertone addressed to his followers, he concluded: '*Boys, it's not the girl in red.*'"

Couldn't Stand the Cold.—Stephen Hall, a queer genius, had made frequent promises to his troubled friend that he would put himself out, and freeze to death.

About eleven o'clock he returned shivering and snapping his fingers.

"Why don't you freeze?" says a loving relative. "Golly," said the pseudo-suicide, "when I freeze, I mean to take a warmer night than this for it."

A Thought for Every Day.—We see not, in this life, the end of human actions. The influence never dies. In every widening circle it reaches beyond the grave. Death removes us from this to an eternal world,—time determines what shall be our condition in that world. Every morning when we go forth we lay the moldering hand on our destiny, and every evening, when we have done, we have left a deathless impress upon our character. We touch not a wire but vibrates in eternity,—not a voice but reports at the throne of God. Let youth, especially, think of these things, and let every one remember that in this world, where character is in its formation state, it is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.

A sweet country home, with roses and honeysuckles trained to climb over it; with good taste, intelligence, and beauty within; toil enough to insure health, and leisure enough to court acquaintance with books, flowers, and the loveliness of nature; with peace, plenty, and love; is surely one of the Paradises which heaven has left for the attainment of man.

A Question in Moral Philosophy.—The Opal, a little paper edited by the inmates of the New York asylum for the insane, at Utica, contributes the following to the stock of good things:

Not many days since, the following conversation took place in the ladies' first hall of Asylumia. Miss Dix had passed through, a moment before, and a younger daughter of our household, just started in her teens, made one of a cluster called together by the occasion.

"Who was the lady whom we saw with the doctor?" she inquired.

"That was Miss Dix, the philanthropist," replied the Manager.

"What is a philanthropist, please?"

"Philanthropist, my dear, is a word from two Greek words, signifying a lover of men."

"Well, then, are not all we women philanthropists?"

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True Answer.—Diogenes being asked of what beast the bite is most dangerous, replied: "Of wild beasts, that of a slanderer; of tame, that of a flatterer." Some of the ancient philosophers were remarkable for the utterance of wise, practical, pithy sayings. Seneca will be quoted to the end of time for the practical wisdom which he evinced in regard to men, morals, and the true method of spending life. The slanderer and the flatterer are both dangerous. The former stabs you, and the latter leads you, by overweening conceit, to stab yourself. The flatterer is always welcome, but there is less danger from the slanderer. The slanderer keeps you on the watch; the flatterer blinds your eyes, so that you run directly into danger. The slanderer tells you some truths, although they are harsh and unwelcome; the flatterer conceals from you truths which you would be greatly profited in knowing. The slanderer frets your temper and humbles your pride; the flatterer takes advantage of your weakness, and puffs you up with vanity. The slanderer is a "wild beast" full of venom; the flatterer, a "tame one" that does you greater harm, by sweet accents and honeyed words.

At a late firemen's supper, at Burlington, the following toast was given: "Ladies of '56—Like the fireman's bucket, *well hooped*, and, like firemen, delighting in the exhibition of their *hose*."

"I stand," said a Western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be my arm, if I desert 'em."

"You stand on nothing of the kind," interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand on my boots, that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

Misunderstanding.—The other day the conductor of a train on a New York railroad discovered an Irishman in the car soon after starting from Rome, and demanded his fare. Pat declared he had no money. The Conductor, after lecturing him, told him to leave at the first stopping place, not far distant. Accordingly, Pat was one of the first to get off at the next station. But judge of the Conductor's surprise and wrath to find him aboard when fairly under way.

"Did I not tell you to get off?"

"And sure I did."

"Why, then, are you here again?"

"And sure, did you not say, 'All aboard?'"

The heroic Sir Charles Napier wrote very beautifully and touchingly to a lady on the eve of his great victory at Mayenne: "If I survive, I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I have loved."

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INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.

MASSACHUSETTS:

We have received the Proceedings of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, at the semi-annual session, held at Boston, Feb. 7th, 1857. The following extract from Grand Master Caleb Rand's report to the Grand Lodge will inform our readers of the present condition of the Order in that jurisdiction:

"I am happy to say that, in my opinion, our institution stands on a firmer basis at the present time than it has for many years past, particularly in this vicinity. More attention is being paid to principles, and less to outward forms and ceremonies. The Priests and Levites have looked in upon us, aud passed by on the other side; but the Good Samaritans of our cause are bending over its body pouring in the wine and oil of hope and encouragement—cheerfully contributing the few pence required of them, and leaving the grateful assurance, "Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." Odd-Fellowship has no longer the attraction of novelty to sustain it. It has met and overcome the prejudices that society has entertained against it. It has proved its right to a commanding position among the best and most useful institutions of the day. And now that it has gained all these triumphs, it is for us to shape its destinies in order to carry it forward to still nobler victories. May your deliberations on the present occasion be so conducted as to produce this very desirable result."

But little business was transacted at this session. An interesting question was raised relative to the eligibility of Past Grands, *not* Representatives, to serve on the Standing Committees. The subject was referred to a committee, with instructions to report at next session.

The following decisions made by the Grand Master during the recess, and confirmed by the Grand Lodge, we select for the edification of our readers:

The Representative of a Lodge is undoubtedly the proper medium for transmitting the work of the Order to his subordinate Lodge, and his Lodge is bound to obey his instructions. But it is also the duty of the Deputy Grand Master of the District to correct all errors he may discover in the work of the subordinates of his jurisdiction.

Hermann Lodge provides watchers for the sick by hire, and not by service on the part of the members; and the Lodge asks if they are bound to pay the expenses of hiring watchers for their members who are sick and out of the jurisdiction.

Ans. No. To watch with the sick is one of the duties enjoined by

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the Order. Should a brother from New York or elsewhere, visiting Boston, be taken sick and apply to Hermann Lodge for watchers, Hermann Lodge must supply the same. It may do it in such manner as its by-laws provide, by individual service, or by hire. The brothers of Hermann Lodge, when traveling, have the same claim upon Lodges elsewhere.

The same Lodge requires written notice of the sickness of a brother absent, to be written in a particular form, to entitle him to benefits. A brother visiting San Francisco with a traveling card is taken sick, and is under the charge of the General Relief Committee of the San Francisco Lodges, who present a claim for twelve weeks' benefits. The Lodge asks if it must repay these benefits?

Ans. Yes. The Relief Committee stands in the place of any and all the Lodges in that city. Notice to them is equivalent to notice to Hermann Lodge. If the brother were without a card, the claim for benefits would be useless, unless he had acted under the by-laws of his Lodge. But his card gives him the right to claim his benefits of any Lodge under whose care he may be—they standing in the place of Hermann Lodge.

There is no constitutional restraint against two Lodges uniting or merging. If such mergement takes place, suspended members would be placed in the same position as if the Lodge were defunct.

A Lodge having expressed a willingness to receive back an expelled brother, it is only necessary that it should pass a vote to that effect, and relations to the Lodge will then be the same as at the time of his expulsion, provided the consent of the Grand Lodge is also obtained.

It is an utter impossibility for an installing officer to install himself. A Past Grand should be delegated to install the officer.

MINNESOTA.

We extract the following letter from the correspondence of the Ark relative to Odd-Fellowship in Minnesota. We are gratified to learn of the elevation to the Grand Master's chair of our friend and brother of the editorial craft, John P. Owens. He was one of the earliest emigrants from Ohio to the prosperous young territory, and, we believe, started the first paper published in Minnesota:

"The fifth annual session of the Grand Lodge of Minnesota, at Odd Fellows' Hall, St. Paul, was interesting and important. Representatives from five Lodges were present. A fuller attendance was impossible on account of the intensely cold weather and furious storms on the prairies, rendering it dangerous to travel. Communication with distant parts of the territory has been almost suspended for several days.

"The reports of the various officers and the statistics of the different Lodges, show that Odd-Fellowship is not languishing in this territory.

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The prospects for the future are truly flattering. The cause has advanced more this last year than in all the preceding history of the Grand Lodge.

"Eureka Lodge, No. 10, was instituted about a month ago by the Grand Master, L. A. Babcock, at Ferribault, M. T. This is a town of some importance now, though only six years ago the wild Indian hunted and warred on its very site. Thus, our glorious Order, treading close in the footsteps of civilization, is bearing its message of benevolence, philanthropy, and good will to man, over our whole country."

CALIFORNIA.

The Emblem publishes the following extracts from a letter of Grand Secretary, T. Rogers Johnston, of San Francisco. Our readers will be pleased to learn of the prosperity of Odd-Fellowship in the Golden State.

"There are within this State, sixty-two Lodges, numbering about twenty-seven hundred contributing members. Since the adjournment of the Grand Lodge on the 10th of May last, five new Lodges have been organized, to wit: *Mt. Horeb*, No. 58, at Sonora; *Oroville*, No. 59, at Oroville, Butte county; *Orleans*, No. 60, at Orleans Flat, Nevada county; *North Star*, No. 61, at Weaverville, Trinity county; and *Granite*, No. 62, at Folsom, Sacramento county. The Encampment branch of the Order in California, though not existing under circumstances very flattering, yet, is increasing in a fair ratio. There are ten Encampments within this jurisdiction, two of which have been organized since the last session of the Grand Encampment, to wit: *Olive Branch*, No. 9, at St. Louis, Sierra county; *Lone Star*, No. 10, at Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras county.

"The Order in California is gaining rapidly in numbers, notwithstanding that many of the Lodges have reported, during the present term, an unusually large number of suspensions. We doubt if there is a State in the Union, that better exhibits prosperity in the Order, or more fully applies its principles to every-day life, than California. Among the Lodges of the mining towns, there exists an *interest* in Odd-Fellowship, to an extent unknown in the older States. Shut out, in a great measure, from the ordinary advantages of social enjoyment, brothers resort to the Lodge meetings with greater regularity, and enter more into the social spirit its principles are calculated to promote. A number of instances have fallen under my own observation, in which (the nearest Lodge being five or ten miles distant) brothers have performed the journey *on foot*, after the hard labor of the day was over. Such exhibitions of fidelity to the Order, and regard for its principles, are seldom witnessed.

"Dedications, festivals, and balls have recently formed the order of the day among the Lodges of the interior. The anniversary of the organization of Mokelumne Lodge, No. 44, was celebrated at Mokelumne Hill,

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on the 24th of October, by a large procession of the brothers of that thriving district. The dedication of a new and elegant hall took place on the same evening at San Andreas, an important mining town in Calaveras county. A new Odd Fellows' Hall at Angel's Camp, will be dedicated on Christmas Eve, after which a ball will take place in honor of the second anniversary of Hope Lodge, No. 33. These evidences of the prosperity of our Order in this portion of California, afford us some grounds for referring to them with peculiar pleasure. The Lodges in this city were never more prosperous than at present, as observed in the large and regular attendance upon the Lodge meetings. The newly initiated members manifest a commendable ambition to advance in the degrees, and to acquire a perfect knowledge of the work of the Order, thus keeping alive the interest of the older members, and promoting the general prosperity of the Lodges.

"The Odd Fellows of California are already preparing to celebrate the 38th Anniversary of the Order in the United States; and it is to be hoped, that wherever Odd-Fellowship may be found in the length and breadth of our Union—whether upon the Atlantic or Pacific side, or scattered throughout the great valleys of the West—that its anniversary will long be cherished as a day sacred to the noblest principles that ever became the incentive to good deeds."

OHIO.

Bro. Wm. M. Hubbell, Grand Scribe, has kindly sent us the following abstract from the Reports of Subordinate Encampments, for the last two terms. The progress this branch of our order is making may readily be seen by comparing the columns:

	June 30,1856	Dec. 31,1856	Whole Year.
Number of Initiations,..	354	175	529
Admitted by Card,.....	21	7	28
Reinstated, ...	13	7	20
Withdrawn by Card,.....	84	59	143
Expulsions,.....	61	57	118
Deaths,.....	16	10	26
Rejections,.....	15	4	19
Suspensions,.....	7	7	14
Contributing members.....	4,036	4,148	
Past Patriarchs,.....	1,025	1,036	
Patriarchs relieved,.....	209	166	375
Widowed families relieved,.....	9	1	10
Patriarchs buried,.....	12	5	17
Amount of receipts,.....	$11,762.56	$7,974.80	$19,737.36
paid for relief of Patriarchs.....	2,712.00	2,595.45	5,307.45
paid for relief of widowed families,.....	87.00	20.00	107.00
paid for burying the dead,.....	244.00	98.50	342.50
Total amount of expenditures.....	9,226.31	5,642 16	14,868.47
Balance in treasuries,.....	8,719.42	9,405,78	
Widow and Orphan's fund,.....	390.89	13.12	
Investments.....	20,973.45	19,619.31	

Encampments Nos. 6, 44, 45, and 64, have made no report for Term ending December 31, 1856.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

INCENTIVES TO ZEAL IN ODD-FELLOWSHIP.—In our last number, we endeavored to show that selfishness and the kindred baser qualities of the heart, were indirectly the cause of increased benevolence and kindly actions; that they prove incentives to the development of the god-like qualities in man, and arouse them to resistance by counteracting influences. We as a fraternity should take advantage of the existing depravity, to render Odd-Fellowship of still more practical utility to the age, than it has yet become. Extended though our influence, as an organization warring against vice in all its forms, is at present, and however much it may have progressed since its first introduction, we believe that in its present position it is a mere pigmy compared with what it may ultimately become.

Benevolence and charity exist in the heart; the woes of the unfortunate bring them into active exercise. Were selfishness and vice uprooted; did man but love his neighbor as himself, want would cease, and the poor would no longer be with us. The kind offices of the Good Samaritan would not have been manifested, had the traveler from Jerusalem to Jericho not fallen among thieves, who stripped him and left him naked by the wayside. The philanthropy of a Howard or a Miss Dix would never have been called into requisition, had all men been honest; and the angelic benevolence of Florence Nightingale would never have filled the world with admiration, had men ere this "beaten their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks." Those who deplore the depravity of the present age, seem to forget that where stalks collossal crime, there also can virtue be seen, clothed in celestial panoply; that wickedness, greatness, and virtue are meted out by the same measure, and the ferocity of Marat and the heroism of Charlotte Corday are characteristics of the same age. Calm, stagnant society that just breathes and lives, or in one word, vegetates, is incapable of great thoughts and great passions, and is consequently incapable of mighty deeds, whether for good or evil. It is such a state of society as exists at present that offers the most fruitful field for the display, of the principles of our noble Order!

It is the aim of Odd-Fellowship to counteract the spread of vice by infusing a love of virtue; to subdue the antagonistic elements of society, and mould them to her principles. We do not expect to regenerate the world, and bring all mankind to a practical recognition of the justness of our position, but we do expect to modify the prevalence of crime, and elevate the standard of virtue. This must be done, not by sitting idly

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down, and lamenting the degeneracy of man, but by bringing the *principles* of Odd-Fellowship to bear upon community with greater force. We must be untiring in our efforts to extend the sway of "Friendship, Love, and Truth," and to awaken the charitable and virtuous to a more thorough co-operation with us. How mighty would be the result, could the two hundred thousand Odd Fellows now composing the Order in the United States of America, be awakened to a zealousness in carrying out the principles of the fraternity! How crime would diminish, and want disappear, were every brother of our mystic tie to use his individual efforts in carrying out the principles of Odd-Fellowship to the letter of the law! And beautiful as is this picture to the imagination, it is only a correct representation of the *objects* of our fraternity,—which it is the duty of every member to perform, and a neglect of which is a violation of his solemn obligation made at his initiation.

Let us urge, then, upon every member of the fraternity, to look about him, and see if he has faithfully performed his duty as an Odd Fellow in every particular. Brother, have you not even neglected attending the meetings of your Lodge, when you might have gone with little effort? Or, failing not in this, have you watched, when duty calls, beside the couch of the sick; have you ministered to the wants of the needy; or extended protection to the widow and the orphan? Many can truly answer "yes," but alas! how few, compared with those who have neglected the Order entirely, and are Odd Fellows only in name!

FRATERNAL ITEMS.—The members of Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 176, of this city, celebrated the sixth anniversary of their Lodge on the evening of the 12th ult. We were gratified to see a large attendance of visiting brethren and Daughters of Rebekah. The exercises of the evening consisted of an address by a charter member, P. G. George A. Wheeler, and music by Professors Nourse and Locke. The members of this Lodge are all teetotalers. It is in a highly prosperous condition, and though its numerical strength is small compared with other Lodges of the city, its organization is efficient, and the pure principles of Odd-Fellowship are zealously inculcated within the sphere of its influence. We trust that the practice of celebrating Lodge anniversaries will become more prevalent. They certainly tend to infuse greater good among the membership, enlist the interest of the lukewarm and apathetic, and infuse a more fraternal feeling among the brethren.

We regret to learn that our worthy friend and brother, Rev. I. D. Williamson, has been greatly afflicted during the last winter with chronic rheumatism, and occasional asthma. In consequence of his protracted

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ill health, he has been compelled to dissolve his pastoral relation with the First Universalist Church in Cincinnati. He has retired to the country, where, we trust, with a cessation from mental labor, and the advantages of pure air and healthful exercise, he will speedily regain his usual health and strength.

Palmetto Lodge, No. 175, of Cincinnati, has during the past winter, varied the usual routine of Lodge business by introducing semi-monthly literary entertainments consisting of addresses, readings, and recitations by the members. We were present on several occasions, and observed with pleasure that the brethren evinced much interest in the exercises. The lecture of Bro. Holabird, on Decision of Character, published in this number of the Casket, was one of the series, and was received with so much applause, that the Lodge, by unanimous vote, requested a copy for publication in this magazine. We welcome it to our pages, and cordially extend an invitation to Bro. Holabird, to become a frequent contributor to the Casket. His address demonstrates him to be a thinker, and although we do not agree with him in all his positions, they are the generally received axioms of this progressive age.

STANDING COMMITTEES.—At the recent semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, the following resolution was offered:

"Whereas, the practice of the Grand Master, in appointing upon the standing committees of this Grand Lodge, persons not Past Grand Masters, officers duly elected, nor representatives to this Grand Lodge, is in conflict with Article I, Section 1st, of the Constitution, therefore:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, it is improper and illegal, to appoint any brother upon the standing committees, except Past Grand Masters, officers duly elected, and representatives duly elected as such; and all appointments made in conflict with the above, are null and void."

After considerable discussion, D.G.M. Buckingham offered the following amendment, as an addition, evidently intended to defeat the purpose of the mover of the original:

"And therefore, all the commissions of District Deputies not representatives are illegal, and all Lodges installed by them have been illegally installed; and the seats of the Grand Marshal, Grand Guardian, and Grand Conductor, are now vacant."

The whole subject was referred to a special committee, with instructions to report at the annual session. The question raised in the above is a novel one, and will strike many with surprise. The mover of the amendment claims that members of standing committees and District Deputies are officers of the Grand Lodge, and that, by decision of the G.L.U.S. every Past Grand in good standing is eligible to office.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

VIVIA, THE SECRET OF POWER.—We have received from the publisher, T. B. Peterson, 112 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, a copy of this new work by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. It is published in one large duodecimo volume, neatly bound in cloth for one dollar and twenty-five cents, or in two volumes, paper cover, for one dollar. Either edition will be sent to any part of the United States, free of postage, on remiting the retail price to the publisher. In striking originality and beauty of conception, and in her peculiar power of fascinating the minds and hearts of her readers, Mrs. Southworth has few equals, and we predict for the work an extensive sale.

THE BORDER ROVER.—To Western readers it is, perhaps, sufficient to state that this work is from the pen of Emerson Bennett, to recommend it to favor. The scene of the Border Rover is in the territory of Kansas, beginning at Independence, Missouri, and extending all over the plains or prairies to the Rocky Mountains. It is full of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes, love, romance, and humor; and the characters are trappers, traders, hunters, travelers, guides, Indians, etc. Furthermore, the scenes are geographically correct, the incidents of actual occurrence, and those who wish to see Kansas as it was a few years since will find, in this most exciting story, some very accurate and valuable information.

Price, one dollar. It will be sent to any part of the United States free of postage. T. B. Peterson, publisher, Philadelphia.

CUTTER'S POEMS.—Moore, Wilstach, Keys, & Co., have placed upon our table a neatly printed copy of the poems of George W. Cutter, author of "E Pluribus Unum," "The Song of Steam," etc. It is embellished with a portrait of the author, and a vignette of Mrs. Cutter, who has some celebrity as a poetess.

THE SCIENCE OF LOGIC.—By Rev. Asa Mahan. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co.

This work is an epitome of the rules of logic and an analysis of the laws of thought, prepared for the young. Messrs. Applegate & Co. deal extensively in text-books, and this work is doubtless a standard one, or it would not have been found on their shelves.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.—In variety, ability, and tone this monthly has no superior among the serials either of Great Britain or America. It is made up of contributions by the ablest writers of our country, and is truly an exponent of our national literature.

Published at New York, by Dix, Edwards & Co., $3 per annum.

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Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TURNER.

VOL. VII. MAY, 1857. NO. 5.

The Secret Discovered.

BY J. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

Charles Somers was a resident of the village of Lee; and, though a young man, but few had attained a higher stand in community, or were more influential. He was a machinist, and though he worked but little himself now, had two shops under his control. He had come to the village of Lee when very young, and now, when it had grown into a thriving town, he was well known and universally beloved. He was a man of high and generous impulses, benevolent and liberal to a fault, and ever ready to do a good deed to any one.

No wonder, then, that when Odd-Fellowship was introduced to his notice, and he saw its beautiful workings, he was eager to be enrolled in so glorious a cause. Intelligent and zealous, he engaged with ardor in the work, and was foremost in everything. Such men always secure the prominence they merit, and he passed through the successive chairs of his Lodge, until he was, at the time our story opens, a Past Grand of great influence in the Order. Who was more zealous than he? who more ready to work, who to contribute? Who studied the principles of the Order more than he—who was more intelligent, or better "posted up?" Who ever performed his part in the ceremonies better, or who was there who could instruct or initiate half as clearly and correctly as him? No one. He was a model Odd Fellow.

At the time of which we are writing he had been married about a year. Emily Somers was truly one of the loveliest of women. She was about twenty years of age, and to extraordinary personal beauty, added the still more endearing qualities of a cultivated mind and generous heart, which one rarely meets with combined. No wonder that Charles Somers loved her. She was just such a person as mirrored back his own noble spirit and high principles, and a congenial tie of like mind and heart bound them closely to each other.

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But unfortunately for Emily, though she had been raised in affluence, from her kind but mistaken uncle she had imbibed most virulent antipathy to the Odd Fellows. She had never seen its practical workings and more beautiful features, and looked upon them much as we would a band of pirates, or a midnight crew of revelers and debauchees, believing, as she did, that secrecy was but a cloak for crime and misdeeds.

Great, then, was her surprise, when, some weeks after their marriage, he told her one evening that he would have to leave her, for the first time since their marriage, to go to the Lodge.

"What! are *you* an Odd Fellow?" said she, starting from his embrace with surprise.

"Yes, my dear," was his calm answer; "but why your astonishment?"

"Oh, nothing. But why did you not tell me this before? I don't like the Odd Fellows!" and embracing and kissing him, he turned and left the house.

Hardly was the street door closed when she sank upon the elegant sofa, and burst into a flood of tears—the first unhappy moment since their marriage. "What! an Odd Fellow!" was her first exclamation. Could it be so? Was the man on whose bosom she had leaned so confidingly—whom she had pressed to her heart so often—in whose clear eyes she had so often looked and saw not the shrinking averted gaze of guilt—a man of such noble qualities, so generous, so honorable, so kind, on whom she had lavished such a wealth of love so passionately: was *he* an Odd Fellow? the companion of midnight revelers and conspirators! For the first time she began to have conflicting doubts, either that she was mistaken in her views of Odd-Fellowship, or else she had been deceived in his love. But no; this could not be: he *was* true to her! She could not doubt that a moment. But, alas! he was a member of that hateful society. He had confessed it. His library was full of books and magazines with the cabalistic pictures and figures. He had awful, perhaps criminal secrets, which he dared not tell *her*, his confiding wife, from whom he never had kept a secret before! This unshared possession of the secret afflicted her more than anything else. But she would fathom it—she would find out, or else prevail on him to leave the Order.

So every night when he went to the Lodge, for he was as regular as the sun, she would beset him with ridicule and entreaty to stay away, and sometimes upbraid him with language anything but affectionate. The possession of the *secret* which she could not share seemed the most annoying to her of all, and kept her in a continual murmur against the Order. But, much as it pained him, Charles kept firmly on his course, trusting that soon his mistaken companion would see things in their true light.

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It has been often asserted by the enemies of our Order that it produces discord and estrangement so frequently in families. It is not Odd-Fellowship which does this, but mistaken views of it, and uncaused opposition to it from those who *will not* understand it. There is nothing in its ceremonies or teachings which will not make a man a more affectionate husband, a more tender parent, a more dutiful son, a better neighbor, or more faithful citizen than if he had not listened to its beautiful lessons and impressive charges.

One evening in the beautiful month of June, when the very air, so balmy and still, made every one feel kind and happy, Charles put on his hat to go out.

"Now, I wish you would not go away this evening," said Emily petulantly. "Cannot you stay with me? You always go to those horrible Odd Fellow meetings in preference to staying at home."

"No, dear Em., not in *preference* to staying at home, but much as I should love to do so, the Lodge has claims on me, too. Cannot I devote one evening this week to the great cause? I will be home early, and Carrie will be in to spend the evening with you, I know."

"Yes, but why do you *go* to those hateful Odd Fellow meetings? They don't do you any good. I am sure you must do something very mean and wicked that you have even to conceal from your families."

"I go because I love the Order, and love to help on its work. It is designed to make men better—to spread brotherly-love, and philanthropy, and kindness, and truth among men—to carry out the principles of religion, and banish fraud, and violence, and deceit and suffering from minkind! To do this, whether we meet in secret or not, is a noble and divine work, and I am happy that I am able to assist in it. If you knew more about it, you would love it as *I* do."

"So you always say; but you are so eager to attend the meeting,—you know how lonesome I am!"

"Yes; but one evening in the week is not much. I will return soon, and you can pass the time reading if Carrie don't come in. But I will be late if I don't stop talking. Good-bye,"—and stooping tenderly and kissing her, he left the room.

He was hardly gone, before Carrie, of whom he had spoken, came in. She had been a schoolmate of Mrs. Somers', and of long years' intimacy. Growing up to womanhood together, they had married about the same time, and were now living in adjoining houses. Carrie's husband was a physician, and not many were more justly popular than Dr. Parker. The friends were still as intimate as ever, and spent half their leisure time in each other's houses, which were connected by a gate. Carrie was a

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lively, frolicsome, romp of a girl, and in just such a gleesome mood, she rushed into her friend's parlor this evening.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you? You look as if you had just buried your last friend!"

"Carrie, I am a miserable woman! My husband is an Odd Fellow, and—"

"Is *that* all? Why, you distress yourself lots about small matters!"

"Ah, Carrie! you little know. He is so devoted to it; he goes every week, and often twice a week, to their meetings. He never says anything about what they do. If they only went for good, why do they keep so *secret?* They must do awful things there, which they won't even tell their own wives! Mrs. Pry told me some things they do when they initiate a member: it is really horrible! O! I wish he would leave them. I have been trying for months to get him to, but he is as devoted as ever. He expends so much time and money on them; you can't tell how miserable I feel when I think of it. Sometimes he is out all night, sitting up with sick 'brothers,' as they call one another. If I did not know he was such a good man, I should feel awful about it; but I wish he wouldn't think so much of them."

"That's his nature. You know he can't engage in anything without giving it his whole energies. Yet I am sure you are not any worse off than I am. My husband is gone out whole nights at at a time, besides being at home but little in the daytime. Yet *I* don't worry myself to death about it."

"But who knows what they do when they are out alone that way? It must be something very awful when they can't even let their wives know. Then, how they stick to one another!—it must be some bloody oath that binds them? The other day he gave two dollars to a man who came here, and said he was in want—some Odd Fellow, I suppose: because I looked through the partly-open door, and they were whispering and shaking hands. And Jim Maddox, one of his workmen, joined them, and it wasn't but a little while before he made him foreman of the new shop. Once one of his workmen was hurt in the machinery. Mr. Somers gave him money, and so did others, for nearly three months; and his wife told me they never suffered for anything all the time, but that they called on him every evening, and brought them books and papers. Charles says it is love and friendship that makes him do this, but I know it is some horrible oath or secret. I wish I could find it out. I mean to follow him some time, and see what they do. Just to think of a man having any horrible secret which he can't tell his wife! It's insupportable—I feel miserable!"

"I'll warrant you it won't be much, after all," said Carrie. "But you

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won't rest until your curiosity is satisfied. I hope you will find out. I have half a mind to help you; not from curiosity, though."

"No; I dare say not! You are half dying yourself to know."

Here Dr. Parker, who, coming home and finding Carrie gone, came into Somers' as usual, entered, and interrupted the conversation. They rose to go after a few minutes lively talk, when Carrie whispered, "Remember, I will help you."

Emily turned again to a table, and restlessly picked up a book that was lying on it, and opened it. It was full of the mysterious emblems of Odd-Fellowship. Half indifferently she turned over the leaves, looking at the skull, the coffin, the axe and chain, the arrows, etc., and wondering what the horrible things could be for, more confirmed than ever to find out the mystery.

She had scarcely laid down the book when she heard the gate shut, and her husband saying to some one:

"Well, come around, then, about eight o'clock to-morrow evening, and bring that, and I will go down with you."

"I will."

"There," thought Emily, "is a chance. They are going some place on a mysterious errand. I'll warrant he won't tell me a word about it; but I'll see where they go, at any rate. Carry will go with me."

The next night, tea was hardly over, when Charles, who had been in fine humor all evening, said,

"I am going out to-night, Em.; but won't be gone long."

"Where, Charles?"

"Oh! there is a secret," said he, smiling mysteriously.

"Yes," thought she, "and I will find it out, too."

A knock at the front door, which Charles answered, interrupted them. It was a neighbor, Mr. Harvey, who was a prominent Odd Fellow. He entered, and sat down a large, covered basket, apparently full.

"I will be ready in a minute," said Somers; "but you have not seen my new books. I have some works on Odd-Fellowship: come in and see them,"—leading the way across the hall into the library.

The moment they were out, Emily slipped in, and took a peep into the mysterious basket. What a sight! Fruits, delicacies of various kinds, and two or three bottles (of wine, probably,) and some other things, filled the entire basket.

"Of course, they are going to have a revelry at some one's house. I will see where they go, at least," said she, as she quit the room.

The men had hardly left the house before Carrie came in, with her bonnet and shawl on, and in a minute more, Mrs. Somers, telling her servant she would be back soon, joined her. They followed the men,

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who were on a brisk walk, for several squares, out of the thickest part of the city, until they both entered a small, though neat dwelling, encircled by trees and shrubbery. The Odd Fellows knocked, and were immediately admitted. Emily's heart beat quick, and her limbs seemed almost to fail her as he approached the house, which was all dark except one room, the window of which was open, the blinds down. Advancing to this, they peeped cautiously through the blind,—and what a scene!

Standing inside the door, which was near the window, was a woman, careworn and pale, yet handsome, and Emily's husband and Mr. Harvey conversing with her in a low tone.

"I am glad you think he is better: he seems to sleep well. Will he need any one to watch with him to-night?" said Mr. Harvey.

"Oh, no; he told me not to let any one stay. I can get along well enough now alone."

"Well," said Mr. Harvey, uncovering the basket, "here are some delicacies, which will strengthen him. Spare him nothing he needs; and if you want anything, do not hesitate to tell us. Here is some material aid;" said he, said he, extending several bank notes, "better than mere sympathy."

"You are too kind," said she; "but we shall not need half of this," returning some of the notes. "You brothers have been too generous. There are many who are in greater need than we."

At this moment, the sick man of whom they had been speaking, awoke, and turning his head, recognized his brethren, though weak and feeble. They turned to his bedside.

"Well, Marsh, how do you feel," said Somers, seating himself beside him, and taking his thin hand.

"Better, better, brothers. How shall I ever be able sufficiently to thank God, who has given me such kind friends, and for Odd-Fellowship, which cares for the suffering and destitute? How I have prayed for His blessing on you all!"

Mr. Somers talked eloquently to him of how soon again he would meet with them, of how good business was, and told him all the news in such a lively and eloquent strain, that, as he listened, the invalid's face brightened with pleasure and hope, and he really looked much better, while he clasped their hands, and silently thanked Heaven for kind brothers and Odd-Fellowship, which had so cheered him.

They rose to go.

"Come, I have seen enough," said Emily, with a choking voice, and in a few minutes they were at home.

* * * * *

"Oh! my noble husband!" said Emily; "how can I forgive myself for having suspected him! God bless him! I have found out the secret

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now! Generous, noble Charles! I will never again say a word against the Odd Fellows before him. How can I forgive myself for having watched him?—and yet, I have but found out his most noble qualities."

"I mean to coax the Doctor to join them," said Carrie. "How much good he might do. If that is Odd-Fellowship we have seen, I am one of their firmest friends now. How touchingly the poor man talked!"

Charles, who was home nearly as soon as they, and who had heard this conversation through the half-open door, as he paused on the threshold, now entered.

"Oh! my husband! my noble, generous Charles!" said Emily, falling on his bosom. "Forgive me for having wronged you by unjust thoughts. I have found out the secret now; and it makes me love you the more, if that is possible—my noble, kind husband!"

"Oh, you little vixens! been watching me, have you? Well, you have found out the great secret of Odd-Fellowship. It is to do good, and relieve a brother in distress. Who would have thought that you, dearest Em., could have been so bigoted as you were! You now see what a glorious Order it is. I could not tell you one-half its beauties, or one-half the good even I have seen it do, were I to talk all night. I have known hundreds of just such cases as you have seen this evening, and while Odd Fellows have been accused of going away at night for revelry and midnight meetings, they have been all night by the bedside of the sick or dying brother, or on other errands of unostentatious charity. This is the secret. You have indeed discovered it. Read the *Casket*—you will find it on the table there. That will inform you of our position, and if you would know more, join the Daughters of Rebekah, who are just organizing."

"What's all this I hear!" said Dr. Parker, who had been standing in the doorway for several minutes, unnoticed. "Why, there must have been a revolution in your family. Emily talking of joining the Rebekahs? What next? What has brought this about, Em.?"

"They have been discovering the secrets of the Order, Doctor, and have found out some of its beauties," said Somers, and related the incident.

Dr. Parker was wonderfully pleased; indeed, the women could scarcely understand why he enjoyed it so much.

"You must join, Doctor," said Carrie, as she leaned on his arm in a fond embrace, and looked up into his face wonderingly. You could do so much good."

"*Me* join?" said Dr. Parker, with a mysterious glance at Somers. "Why you little puss, I have been a member these three months."

Carrie started, and looked at him in surprise, as if she doubted his word. It was Emily's turn to laugh now.

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"And who do you suppose joined my Lodge last night, Em.?" said the Doctor. "Why, no less a person than your favorite preacher and adored pastor, the Rev. Joshua Surplice!"

"Well, I give up! And what does Mrs. Surplice say?"

"Why, she is strongly in favor of it, and says she will join the Rebekahs as soon as she can."

"Good," said Carrie. "We will join too, Em. How much good we might do! With no families to hinder us, and means to devote, how much we might do for the great cause, to relieve distress and suffering, and promote good will and love among mankind."

"Yes," said Dr. Parker, looking with a proud tenderness on his lovely wife; "and remember always, when your friends ask you about the secret of Odd-Fellowship, to tell them it is TO DO GOOD!"

Who is my Neighbor?

BY WM. STEINACHER.

Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,—
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain;
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem,—
Widow and orphan helpless left;
Go thou and shelter them.

Wherever thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thine own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbor's worm,
Thy brother's or thy son's.

PITTSBURGH, April, 1857.

All are not just because they do no wrong;
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just.—*Cumberland.*

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Birds.

Birds live more in a given time than any other creatures. For, to live is not only to love; it is also to move, act, and travel. The hours of the swift, which, in sixty minutes, can reach the distance of eighty leagues, are longer than the hours of the tortoise, because they are better occupied, and comprise a greater number of events. Men of the present day, who can go from Europe to America in little more than a week, live four times as much as men of the last century, who took a month to make the passage. People who are now fifty years of age have still a longer time before them than Michæl Angelo and Voltaire had at the moment when they were laid in their cradle. Independently of birds thus enjoying more of life than all other beings in the same given number of years, time seems to glide over them without leaving a trace of its effects; or rather, time only improves them, reviving their colors and strengthening their voices. Age increases the beauty of birds, while in men it brings on ugliness.

A bird is a model ship, constructed by the hand of God, in which the conditions of swiftness, manageability, and lightness are absolutely and necessarily the same as in vessels built by the hand of man. There are not in the world two things which resemble each other more strongly,

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both mechanically and physically speaking, than the carcase and frame-work of a bird and a ship. The back-bone so exactly resembles a keel that the English language has retained the name. The wings are the oars, the tail the rudder. That orginal observer, Huber, the Genevese, who has carefully noticed the flight of birds of prey, has even made use of the metaphor thus suggested to establish a characteristic distinction between rowers and sailors. The rowers are the falcons, who have the first or second wing-feather the longest, and who are able, by means of this powerful oar, to dart right into the wind's eye. The mere sailors are the eagles, the vultures, and the buzzards, whose more rounded wings resemble sails. The rowing bird is to the sailing bird what the steamer, that laughs at adverse winds, is to the schooner, that cannot advance against them.

The bones of the highflyers, as well as their feathers, are tubes filled with air, communicating with a pulmonary reservoir of prodigious capacity. This reservoir is also closely connected with the air-cells which lie between the interior muscles, and which are so many swimming-bladders, by aid of which the bird is able to inflate its volume, and diminish its specific gravity in proportion. In birds that are laden with a heavy burden of head, Nature has interposed so decided a gap between skin and flesh that there results an almost complete detachment of the skin. Consequently they can be stripped of their coating just as easily as a rabbit can. In man and other mammifers, the blood, in the act of breathing, advances ready to meet the air; in birds, air enters to find the blood, and comes in contact with it everywhere. Hence an ubiquity of respiration, and a rapidity of hæmatosis, which explains the untirability of the wings of birds. The muscles do not get fatigued, because they receive new vigor every second from the influence of the ever-revivified blood. A stag or a hare drops at last when hunted, because its lungs, rather than its legs, are tired.

Between the different members of a bird's body there exists a sort of equilibrium and balance, which prevents any one organ from obtaining undue development without another losing in the same proportion. Thus exaggerated length of wing generally coincides with very small feet. Examples: the frigate-bird, the swift, and the humming-bird. Feathered feet and legs are mostly short, as in pigeons, bantams, ptarmigan, and grouse. Nature always contrives to economise out of one part of a bird's body the material which she has too lavishly expended on another. Good walkers are bad flyers, and good flyers are bad walkers. First-rate runners and divers are deprived of the power of rising in the air. Half-blind individuals, like owls, are astonishingly quick of hearing. Creatures clad in plain costume are recompensed by the powers of song. The lark and the red-breast, victim species (both being greedily eaten

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in France), have the gift of poesy bestowed upon them to console them for their future sorrows.

The most exquisite sense a bird possesses is sight. The acuteness and sensibility of the retina are in direct proportion to the rapidity of the wing. The swift, according to Belan's calculation, can see a gnat distinctly at the distance of more than five hundred yards. The kite hovering in the air at a hight beyond our feeble vision, perceives with ease the small, dead minnow floating on the surface of the lake, and is cognizant of the imprudence of the poor little field-mouse as it timidly ventures out of its hole. All God has done and made, He has thoroughly well done and made. If He had not exactly proportioned the visual organs of the bird of prey, or the swallow, to its dashing flight, the mere extreme velocity of the bird would have only served to break its neck. Partridges constantly kill themselves against the iron wires of electric telegraphs; and nothing is more common than to find thrushes and larks with dislocated vertebræ, when they fall into the large vertical net which is used in France by twilight sportsmen.

Perhaps after all we have said and seen, the sense of touch is the most perfect in birds, and the organs of feeling are endowed with a subtlety of perception more exquisite even than those of sight. In fact, air being the most variable and unstable of elements, birds would be endowed by nature with the gift of universal sensibility, enabling them to appreciate and foretell the slightest perturbations of the medium they inhabit. In consequence the feathered race is armed with a nervous impressionability, which comprises the different properties of the hygrometer, the thermometer, the barometer, and the electroscope. A tempest which takes the man of science by surprise, has, long ago, given warning to the birds of the sea. The noddies, cormorants, gulls, and petrels know twenty-four hours beforehand, by means of the electric telegraph which exists within them, the exact day and moment when Ocean is going into one of his great rages, opening wide his green abysses, and flinging the angry foam of his waves in insult against the head of the cliffs. Some birds are the harbingers of the wintry storms; others usher in the advent of spring. The raven and the nightingale announce the coming of the tempest by a peculiar form of bird's expression, which they both seem to have borrowed from the vocabulary of the frog—a pre-eminently nervous animal, to whom the science of galvanism is greatly indebted. The chaffinch, in unsettled weather, recommends the traveler to take his umbrella, and advises the house-keeper not to be in a hurry to hang out her linen. Certain mystic geniuses have attributed this faculty of divination possessed by birds to some special sensibility acquainting them with the action of the electric currents that traverse the atmosphere, and accu-

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rately informing them of their direction. Nor is there any scientific argument that can be confidently opposed to such a theory.

After the organs of sight and touch, the sense of hearing comes next in importance. The delicacy of the auditory powers of birds is sufficiently apparent from the passion for vocal music which many of them manifest. It is an universally admitted physical law, that in all animals a close and invariable correspondence exists betwen the organs of voice and those of hearing. Now, birds, it will be seen, are the Stentors of creation. The bull, who is an enormous quadruped, endowed with an immensely capacious chest, does not roar louder than the bittern, a moderate-sized bird which frequents our ponds. In Lorraine they style him the *bœuf d'eau*, or "water-bull." A crane, trumpeting two or three thousand yards above the surface of the earth, pulls your head back just as violently as the friend who asks you "How do you do?" from the balcony of a fifth-floor window; while the thundering Mirabeau, who should attempt to harangue the Parisian populace from the top of the towers of Notre Dame, would run a great risk of not being able to convey a single word to a single member of his congregation.

Ascend in the air, by means of a balloon, in company with an old Atlas lion, whose formidable roaring once struck terror throughout Algerian wildernesses, and when you have ascended half a mile make your traveling companion give utterance to the most sonorous of his chest-notes. These notes will expend themselves in empty space, without descending so low as the earth. But the royal kite, floating another half-mile above you, will not let you lose a single inflection of his cat-like mewings, miniatures though they be of the lion's roar. It is probable that nature has expended more genius in the construction of the larynx of a wren or a nightingale than in fabricating the ruder throats of all the quadrupeds put together.

Smell and taste are feeble in birds, and they have no great occasion for either sense. A bird's appetite *must* be enormous in order to supply the animal heat necessary for the maintenance of its superior nature. A bird is a locomotive of the very first rank, a high pressure engine, which burns more fuel than three or four ordinary machines. "Animals feed, man eats," says worthy Brillat Savarin. "Clever men alone know how to eat properly." This strictly true gastrosophic aphorism is more exactly applicable to birds than to quadrupeds. Birds feed to assuage their hunger and to amuse themselves, not to indulge in epicurism. They fatten through sheer *ennui*, and for pastime's sake, rather than through any ambition to "cutting up fat." The task, moreover, assigned to them is to destroy the innumerable seeds of weeds (which they do in a larger proportion than the protected seeds of human food) and animal and insect vermin which would soon annihilate the labors of men, did not

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certain species of birds feel an incessant craving to devour them. Birds have no nose, for the same good reason that they have no palate. It is not necessary that creatures destined to eat everything, without making wry faces, should have posted in front of their stomachs, as we have, a vigilant sentinel, who is troublesomely cautious who and what he allows to enter the fortress. All, therefore, that has been said about the fine scent of the crow and vulture, who snuff gunpowder and corpses at incredible distances, is simply absurd. There is an excellent reason why crows should *not* smell gunpowder: namely, that gunpowder is scentless until it is burnt. (We venture to doubt this statement of fact: having a decided personal nose for the saltpetre.) If crows *could* perceive that perfume, it would attract them instead of driving them away. Crows and vultures are carrion birds, who love above all things the treat of a battle.

Women of the Bible.

BY REV. T. G. BEHARRELL.

The Bible is a revelation of God's word,—a transcript of the divine mind. To man, for whom it was given, it is a light in a dark place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Its precious truths guide man safely amid the labyrinths of this mortal state, and its history, as well as its prophesy, poetry, and epistles, is food for the mind.

The Bible is placed among the emblems of Odd-Fellowship because it is our text-book. From thence we get our doctrines and emblems; according to the directions marked out on it, as a moral map, we travel,—our "trust in God," its author, increasing as one development after another is made in our experience, corresponding with it as a guide. We are taught to understand that its needle, as a God-formed compass, always points to and never varies from the everlasting home of the Patriarchs.

How we admire the names and character, the virtues and faith of the good men of the Patriarchal and Prophetical ages, from righteous Abel, who offered acceptable sacrifice unto God, to the last of the Prophets! But yet there are not more illustrious examples of "Faith in God," and virtues practiced, recorded in the Bible than is recorded of woman,—and hence the propriety of referring the obligated Daughter of Rebekah, as we do, to the noble specimens of humanity and true womanhood recorded in the Book of Books.

SARAH was the wife of Abraham, the friend of God and the father of the faithful, and hence was the honored mother of Patriarchs. In her

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old age Isaac was born as the promised child in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed. When the promise was made her of a son, like Abraham she had "faith in God" who had promised. Her faith led her to the acknowledgment of the divine goodness, as also to devout praises. When Isaac was born, in union with her husband, she dedicated him devotionally to God; and afterward, true to her obligations as a mother, directéd his feet in moral instructions in the pathway of virtue and peace, until he arrived at manhood, when, as a noble specimen of humanity, he was a joy and honor to her in her age.

Sarah was a beautiful woman, not only in the estimation of her husband, but handsome in the judgment of others. When he left Ur of the Chaldees to go to Caanan because of a famine, he was led down into Egypt to sojourn awhile, and while there he charged Sarah to claim before the Egyptians the relation of sister to him, as she could do it consistently, being the daughter of the same father, though not of the same mother. "I know," said Abraham, "thou art fair to look upon, and when they shall see thee, they will say, This is his wife, and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive." And so it was. The princes of Pharaoh saw her and commended her for her beauty. "And Pharaoh entreated Abraham well for her sake." As with the king of Egypt concerning Sarah's beauty, so was it afterwards with Abimelech, the king of Gerar.

When Abraham dwelt in the plains of Mamre, as he sat one day at noon in the door of his tent, three weary pilgrims attracted his attention. They were coming toward him to enjoy for awhile the shade of his tent, and realize his genuine hospitality. Going beyond the common courtesy of even that age, Abraham went to meet them, and bowed himself toward the ground and entreated them to tarry with him for awhile. No sooner had the strangers manifested their willingness than Sarah stood ready to perform her part. She quickly made ready three measures of meal, and baked it upon the hearth, prepared the calf brought by her husband, butter and milk, with all things necessary for the repast, then set them before the strangers, and they did eat.

At the age of one hundred and twenty-seven, she died in Hebron in the land of Canaan. Behold the Patriarch of Patriarchs, as he bends in sorrow over the failing form of his beloved Sarah; or see him when she is dead, weeping over the cold remains, and asking of the children of Heth a burial-place, that he may bury his dead out of his sight. He makes the purchase of the field of Machpelah with its cave, and in that cave he places the coffined remains of Sarah, reserving for himself a place in that sepulcher beside her, where together they should sleep until the thunder of the trump of God should wake them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Dreams.

So great was the superstition respecting dreams among the Romans, that the Emperor Augustus, who might have been expected to rise above it, took particular notice of the time of year when his dreams were the most favorable. It is also said of him, that, on a certain day of every year he acted the part of a public beggar, in consequence of a vision, and received alms of those who were willing to give him small sums of money. In the reign of Antoninus Pius, one Artemidorus spent his whole time in going about collecting dreams, and finally published the fruits of his labors in a large work still extant, entitled Oneirocritus. The superstitions among the ancients, in respect to dreams, were very similar to what have been found to exist among the Indian tribes of North America. But, laying out of the account the superstitions which have given to our intellectual operations while we are asleep so much importance, there are other reasons for taking an interest in them, of which the philosopher need not be ashamed. And of these, one is enough to justify us in this inquiry, viz.: that dreams form no inconsiderable part of our intellectual experiences, and that all the knowledge of them which we acquire is an accession to our knowledge of the principles of the mind in general.

It is perhaps one reason of the attention which the subject of our dreams has ever excited among all classes of people, that they are so prevalent; it being very difficult, if not impossible, to find one who has not had more or less of this experience. Mr. Locke, however, tells us of a person who never dreamed till the twenty-sixth year of his age, when he happened to have a fever, and then dreamed for the first time. Plutarch also mentions one Cleon, a friend of his, who lived to an advanced age, and yet had never dreamed once in his life, and remarks that he had heard the same thing reported of Thrasymedes.

Undoubtedly, these persons dreamed very seldom, as we find that some dream much more than others; but it is possible that they may have dreamed at some times, and entirely forgotten it. So that it cannot with certainty be inferred from such instances as these that there are any who are entirely free from dreaming.

The first fact which we notice in the explanation of the mental states which go under the name of dreaming, is, that they are intimately connected with our bodily sensations, and are often caused by them.

Dugald Stewart relates an incident which may be considered an evidence of this, that a person with whom he was acquainted had occasion, in consequence of an indisposition, to apply a bottle of hot water to his feet when he went to bed, and the consequence was that he dreamed

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he was making a journey to the top of Mount Etna, and that he found the heat of the ground almost insupportable. There was once a gentleman in the English army, who was so susceptible of audible impressions while he was asleep, that his companions could make him dream of what they pleased. Once, in particular, they made him go through the whole process of a duel, from the preliminary arrangements to the firing of the pistol, which they put into his hand for that purpose, and which, when it exploded, waked him.

Persons, for instance, who have been for a long time deprived of food, or who have received it only in small quantities, hardly enough to preserve life, will be likely to have dreams in some way or other directly relating to their condition. Baron Trenck relates, that being almost dead with hunger, when confined to his dungeon, his dreams every night presented to him the well filled and luxurious tables of Berlin, from which as they were presented before him, he imagined he was about to relieve his hunger.

It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that the character of dreams depends, in a considerable measure, upon the character of the person himself—whether he be cheerful, or inclining to melancholy; whether he be a great reasoner, or of a quick and creative imagination. And, accordingly, as the one or the other of these characteristics predominates, the person dreaming will find himself in sad or joyful situations, creating airy castles, or puzzling himself over difficult propositions, or in such other circumstances as may correspond to his previous mental tendencies.

The state of the health, also, has considerable influence, not only in producing dreams, but in giving them a peculiar character. The observation has been made by medical men who have it in their power to give much information illustrative of our mental condition, that acute diseases, particularly fevers, are often preceded and indicated by disagreeable and oppressive dreams; and also that some temperaments are more subject to dreams than others—the sanguine more frequently than the phlegmatic.

The great multitude of our waking thoughts appear in the form of trains of associations; and these trains of associated ideas, in greater or less continuity, and with greater or less variation, continue when we are asleep. The facts stated in the preceding section are an evidence of this, it appearing from them that our dreams assume a character from our general disposition and mental habits.

There is also another circumstance going in evidence of this supposition. We find none of our associated recollections more strongly linked to each other, and more frequently presenting themselves to the mind, than the remembrances of the scenes and occurrences of childhood and youth. And it has been remarked (probably with truth) that those scenes occur to the mind in our dreams more frequently than almost any others.

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It has been observed that there are probably few mathematicians who have not dreamed of an interesting problem. Condorcet told some one that while he was engaged in abstruse and profound calculations he was frequently obliged to leave them in an unfinished state, in order to retire to rest, and that the remaining steps and the conclusion of his calculations have more than once presented themselves in his dreams. Franklin also has made the remark that the bearings and results of political events, which had caused him much trouble while awake, were not unfrequently unfolded to him in dreaming. The orator presses home his arguments with renewed energy when his senses are locked up in slumber; and the poet finds himself transported into those Elysian regions which were created by his waking imagination.

Our estimate of time in dreaming differs from that when awake. Events which would take whole days, or a longer time, in the performance are dreamt in a few moments. So wonderful is this compression of a multitude of transactions into the very shortest period, that when we are accidentally awakened by the jarring of a door which is opened into the room where we are sleeping, we sometimes dream of depredations by thieves, or of destruction by fire, in the very instant of awaking. Our dreams will not unfrequently go through all the particulars of a passage of the Alps, or of the particulars of a military expedition to Moscow, or of a circumnavigation of the globe, or of other long and perilous undertakings, in a less number of hours than it took weeks or months, or even years in the actual performance of them. We go from land to land, and from city to city, and into desert places; we experience transitions from joy to sorrow, and from poverty to wealth; we are occupied in the scenes and transactions of many long months; and then our slumbers are scattered, and, behold! they are the doings of a single watch of the night!

Somnambulists are persons who are capable of walking and other voluntary actions while asleep. Some of the facts respecting them are these: The senses are in general closed, and not susceptible of being affected by outward objects, much the same as in ordinary sleep. Hence, the somnambulist walks and performs other voluntary actions without the use of vision, and yet, in some cases he has his eyes open, but is still unable to see. Doing the work of day at unseasonable hours, he piles up his wood at midnight, or goes to mill, and all the while is as profoundly asleep as any of his neighbors, until he falls over some obstacles at his feet, or rides against a tree, or is in some other way brought to his recollection. He is not certain of walking in safe places, but may sometimes be found on the roof of houses, or on the edge of precipices, but evidently with an utter insensibility to terror. He is a sort of automatic machine, that is carried about from place to place, but without feeling, vision, hearing, or other exercises of the senses, and still more

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without calculation, or anything which may be truly called reason, always excepting such calculation and reasoning as may be found in dreams.

The following is an instance of somnambulism which recently took place, of an extraordinary character. A farmer in one of the counties of Massachusetts had employed himself, for some weeks in Winter, thrashing his grain. One night, as he was about closing his labors, he ascended a ladder to the top of the great beams in the barn, where the rye which he was thrashing was deposited, to ascertain what number of bundles remained unthrashed, which he determined to finish next day. The ensuing night, about two o'clock, as was supposed, he was heard by his mother to get up, and go out, who had no further recollection of him during the night. He repaired to his barn, in sound sleep, and altogether unconscious of what he was doing, set open his barn doors, ascended the ladder as he had done the day before, went on to the hay-mow, thence to the great beams of the barn, where the said rye was deposited, and threw down a flooring, and again descended, and commenced thrashing it. When he had completed it, he raked off the straw, and bound it into bundles, and shoved the rye to one side of the floor, and then carried the straw up the ladder, and deposited it on some rails that lay across the great beams. He then threw down another flooring of rye, which he thrashed and finished as before. Thus he continued his labors until he had thrashed five floorings, and on returning from throwing down the sixth and the last, in passing off part of the hay-mow, he fell off where the hay had been cut down about six feet, on to the lower part of it, which awoke him. He at first imagined himself in his neighbor's barn, but after groping about in the dark for a long time, ascertained that he was in his own, and at length found the ladder, on which he descended to the floor, closed his barn doors, which he found open, and returned to his house. On coming to the light, he found himself in such a profuse perspiration that his clothes were literally wet through; he went to bed, and the next morning, on going to his barn, found that he had thrashed, during the night, some five bushels of rye, had raked the straw off in good order, and deposited it on the great beams, and shoved the grain to one side of the floor, all in a workmanlike manner, without the least consciousness of what he was doing until he fell from the hay.

Month of bees and month of flowers;
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love and poets' praises;
Oh, thou merry month complete,—
May!—that very name is sweet!—*Leigh Hunt.*

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Avoidance Better than Remedy.

Old as the history of our language, almost, is the adage, "Prevention is better than cure." Most of the evils of our social system would entirely disappear if men would, before they act, carefully examine the probable tendencies of their acts and words. The misunderstandings which often arise among intimate friends, disturbances of harmony in communities and associations, in nine cases out of ten, could be avoided by a very little forethought upon the part of those who, by some thoughtless word or action, give rise to the evil. To remedy such evils when they exist, requires more of philosophy and wisdom than frequently falls to the share of man. In the fraternity of Odd Fellows as few difficulties arise as are to be met with in any association in the land, yet these few are quite too many. We do not wish to be understood as urging or even desiring that discipline should be abandoned in our Lodges; on the contrary, we have always advocated the support of our laws and their just and prompt execution in cases of intentional infraction. What we would urge upon our brethren is a more careful guarding of the portals of Lodges. Men of sterling integrity and great moral worth, who, in their intercourse with the world, act the part of fearless honesty, possess this character inherently, and will act from principle, place them where you may. Fortuitous circumstances of place or association do not form the basis of character with them, and their lives are an out-working of true principle. Such, when introduced into our Order, make active, zealous, untiring and faithful members, and by filling the Order with such men, the great ends of the organization will be much sooner attained. Unfortunately for Odd-Fellowship, all who apply for admittance are not of this class; and when committees of investigation are indolent or inattentive to the duties assigned them, improper men will continue to enter the society, bringing with them disgrace and reproach upon the Order. For the evils of this class there is a remedy, viz: dismiss from the band the unworthy member; yet the execution of the offended law is, in many cases, attended with evil of no small importance. Much less difficult, and much more consistent with the aims and profession of Odd-Fellowship, is prevention. Admit only such men as can, by their previous life, afford a good assurance that they will make faithful members.

Fraternity in the family of man implies more than a mere name. Were all men in the Union or the world to become members of Odd Fellow Lodges during the present year; were the good and the bad, the pious and the profligate, to unite in this society, bringing with them each his peculiar views, feelings and acts, immediate and total destruction would

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other sources from which it can be attained. A course of conduct, such as has been very briefly suggested, upon the part of members of the Order generally, would produce an instant great improvement in the character of our members. The entirely unworthy would be kept out, and the true and faithful properly instructed in their duty.

Pecuniary Independence.

BY L. B. SMITH.

The great, pressing incubus which is now weighing down, impeding, and stultifying the development of moral, mental, and physical excellence in humanity; is, to my apprehension, "pecuniary" embarrassment, and financial dependence. The crying evil of our country and time is, a dead conservatism,—a lifeless conformity to the opinions and prejudices of the more wealthy classes of society. The fact is undeniable, that the aristocracy of wealth is fast coming to be the *ruling* "aristocracy" of this country. Not that the tyrannical dicta of a wealthy aristocracy commend themselves to the better judgment of the expanding intellect of the nineteenth century; but because that intellect is enclosed in a tenement of flesh and blood, whose existence depends upon the supplies of those avenues whereof wealth holds the keys.

And this insinuating vice diffuses itself through every grade and condition of society, from the plowman who turns the clod, to the chief-magistrate of the nation. The base hireling of a perhaps more base employer shapes his actions, and even the *expression of his thoughts*, to meet the whims and caprices of his lord, and to continue the rendition of the scanty pittance wherewith he buys his bread. He must live; or, if he waive that necessity on his part, there are others depending upon him for support, whom it would be hard to resign to starvation: and thus he toils on, not thinking how he may develop and beautify that body, how cultivate and expand that intellect, how elevate and refine his morals,—but, how he may keep his soul and body together. What chance is there for him ever to be anything but a brother to the clod he turns?

The young graduate from college enters upon his new life, perhaps, with high hopes and lofty ambition. Fame beckons him forward, while Poverty and Starvation, like twin ghosts, dog his track. He comes before the public, not with thoughts burning for utterance, but with a stomach craving bread. He commences, perhaps, to write—not such thoughts as burn within him, but such as he can sell. What kind of a foundation is *that* on which to build a durable renown?

The professional men of our time are too generally *but* professional

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The Star of Linwood.

BY BELLE BUSH.

CHAPTER V.

The day succeeding the events recorded in the last chapter beheld Mr. Linwood engaged in completing the necessary arrangements for performing his trans-Atlantic trip, though with a countenance that plainly indicated how painful to him was this sudden rending of the hope ties, that, since his re-union with the object of his early devotion, had wound their tendrils like strong arms about him, and awakened in his breast the most varied and grateful emotions. But duty demanded the sacrifice, and he set about obeying her mandates with the becoming spirit of fortitude which ever marks the conduct of a good man in the hour of trial. Though his love for Ada was as pure, as unselfish, as it is possible for human love to be—though he had lain upon its sacred altar, as a votive offering, all the gifts of his early youth, and all the strength and beauty of his riper years, and steadily refused to admit into the sanctuary of his heart any rival passion, yet dominant over this, his soul's guarded treasure, was his sense of right. Something there was of the Quaker spirit infused into his nature, which inclined him to accept of the guidance, not so much of external precepts, as of that inner light which is said to reveal unto every honest and truth-seeking mind the will of the Divine Creator. But for Stella, he could have had in Ada, his dear wife, a companion on his journey; but there was no one with whom he felt he could safely trust her who was to him still a jewel in his heart's affection set. He therefore forbore all thoughts of the pleasure such an arrangement would have afforded him, and, with the tenderness of a parent, which seeks the good of a child at any sacrifice, he crushed in his heart every selfish desire, and, in tones of the deepest affection, committed the lovely orphan to the kind care of Ada, charging her over and over again, as she desired to retain his love, to endeavor to perform a mother's part toward her lovely charge. This she assured him would be an ever-pleasing task. "For," she added, "the dear child quite won my heart when she was a little girl. Her purity of character and artless simplicity made her very lovely then, and I am happy to see that under your tutelage these beautiful attributes have been carefully cherished, and now form the chief ornament of her budding womanhood. Ah! believe me, dear Albert," concluded Ada, with much earnestness; "believe me, that in my heart of hearts, I will encourage Stella. That *you* have requested it would be a sufficient inducement for me to do so, and to look upon it as but a pleasing task. You may imagine, then, how much stronger the incentive that actuates me in the case becomes, when to your request

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and as firm in principles as she is self-reliant and patient. Will you try, my darling, to become all this?" asked Mr. Linwood in conclusion.

"I will," said Stella, meekly, looking up through her tears. "I will; only I must have time: I cannot do all at once."

"Then banish from your mind every disquieting fear. Whatever of evil you may have thought you perceived awaiting us, nerve yourself to bear it in case it should come. But as it is clear that no such evil is present with us now, let us not be too ready to welcome as guests to our soul's temple the dusky *avant couriers* who would bring us the unpleasant tidings of its coming. But I see the hour for my departure is at hand. I think I have completed every necessary arrangement for your comfort. You have the paper which was to be an accompaniment to the key I gave you. Had I had time, aside from the multiplicity of cares which have devolved upon me during the last few weeks, I should, in view of the recent change which has taken place in regard to my domestic relations, have made some alterations in the reading of a certain document, which I committed in part to your care. But I believe the event to which I refer has had the happy effect to make me more hopeful; so that, while I do not regret the precautionary means I have taken in regard to the disposal of my worldly possessions, I do not feel it to be a matter of any great importance that I have neglected to state in writing what provision I would make for her who has recently become the partner of my joys and sorrows. I expect to return in six or eight months, at the farthest. The way looks clear before me; no clouds are visible in the horizon. I, therefore, see no cause for apprehension; but were it otherwise, I should not fear to trust all things to you, confident you will do right. Now, may God and his kind angels guide and guard you, Stella, my star-beam, and you, Ada, my noble wife, good-bye! farewell, both of you, my heart's dearest treasures!" Saying this, Mr. Linwood embraced them once more affectionately, after which he sprang into a carriage that was waiting, and was borne rapidly from their longing view.

"Heaven grant," said Ada, mournfully, turning with Stella to enter the house, "that his second voyage across the ocean be not as fatal to our hopes as was the first."

"My heart echoes your prayer again and again," replied Stella; "but there comes to my soul no response assuring me that it will be answered. On the contrary, an indefinable dread has taken possession of my mind whenever I have thought of this separation, and now that it has taken place, and the pain of parting is over, instead of leaving me as I hoped it would, it seems to have settled down more heavily upon my spirit, spreading gloom far over the sky of the future. I would fain get rid of it if I could," continued the young girl, "for I feel it to be a weak and

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ing and pining for home. When out of school, it was her delight to accompany her Aunt on errands of mercy to the sick and poor of their neighborhood; and often her sweet smiles and loving words did as much toward soothing the sufferers as the refreshing drinks and nice little delicacies which it was the care of her Aunt to provide for them. Not many days passed in which she did not find some heart to encourage or console. Even the little children whom she met on her way to school learned to love her; and for each one, as they lingered to greet her, she had a pleasant word, and sometimes the gift of a flower to the most timid one was added to it, which seldom failed to win for her the only reward she coveted—their confidence. Many were the young hearts that grew happier at her coming, and many were the lips that delighted to call her their sunbeam. Truth, beauty, and the incense of a new life seemed to pervade the very atmosphere about her, and under the genial influence which surrounded her, rapidly did her mind unfold; and those qualities of heart that in childhood made her so loving and so lovely seemed each day to manifest themselves in new and most beautiful acts of kindness, of patience, and self-denial. To Ada (or Mrs. Linwood, as we shall henceforth call her) it was a delightful task to watch the budding of those womanly graces which were hourly making her young charge more attractive. And to Norman,—ah! to him what dreams of happiness came and went, like angel visitants, whenever he was so blessed as to be able to spend an hour with her. For some weeks he was cautious and reserved, for Stella was timid and shy, and he felt constrained to look on and worship at a distance; but gradually this reserve wore away, and Norman Griswold soon became too intoxicated with the delight which a frequent intercourse with one of her guileless nature afforded him, to have any desire to break away from the deep enchantment which bound him, or even to pause and ask himself where it would all end. It was only when letters came to Stella from Cousin Alfred (which letters it was frequently his task to deliver) that his heart sounded the note of alarm, and bade him take warning ere it should be too late to save himself from the miseries of an unrequited affection; and even then Hope wakened in his soul her Syren songs, and whispered that all would yet be well.

CHAPTER VI.

Six months of Mr. Linwood's absence had passed away, and already were Stella and her Aunt looking forward to the pleasure of his anticipated return, and counting the days and hours which must intervene ere their hopes could be realized. The last mail had brought them the welcome intelligence of his having nearly completed the business that called him away from them, and of the probability there was that he should be

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what may seem to thee now a grievous burden, but which will, I trust, be overruled for thy great good," said Mrs. Linwood, placing the letter in her hands, and telling her to read for herself what she had not the courage to communicate, namely, the expressed wish of her uncle that she should remain in B——— and prosecute her studies, while her aunt should make all haste to meet him in Paris. "My disease (he wrote,) being of a pulmonary nature, my physician has declared it as his opinion that a voyage across the ocean at this inclement season would, in all probability, prove fatal; and, acting in accordance with his advice, I have concluded to spend the Winter in the South of France. I will not say, for language would not be adequate to express how great would be my delight, could I have you, my dear wife, and Stella, my beautiful Star-beam, with me. But while I believe it will be best for you, my dear Ada, to come to me, I cannot be so supremely selfish as to desire that Stella should desert her books, and leave the culture of her intellect for the confinement of a sick-room and the society of an invalid. Let her enter, then, as a boarder, the institution she is now attending as a day scholar. Poor child, I know how this will grieve her, but tell her it is my wish, and that it is for her good. I shall doubtless be able to return early in the Spring to the dear old homestead, where I hope to spend the remnant of my days in quiet, blessed with the companionship of a gentle, loving wife, and my faithful Stella. Till then, tell the dear child to be strong of will and brave of heart,—to strive for the adornment of her mind with all the gems of knowledge within her reach, that I may behold in her, when next we meet, an earnest of the refined and intellectual woman it has been my desire that she should become."

We will not attempt to describe the many conflicting feelings that agitated the heart of Stella as she read the above communication, which required of her a course of action contrary to every impulse of her loving and sympathetic nature. There was agony in the thought of seeing another depart on a mission of love which would have given her so much pleasure to be permitted to perform herself, but her reason could not but acknowledge the wisdom of the course her uncle advised, and, great as was the struggle it cost, she was resolved to conquer her stubborn heart and strive to yield a cheerful compliance to the dictates of duty. For a few moments she wept in silence upon the bosom of her sympathizing aunt, who mingled her tears with hers; then she sought the retirement of her own room, where, in silence, she prayed for strength, and sought of Heaven that solace and light which is the only stay and guide of the weary human soul in the hour of its crucifiction. Long and painful was the struggle, ere the victory over self was won, but she triumphed at last, and rose up calm and peaceful,—her heart echoing the beautiful song of the angels, "Father, Thy will be done."

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chill you to the heart, my rose-bud," replied Alfred, in an undertone, with a peculiar emphasis that made Stella start and shudder, but she had no time to reply, for Aunt Fanny, advancing, half overwhelmed her with caresses, and taking her hand affectionately, led her to the house. Very profuse was she in her expressions of joy at once more beholding the "Light of Linwood-Hall," as she styled the fair girl whose head rested confidingly on her arm.

"What fine times we will have together!" she said, stroking the pure brow of Stella, and winding her fingers through her sunny hair.

"Yes," said Stella, dreamily, for her thoughts were far away, with him whose presence had heretofore formed the chief attraction of the scene around her.

* * * * * * *

A week of Stella's visit had passed away very pleasantly. She had had several delightful rides with Alfred, during which he had entertained her with the usual amount of jokes, lively sallies of wit, with now and then a dash at the sentimental. She had enjoyed, too, an old-fashioned frolic with him in the garden, which, though clad in the hoary mantle of Winter, still afforded a fine field for exercise. She had attended several parties made in honor of her return, had received and returned the calls of her young friends, and was anticipating a week of repose, when, one mornipg as she was sitting in her aunt's room, indulging in a quiet revery, she was suddenly aroused by the entrance of a servant bringing a letter, which he handed to her, saying a person was below awaiting a reply. Opening it, she read as follows:

"My Dear Stella: I am sick, and they say I must die. None but strangers watch by my bedside. Will you not come to me, that I may look on the face of a friend once more, before I close my eyes forever on the scenes of this world? I have not strength to write much more. Come, for the love of heaven; but don't let any one know where you are going. The bearer of this will give you my address. Oh! don't disappoint me, but come soon, and the God of all good will bless you. Farewell. Yours ever, Blanche."

"Alas!" said Stella, sadly, "what can this mean? My old friend, the gay and beautiful Blanche S——, sick and dying among strangers! 'I must go to her at once,'" was the ready answer of her heart, and taking a card, she wrote hurriedly the words, "I will come," and signing her name, she went below and gave it to the person in waiting, who, in turn, gave her the address of her friend, and offered to return in the afternoon and accompany her. He was a kind looking old gentleman, and a glance at his benignant countenance was quite enough to satisfy one of Stella's quick perception of character, that there would be

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Comets.

BY WALTER HARBRON.

There is not a little nervousness manifested by the timid, concerning the advent of the great comet, which is said by an eminent German astronomer to be sweeping down upon the earth, and which will, he states, come in collision with it at ten o'clock on the morning of the 16th of June next. While the public mind is excited with this subject, it will not be amiss to inquire into the history of this fiery orb, and the scientific hypotheses concerning comets generally.

Comets are planetary bodies moving in very elliptical orbits, sometimes approaching so near the sun as to be within the orbit of Mercury; and, at other times, receding so far from it as to be greatly beyond the known boundary of the solar system. They appear in every region of the heavens, and move in every possible direction. Comets are distinguished by a lucid train or tail, issuing from that side which is turned away from the sun. The train is so transparent that the fixed stars may be seen through it; and sometimes it extends to an immense distance in the heavens. The farther it reaches, the broader it seems to become; and at times it is divided into rays.

Nothing is known with certainty of the composition of these bodies. The envelope appears to be nothing more than vapor, becoming more luminous and transparent when approaching the sun. As the comets pass between us and the fixed stars, their envelopes and tails are so thin that stars of very small magnitudes may be seen through them. Some comets, having no nucleus, are transparent throughout their whole extent. The nucleus of a comet sometimes appears opaque, and it then resembles a planet. Astronomers, however, are not agreed upon this point. Some affirm that the nucleus is always transparent, and that comets are, in fact, nothing but a mass of vapor, more or less condensed at the center. By others it is maintained that the nucleus is sometimes solid and opaque. It seems probable, however, that there are three classes of comets, viz., 1st, those which have no nucleus, being transparent throughout their whole extent; 2nd, those which have a transparent nucleus; and 3d, those having a nucleus which is solid and opaque.

A comet, when at a distance from the sun, viewed through a good telescope, has the appearance of a dense vapor surrounding the nucleus, and sometimes flowing far into the regions of space. As it approaches the sun, its light becomes more brilliant till it reaches its perihelion, when its light is more dazzling than that of any other celestial body, the sun excepted. In this part of its orbit are seen to the best advantage the phenomena of this wonderful body, which has, from remote antiquity been the specter of alarm and terror.

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sway over the lives, and fortunes, and consciences of men. To prepare the world for its expected doom, Pope Calixtus III ordered the Ave Maria to be repeated three times a day instead of two. He ordered the church bells to be rung at noon, which was the origin of that practice, so universal in Christian churches. To the Ave Maria, the prayer was added, "Lord, save us from the Devil, the Turk, and the Comet;" and once each day these three obnoxious personages suffered a regular excommunication. The Pope and clergy, exhibiting such fear, it is not a matter of wonder that it became the ruling passion of the multitude. The churches were crowded for confession of sins, and treasures uncounted were poured into the Apostolic chamber. The comet, after suffering some months of daily cursing and excommunication, began to show signs of retreat, and soon disappeared from those eyes in which it found no favor. Joy and tranquility soon returned to the faithful subjects of the Pope, but not so their money and lands. The people, however, became satisfied that their lives and the safety of the world had been cheaply purchased. The Pope, who had achieved so signal a victory over the monster of the sky, had checked the progress of the Turk, and kept, for the present, his Satanic majesty at a safe distance; while the Church of Rome, retaining its unbounded wealth, was enabled to continue that influence over her followers which she retains, in part, to this day. The comet of 1680 would have been still more alarming than that of 1456, had not science robbed it of its terrors, and history pointed to the signal failure of its predecessor. This comet was of the largest size, and had a tail whose enormous length was more than ninety-six millions of miles. Even in our own times, the beautiful comet of 1811, the most splendid one of modern times, was generally considered among the superstitious, as the dread harbinger of the war which was declared in the following spring.

The nearest distance to which comets have approached the sun is a point of some interest. Of all the comets that have been calculated, that of 1729 had the greatest perihelion distance—namely 4.04; and the remarkable comet of 1843 the least, being only 0.0055. Sir Isaac Newton calculated that, from its nearness to the sun, the comet of 1680 must have acquired a heat 2,000 times greater than that of red-hot iron. The heat communicated to the comet, however, would depend not merely on its proximity to the sun, but also, on the materials of which it is composed.

But we probably conceive ourselves quite as much interested in the nearness to which comets approach our earth, as in the nearness to which they approach the sun. And, indeed, a very slight knowledge of the motions of the earth and of comets suffices to show, not only that they may approach very near to one another, but even that they may actually

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vation seems to confirm the theory of their being æriform nebulæ, of so little density as to produce a scarcely perceptible shock, were they actually to come into collision with the earth. Their immense size and amazing velocity might well fill the mind with apprehension were they of corresponding density with our earth. The consequence of a collision in that case, would be the total extinction of all animal life on the globe. The seas, forsaking their beds, would be hurried by their centrifugal force, to the new equatorial regions: islands and continents, the abode of men and animals, would be covered by the universal rush of the waters to the new equator, and every vestige of human industry and human genius would be at once destroyed. The chances against such an event, however, are so very numerous that there is no reason to dread its occurrence. The French government, some twenty-five years since, called the attention of her ablest mathematicians and astronomers to the solution of this problem: that is, to determine, upon mathematical principles, how many chances of collision the earth was exposed to. After a mature examination, they reported, "We have found that, of 281,000,000 chances, there exists but *one* unfavorable—there exists but *one* which can produce a collision between the two bodies. Admitting, then," say they, "for a moment, that the comets which may strike the earth with their nucleuses would annihilate the whole human race, the danger of death to each individual, resulting from the appearance of an unknown comet, would be exactly equal to the risk he would run, if, in an urn, there were only one single white ball among a total number of 281,000,000 balls, and that his condemnation to death would be the inevitable consequence of the white ball being produced at the first drawing.

We have before stated that comets, unlike the planets, observe no one direction in their orbits, but approach to, and recede from their great center of attraction, in every possible direction. Nothing can be more sublime, or better calculated to fill the mind with profound astonishment, than to contemplate the revolution of comets while in that part of their orbits which come within the sphere of the telescope. Some seem to come up from the immeasurable depths below the ecliptic, and, having doubled the heavens' mighty cape, again plunge downward with their mighty trains, "on the long travel of a thousand years." Others appear to come down from the zenith of the universe to double their perihelion about the sun, and then re-ascend far above all human vision. Others are flashing through the solar system in all possible directions, and apparently without any undisturbed or undisturbing path prescribed by Him who guides and sustains them all.

What regions these vast bodies visit when they pass beyond the limits of our view, is an inquiry which naturally arises in the mind, but which surpasses the limited powers of the human understanding.

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had, in all probability, been sent to Buckingham as a parting present. The Cardinal lost not an instant in writing to one of the ladies of the English court who was in his interest,—for, like the spider, he attached his web on every side,—offering to present her with fifty thousand livres if she could succeed in cutting away a couple of the tags of the shoulder-knot, the first time that Buckingham appeared in it, and forwarding them forthwith by a safe messenger to himself.

A fortnight afterwards, the two tags were in the possession of Richelieu. The Duke had worn the aiguillette at a state ball, and the emissary of the Cardinal had cut away a couple of its pendants unobserved. The vindictive minister gloated over his prize. Now, as he believed, his revenge was certain.

The first care of Richelieu was to carry the diamonds to the King, and to acquaint him with the method by which they had been procured. Louis examined them closely. There could be no doubt that they had indeed formed a portion of the ornament which had been his last present to his wife; his pale brow flushed with indignant rage, and before the Cardinal left the royal closet, every precaution was taken to insure the speedy exposure of the Queen.

On the following morning, Louis himself announced to Anne of Austria that a ball, given by the civil magistrates of Paris, at the town hall, would take place on the day but one following, and he coupled this information with the request, that, in order to compliment both himself and the magistrates, she would appear in the aiguillette which he had lately presented to her. She replied simply and calmly that he should be obeyed.

The forty-eight hours which were still to intervene before his vengeance could be accomplished, appeared so many centuries to the Cardinal. Anne of Austria was now fairly in the toils, and still her composure remained unruffled. How was this apparent tranquility to be explained? Richelieu had already experienced that, aided by Buckingham and Madame de Chevreuse, she had possessed the power to baffle even his ingenuity; but she now stood alone, and even had she ventured upon so dangerous a step as that of replacing the jewel, he well knew that on the present occasion she possessed neither the time nor the means.

The hour of the festival at length struck; and it had been arranged that the King should first make his entrance into the ball room, accompanied by his minister, and that the Queen should follow, attended by her own court. Richelieu was enabled to calculate upon commencing his triumph from the very moment of her appearance on the threshold.

Precisely an hour before midnight, the Queen was announced, and every eye at once turned eagerly toward her. She was magnificent

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alike in loveliness and apparel. She wore a Spanish costume, consisting of a dress of green satin, embroidered with gold and silver, having hanging sleeves, which were looped back with large rubies, serving as buttons. Her ruff was open, and displayed her bosom, which was extremely beautiful, and upon her head she had a small cap of green velvet, surmounted by a heron feather; while from her shoulder depended gracefully the aiguillette, with its twelve diamond tags.

As she entered, the King approached her,—avowedly to offer his compliments upon her appearance, but actually to count the tags. His arithmetic amounted to a dozen. The Cardinal stood a pace behind him, quivering with rage. The twelve tags were hanging from the shoulder of the Queen, and, nevertheless, he grasped two of them in his hand at the same moment. Aye, in his hand; for he had resolved not to lose an instant in triumphing over the proud and insolent beauty who had laughed his passion to scorn, and made him the mark for the ridicule of his associates. The vow that he uttered in his heart, as he gazed upon her calm and defying brow that night, probably caused Buckingham his life; for Richelieu was not duped by the belief that the shoulder-knot of the Duke, from whence his own two tags had been severed, was not identical with that now floating over the arm of Anne of Austria. The plot had, nevertheless, failed, and once more the Cardinal was beaten upon his own ground.

It is, however, time that we should disclose the secret of this apparently mysterious incident to our readers. On his return from the state ball, at which he had appeared with the aiguillette of Anne of Austria, Buckingham, who would confide to no one the care of his precious ornament, was about to restore it to his casket, when he perceived the subtraction which had taken place, and for a moment abandoned himself to a fit of anger, believing that he had been made the victim of a common theft. An instant's reflection, however, convinced him that such was not likely to be the case, as he had upon his person jewels of greater value, which would have been equally easy to purloin, and these all remained intact. A light broke upon him; he suspected the agency of his old enemy and rival, the Cardinal Duke, and his immediate measure was to place an embargo upon the English ports, and to prohibit all masters of vessels from putting to sea, under pain of death. During the operation of this edict, which created universal astonishment throughout the country, the jeweler of Buckingham was employed day and night in completing the number of the diamond tags; and it was still in force, when a light fishing-smack, which had been exempted from the general disability, was scudding across the channel, on its way to Calais, under the command of one of the Duke's confidential servants, and having on board, for all its freight, the aiguillette of Anne of Austria.

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In the course of the ensuing day, the ports were opened, and the thousand and one rumors which had been propagated by the people, died gradually away, as no explanation of the incomprehensible and rigorous measure ever transpired; whose result was the receipt of her shoulder-knot by the Queen, the very day before the ball of the magistrates. Thus the apparent tranquility of Anne of Austria, which had been, for the first few hours, the apathetic calmness of despair, ultimately grew out of the certainty of security; and the ready wit and chivalric devotion of Buckingham, which had so frequently threatened her destruction, for once supplied her ægis.

The Mergement Question.

Bro. Turner:—As much has been said in favor of and against a Mergement of the Encampment Degrees into the Subordinate, and as I presume the subject will be agitated again, or at least brought before the G. L. U. S. at its next session, I have thought proper to give a few scattering thoughts to the Patriarchal branch of our fraternity, through your excellent and well received Casket. I do not expect to convince all, (and perhaps none), but rather make a few suggestions as they may present themselves to my mind, and leave the result for deliberation.

This question has been before the Supreme tribunal, (G.L.U.S.), several times, but as yet is unsatisfactorily settled, and will undoubtedly be pressed annually upon that Grand Body for action until the friends of Mergement succeed, for none will deny that its friends are on the increase. Then, under the circumstances, justice to the Patriarchal branch demands a thorough investigation of the subject. I am not, nor have I ever been, in favor of hasty legislation in matters pertaining to the Order, neither can the subject under discussion come under that head, (for it has been discussed more or less for the last four years), neither do I wish to see anything done to weaken the foundation of our noble structure, but that the Brotherhood should look at the matter in its true light. It is my desire to see the Order keep pace with the age in which we live; and in order to do this, is the present organization of the two separate branches of the Order calculated to further that object? If not, then it becomes the duty of every true and faithful Patriarch, to examine into the subject; coolly, dispassionately, canvass the merits and demerits of the question, and then decide as he shall deem best for the welfare of the Order, leaving "self," entirely out of the question. The question then naturally arises, how can we improve the system and retain the beauty and harmony of its lectures and ritual. I am free to admit, that I have as yet

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we would not, as I have already said, touch, or obliterate one iota of that beautiful structure (the Degrees), but rather, that all qualified Scarlet members should enjoy the privilege with us, and thus secure them from wandering "from their father's house" *after strange Gods* said to be more attractive. Why, sir, noue but those those who have followed our "Guide" have hardly learned their A B C of the beauties of Odd-Fellowship, and in this age of progress, when societies of every kind and name are springing up all over our land, it behooves us, that we look well to our laurels, lest in an evil hour they may be stolen from us.

Let us, then, consolidate as much as possible every thing connected with the Order calculated to retrench our expenses and increase our revenue, which (after all that has been said, or may be said), has more or less influence on the punctual attendance of members, and the entire success of the Lodges, as at present organized; for what can a crippled and bankrupt Lodge do, in relieving the wants of the distressed and needy, the education of the orphan, or the burial of the dead. They may, it is true, have our sympathies and services, but these will not pay the physician, give bread to the hungry, or educate the orphan; and while this is one of the corner-stones of our structure, to pay benefits, etc., it is our duty to provide the ways and means as much as lies in our power, and to increase the income of our several Lodges, in order to provide for these emergencies; besides, it will give to our lukewarm brethren an opportunity to succor the needy: and by these simple means, we enlist their sympathies for the distressed, and before they are aware of it, they will feel that it is more blessed *to give than to receive.*

I trust that the whole Patriarchal branch of the Order (for the whole matter rests with them), will canvass the subject impartially and candidly, and be prepared to act, as Odd Fellows should only act, "for the benefit of the Order" for all time to come.

A PATRIARCH.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.—I feel free to confess to you, that I would rather, when I am laid down in the grave, have some one in his manhood stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in time of need; I owe to him what I am;' or would rather have one, with choking utterance, telling her children, 'There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family.' I say, I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble.

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"Mary Collier's chest is weak, and heaves and pants when she reads aloud, and yet I often find her sitting beside Dame Godfrey's bed, and doing—what you refused to do—though *you* can read and sing without panting. Your shilling gift robbed you neither of ease nor comfort; Mary Collier sacrificed both—that was generosity. And there is that poor, aged woman, Alice Gray. Alice is one of the most truly generous women I ever knew."

"Alice!" exclaimed Geraldine, "Why, Alice would not have had a dinner at Christmas, but for your kindness; how can she be generous?"

"There is one great gift, amongst the many which God gives us at birth, Geraldine, and which remains with us from the cradle to the grave—OUR TIME. We work it or waste it—we sell it, exchange it; but still it is our own—it is the only treasure the working man or the working woman possesses. We have no right to squander or abuse it, or to lead others to do so. Now, Alice lives by her TIME—mind you, *she lives by it;* so she understands and appreciates its value. If she leaves her daily labor, even for an hour, she knows she is depriving herself of a quantity of food, or light or fire, or abridging the size or quality of her poor dress, miserably scanty as it is: and yet, Alice Gray gives that hour—aye, and many hours—to comfort the fatherless and the widow; she works for others—she deprives herself of what to her is necessary, to serve others. *That* is generosity.

"I saw a little boy, the other day, go into a baker's shop; and he was really hungry, and he was fond of buns—all boys are; but the great matter was, he was hungry. He bought a little two-penny bun; he was so hungry that he turned all the marbles and bits of string out of his pocket; hoping to find another penny, to add a small bun to the large one, but he had not even a farthing; so he took a hungry bite out of his bun, and looked with pleasure at the piece in his hand, spotted over with little black currants. 'What a nice bun,' said the little boy, 'and I am so hungry!' When he looked up from the bun, he saw a pair of large blue eyes, a staring from amid a shock of wild hair. Alas! the nose and lips, the very cheeks of the child who gazed so eagerly at his bun, were pinched and yellow from starvation. My little friend saw it in a moment, and not a moment did he hesitate, but, without a word, he walked up to the starving child, and placed the remainder of the bun in his thin hand. *That* was generosity. The boy who had the bun was hungry and poor, yet he remained hungry rather than suffer one poorer and more hungry than himself to starve. Now, it is not enough for you to say, 'Well done, fine fellow!' but I want you to 'go and do likewise.' It is not enough for the heart to beat and the eyes to swim in tears, when a generous action is recorded; if it

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"I don't care for being loved," said the boy.

"Oh, very well," said his father.

The next morning, when he came down stairs, he looked round, and then offered his mother his morning kiss. She turned from him, and he saw she had been weeping.

"You do not care for being loved," said his father; "and so, as you do not care about being loved, you must live without love. Love has hitherto toiled for you; love has clothed you, has fed you; love has educated you; love has had patience with you; love has watched over you; love has cherished you; love has found fault with you; love has wept for you; from your cradle you have been ministered to by love: but you do not care for being loved; so, now, live without love."

The boy's heart was hard, and so he thought he could live without his father's work and his mother's blessing; he thought he could live without love. He had no generosity in his nature: if he had, he would have curbed his temper; he would have yielded all he had to yield—his will—to the will of those who loved him. He had nothing but that to give in return for the years of love, of labor, of thought, of prayer, he had cost his parents. It never entered his head to think, or entered his heart to feel that his obedience, his docility, his curbing himself, would have been generous."

"Aunt Jane!" exclaimed Geraldine, bursting into a flood of honest tears; "though not a boy, I am *that* boy. Oh! pray with me—pray for me this day; pray that I may feel, and practice, and believe that giving up what we most cherish is the only generosity."

Respect the Aged.

There, give him all the path. Tread slowly and reverently in his presence. Hush that rude laughter; check that idle jest. See you not upon his temples the snow of many Winters? See you not the sunken eye, the bowed form, the thin hand upon whose surface the blue veins stand out like cords. Gone are the beauty and strength of manhood; and in that faded eye but little light is left, save that of love and kindness. That voice has lost its music, save the soft undertone of affection. Sit down, young friend, and hear that story of the olden time; and if, in looking backwards into the mists of the past, he sometimes forgets,—sometimes confounds dates and incidents, or tells the same old tale for the twentieth time,—think over what a vast, vast field his laboring memory wanders; think over what a checkered web of events Thought takes her beaten track, down into the depth of years. O, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the anxieties, and wrongs, and

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sufferings he arouses from their dreamy beds, as he fights life's battle over again,

"And scenes long lost, of joy and pain,
Come wildering o'er his aged brain."

Standing upon the boundary-line between life and the untried future, his feet would fain turn backwards into the paths of the past. One moment he longs for rest,—the next, come back the mocking memories of departed joys. The thorns have dropped silently away amidst the leaves of the roses he gathered in childhood and youth,—their beauty and fragrance alone remain.

O, you in whose bounding veins young life yet lingers; and you in the full beauty and vigor of manhood, respect the aged! Speak gently, hush the rude laugh, check the idle jest, listen to the wisdom which is the voice of experience. Cheer him with kindly words; encircle him with your strong arm, and lead him as he descends the Western hill of life, the shadows deepening into night,—the white hairs upon his temple already drifting in the cool breeze which comes up from the valley of death. Honor the aged, that he may leave you his blessing on the threshold of the unknown land. Honor him, and God will raise up for you friends to remove the thorns from the last league of your own life-journey; for the sake of the weary one of long ago, who never wept for your ingratitude; whose bowed form never struggled with a weight of care or grief which you might have carried, while you walked carelessly along, intent upon your own ease and pleasure.

Thoughts which are Thoughts.

SELECTIONS.—BY JOHN T BANGS.
Georgetown, D. C.

A Jew of Anvers, giving a dinner one day to Charles V, had served up for him at the dessert, pies cooked upon a bond for two millions, which the Emperor had given for that sum, which he owed him; and as the company were in extacies at so rich a hospitality, Daniels said that he did not pay too dearly, at the price of two millions, for the honor which the Emperor had done him, a simple merchant, in dining with him. "You esteem yourself too little," replied Charles; "for whilst the nobility ruin me, the men of learning instruct me, and the merchants enrich me."

True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always a cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of affairs or events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not

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confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is the best physician."

A printer, whose industry was the most prominent virtue he possessed, left his "case," and became a physician. When he was asked the reason for this conduct, his reply was, "In printing, all the faults are exposed to the eye; but in physic, they are buried with the patient."

A virtuous and well-disposed person, like a good metal, the more he is fired, the more he is refined; the more he is opposed, the more he is approved. Wrongs may well try him and touch him, but cannot imprint in him any wrong stamp.—*Richelieu.*

Philosophy does not regard pedigree: she did not receive Plato as a noble, but she made him so.—*Seneca.*

A printer observing two bailiffs pursuing an ingenious, but distressed author, remarked that it was "a new edition of the Pursuits of Literature, unbound, but hot-pressed."

Satire is a powerful weapon, but when turned against us unjustly, we cannot give our adversary a more severe rebuke than by remaining silent. Some one said to Tasso, who was opposing raillery by silence, "You must be a fool not to speak in your own defense." "You are mistaken," was the reply; "he is the fool who does not know when to hold his tongue."

Carissimi, a famous composer of music, being praised for the ease and grace of his melodies exclaimed, "Ah! with what difficulty is this ease acquired!"

Lord Brougham's son, when a minor, and consequently dependent on his father for support, was noticed somewhat for his attention to a young actress of the French theater. His father wrote the following laconic epistle:

"If you do not quit her, I will stop your allowance."

To which the son replied: "If you do not double it, I'll marry her."

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, health, and vigor; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolation of religion: but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us; when sorrow, or sickness, or age comes upon us, then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid.

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VARIETIES.

Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide.
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music
Like a tune with pleasant words.—*Willis.*

The Sound of Sunset.—On the arrival of an emigrant ship, some years ago, when the North Carolina laid off the Battery, an Irishman, hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what that was?

"What's that? Why, that's sunset!" was the contemptuous reply.

"Sunset!" exclaimed Paddy, with distended eyes; "sunset! Holy Moses! and does the sun go down in this country with such a clap as that?"

Calling on the Governor.—Governor Crittenden, of Vermont, was a fine specimen of the noble-hearted, high-minded, and intelligent yeomanry of New England, and his residence was a good, old-fashioned farm. With all the generosity and hospitality of the master and mistress of the mansion, there was not a particle of aristocratic exclusiveness about them. The Governor knew that a man was a man, provided his character and conduct were good, and was no subscriber to the doctrine that "fine feathers make fine birds." Homespun or velvet, he cared not what the garb was, provided the wearer carried his heart in the right place.

One day a man who had some business with the Governor arrived at his house on horseback. Seeing a roughly-dressed man at work near the door, he pulled up, and called out:

"I say, you, sir, does Governor Crittenden live here?"

The man nodded.

"Very well, old fellow," said the rider, dismounting, "you hold my horse while I go into the house."

He found Mrs. Crittenden, and stated that he had called to see the Governor on very important business.

"Well," replied the Governor's wife, "he is about here somewhere; I saw him a moment since. O!" she added, looking out of the window, "there's the Governor holding your horse."

He who says in his heart, "I will be useful to my race," ought to begin by mastering the knowledge of himself.

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To Preserve a Bouquet.—A florist of many years' experience, gives the following receipt for preserving flowers for an indefinite period, which may be useful to our readers:

"When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with fresh water. Then put it into a vessel containing some soapsuds; this will mollify the stocks, and keep the flowers bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning, and lay it sideways (the stocks entering first), into clean water; keep it there a minute or two; then take it out, and sprinkle the flowers with water lightly by the hand. Replace it in the soapsuds, and it will bloom as freshly as when first gathered. The soapsuds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules, a bouquet can be kept beautiful at least a month, and will last longer in a very passable state; but attention to the fair but frail creatures as directed above, must be strictly observed or all will perish.

The truly great are to be found everywhere, nor is it easy to say in what condition they spring up most plentifully. Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere. It does not lie in the magnitude of his outward agency, in the extent of the effects which he produces. The greatest men may do comparatively little abroad. Perhaps the greatest in our city at this moment are buried in obscurity. Grandeur of character lies wholly in the force of soul, that is, in the force of thought, moral principle, and love; and this may be found in the humblest condition of life. A man brought up to an obscure trade, and hemmed in by the wants of a growing family, may, in his narrow sphere, perceive more clearly, discriminate more keenly, weigh evidence more wisely, seize on the right means more decisively, *and have more presence of mind in difficulty*, than another who has accumulated vast stores of knowledge by laborious study; AND HE HAS MORE OF INTELLECTUAL GREATNESS.

Diogenes and Aristippus.—Diogenes once said to Aristippus, "If you could eat cabbages, you would not have to pay your court to the great;" to which Aristippus replied, "If you could pay your court to the great, you would not have to eat cabbages."

Value of Common Sense.—Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of sense for one man of wit; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for ready change.

Too much noise drives away thought. No man can have any variety of ideas, nor any connected train beneath the deafening roar of a cataract.—*Dr. Alexander.*

Sir Harry Moncrieff, in conversation with Lord Cockburn, said that every day he lived he hated one man the less.

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Reply to an Insult.—During the late war with Great Britain, an American officer who carried a flag over the British lines, after having dispatched the business of his mission, was invited by the British officer to dine. As was usual on such occasions, the wine was circulated, and a British officer being called upon for a toast, gave "Mr. Madison, dead or alive;" which the American drank without appearing to give it particular notice. When it came to the American's turn to give a toast, he gave "The Prince Regent, drunk or sober."

"Sir," said the British officer, bristling up and coloring with anger, "that is an insult!"

"No, sir," answered the American, very coolly, "it is only a reply to one."

"Ma, is the portrait of father torn?" asked a little cherub of three summers.

"No, child. Why do you ask?"

"Why, this morning he said, 'darn my picture!'"

Anecdote of Burns.—Being in church one Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring a seat, a young lady who perceived him, kindly made way for him in her pew. The text was upon the terror of the gospel, as denounced against sinners, to prove which the preacher referred to several passages of Scripture, to all of which the lady seemed very attentive, but somewhat agitated. Burns, on perceiving this, wrote with a pencil on a leaf in her Bible the following lines:

"Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas only sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you."

Result of Habit and Industry.—Bulwer worked his way to eminence—worked it through failure, through ridicule. His facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly, and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master his stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. He practiced writing as an art, and has rewritten some of his essays (unpublished) nine or ten times over. Another habit will show the advantage of continuous application. He only works about three hours a day, from ten in the morning till one, seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading, scarcely ever to writing. Yet what an amount of hard labor has resulted from these three hours! He writes very rapidly, averaging twenty pages a day of print.

A blind girl, on being asked to give the definition of forgiveness, replied: "It is the fragrance which flowers yield when they are trampled upon."

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A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father the other day to his delinquent son, "I am busy now, but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging."

"Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied the patient lad, "I can wait."

A lady walking on Broadway a short time ago, a gentleman's button caught in the fringe of her shawl. Some moments elapsed before the parties were separated.

"I am attached to you, madam," said the gentleman, good-humoredly, while he was industriously trying to get loose.

"The attachment is mutual, sir," was the good-humored reply.

IT is a law which God himself has made, that the arrow which is shot from the persecutor's bow, shall rebound and pierce the persecutor's heart.

A clear conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

A chord of love runs through all the sounds of creation, but the ear of love alone can distinguish it.

IN the creation of man, God began at the outside; but in the work of regeneration, he first begins within—at the heart.—*Bunyan.*

SOMETHING must be left as a test of the loyalty of the heart—in Paradise, a Tree; in Israel, a Canaanite; in us, Temptation.—*Cecil.*

FORGET injuries and remember benefits; if you grant a favor, forget it; if you receive one, remember it.

A pedagogue had two pupils; to one he was very partial, and to the other he was very severe. One morning it happened that these two were late and were called out to account for it.

"You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?"

"Please, sir," said his favorite, "I was dreamin' that I was going to Californy, and I thought the school bell was the bell of the steamboat that I was going in."

"Very well, sir, (glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite); and now, sir, (turning to the other,) what have you to say?"

"Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I was waiting to see Tom off."

THE PARSON AND TAILOR.—A shrewd gentleman of the shears and goose, having occasion to leave his shop for a few moments, stepped to his desk, turned the key, and put it in his pocket. His minister being present, said: "You need not have taken the trouble to lock your desk, for I shall stay here while you are gone."

"That is the very reason why I lock it," replied the tailor, "for there is money in it."

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INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.

The following interesting letter is from an old contributor, who has now become a pioneer in the new city from which his letter dates. We thank him for his promise in the last paragraph, and commend it to our friends as an example worthy of imitation:

MOUND CITY, ILL., March 25th, 1857.

Friend Turner: By the following notice, you will see that "Egypt" is becoming enlightened; that the somber clouds which have so long obscured its brightness are breaking away, and the dawn of a glorious day is apparent upon its horizon, betokening a splendid future. A fine, promising young Lodge has been formed in Cairo, composed of active, energetic young men, whose hearts are enlisted in the cause:

"Alexander Lodge, No. 224, I.O.O.F., was organized, and officers installed last Thursday, by Daniel Hannon, District Deputy Grand Master. The thanks of the Lodge are due to the brethren of Centralia, Mound City, and Metropolis, for the eminent assistance rendered them during the ceremonies. The following are the officers for the present term:—G. W. McKinzie, Noble Grand; John Antrim, Vice Grand; L. G. Faxon, Recording Secretary; A. Williams, Treasurer."

Alexander Lodge has a fine hall in the new block recently erected by a company of capitalists from Springfield, and though the brotherhood will probably not increase rapidly in numbers, yet we feel assured that those composing the Lodge will do credit to the Order.

Nor are we of Mound City much behind our brothers of Cairo. Though, unlike that place, we are young, our growth has been rapid—almost unprecedented in the annals of the West: for, one year since, our entire population numbered some eleven souls, occupying some two or three houses, and to-day we can count upward of forty houses erected, with about the same number under contract and in progress, including an extensive foundery and machine shop, a large marine railway, a flooring-mill, steam pottery, and other mechanical branches, with a population of some seven to eight hundred. We have a fine brick dwelling now under way, in the third story of which will be our Lodge room, twenty by sixty feet, with suitable ante-rooms, and furnished in good plain style, to be ready in about six weeks. We have now some fifteen brethren, ready to unite with us, and as many, or more, ready to become members of the Order, as soon as we are prepared to initiate them.

As none know better than yourself what effect the establishment of a

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Lodge of our Order, properly managed, has upon a community amid which it acts, none can form a better estimate of the good destined to be worked out by our Order in this section of our country. In the early history of the navigation of the Ohio, this point was dreaded by the flat-boatmen as being a resort for desperadoes of every kind. Indeed, the small river skirting the Western boundary of our city, derived its name from *Cache* (meaning "to hide") from the fact that these desperadoes concealed themselves along its thickly-covered banks, and sallied out in gangs upon the defenseless trader, wending his way to distant markets, robbing, plundering, and even murdering all who fell into their hands: hence the name of "Egypt." But matters are different now. The Illinois Central Railroad was the first to let light into this darkened wilderness, since when, with the accustomed indomitable energy of the American character, the progress of civilization and refinement has reached a position surpassed by no other section of our Union.

In all new places, where the means of recreation and enjoyment are limited, youth, and even more matured manhood, is prone to seek amusement, though in questionable places of resort. Then, with what feelings of satisfaction should we welcome the institution of a Lodge of Odd Fellows in our midst, into communion with which all young men of good moral character can enter, and learn the beauties of the practice of Friendship, Love, and Truth—those safeguards against the ills of life. Nor, is this all. In a land like ours, the humblest individual may aspire to the highest honors of the State and the nation; and what place is more suitable to learn the rudiments of the duties of the Legislative Hall? where is the man more capable of these duties than one who has attended closely to his duties as an officer of the Lodge, and passed its chairs with credit to himself?

Odd-Fellowship has a bearing upon the welfare of its members far beyond the mere beneficial feature in its organization. It fits man to strive amicably with his fellow man in the great struggle of life. It imbues him with a proper conception of his capabilities for good, and enables him to approximate, at least, the great end of his being—the common welfare of the human race.

It would seem, to one who would take time to think seriously upon the subject, that it embodies the entire code of morality, teaching at once the great lessons of forbearance and tolerance, and uniting in one great family the whole brotherhood of man. But I must stop. I started merely to say a few words upon our new Lodge; and I find my Pegasus has started to run away with me. I will keep you advised as to the movements of the Order in this vicinity, as far as in my power. So, farewell.

Yours, in F., L. and T., G.

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Downieville, Cal.—We are flourishing finely; have instituted a course of lectures, mostly upon the principles of the Order, which are delivered semi-monthly by members of the Lodge. They excite the interest and attention of the members, and induce a full attendance. Our Encampment here is also flourishing. G. B. W.

East Bend Lodge, No. 135, I.O.O.F., was instituted at East Bend, Ky., on Wednesday evening, March 25th, 1857, by E. B. Garnett, District Deputy Grand Master, assisted by brothers from Friendship Lodge, No. 4, of Rising Sun, Ind., and others. The officers for the present term are as follows: Wm. Rich, Noble Grand; W. L. O'Neal, Vice Grand; S. M. Riggs, Secretary: and Robert Piatt, Treasurer. Several were made Odd Fellows by initiation, and others were admitted by card.

MARYLAND.

We have received from the attentive Grand Secretary, Jos. B. Escavaille, a copy of the Journal of the January Session of the Grand Lodge. There are 93 Subordinates in this jurisdiction—membership, 13,146. Over twenty per cent. of the semi-annual receipts were expended for relief of widowed families and the education of orphans. The following decisions were made at this session:

In issuing visiting cards, Lodges assume the payment of all sick and funeral benefits the holder may be entitled to, if paid by any other Lodge, (or if vouched for by certificate of a respectable physician), during the period for which such card was issued; and no fines or assessments accruing during such period can work a forfeiture of benefits for and during the period for which the card was granted.

When a Lodge suffers loss by the taking away, damage, or destruction of its property, by any one of its members, the proper remuneration may be assessed against such member by a committee of adjudication, and if he fails to pay as provided in article ten, section 7, General Laws, the same may be charged to his account as dues.

An ancient Odd Fellow, upon re-admission to the Order, is entitled to all the degrees and honors which he had previously acquired.

When the by-laws of a Lodge require the degrees to be taken as one of the conditions of initiation, the moneys paid for the same or any portion thereof cannot be passed to the credit of the member in any other account, provided the Lodge shall grant said degrees by a certificate."

Lodges have the power to enact by-laws compelling members to pay the fees and assessments of the Library Committee for loss or destruction of, or damage to the property of the library, the same working a forfeiture of benefits, as any other fines or assessments when charged as dues.

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QUERISTS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW HARMONY, IND., March 23d, 1857.

Bro. T. M. Turner: A question has just been settled in our Lodge, which has created more interest and more discussion than anything that has ever come up since the Lodge was instituted, which is over six years; and as it is a question which may be interesting to the Order, I take the liberty (though not a subscriber to your very excellent magazine), to state the motion to you, and should be pleased to have your opinion, under the head of Querists' Department, in your next number. The motion was, that the Lodge proceed to collect by law the amount due from members whose names had been stricken from the roll for non-payment of dues. The laws of our Grand Lodge, which we have adopted as our constitution, require that where a member is five dollars and twenty cents in arrears, his name shall be stricken from the roll-book of his Lodge, unless a good and satisfactory excuse be given, to be approved by two-thirds of the members present.

Now, we have stricken two members from the roll, and they are both able to pay the amount, but have refused to do so. Can a Lodge legally proceed to collect the amount of five dollars and twenty cents from those men? and if so, would it be in accordance with the spirit and usages of the Order?

The motion, as stated, was adopted at the first meeting it was offered, without scarcely any opposition; but at the next meeting it was reconsidered, and after a very lengthy discussion, was laid over. It came up at the next meeting, and after a very lengthy and interesting discussion, was reconsidered and voted down. I think this is the first time that the question has been discussed in any Lodge; and as it is a very important one, I think it may be the means of bringing about some plan that will prevent Lodges from being swindled by men who have more love for money than for their fellow-man.

Yours in F. L. and T., F. B.

The Lodge, if incorporated, is competent to sue for the amount of dues in arrears, it being a contract between the Lodge and the member at the time of his initiation, that he should pay the sum of $5.20 per annum, in consideration of which he was to receive and partake of the benefits and other advantages of the institution.

But it is not in accordance with the principles of Odd-Fellowship, for a Lodge to enter suit in civil courts for the collection of accounts against a brother. The G.L.U.S. will not even enter suit for the collection of her claims from defaulting officers. Were our Order to suffer itself to

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become a party in a civil suit, much of its influence would be forever lost. "Brotherly love" is one of our cardinal principles, and were we as an Order to have recourse to law in making collections from delinquent members, we would prove recreant to our principles; for it is apparent to the understanding of the most obtuse, that "strife and discord" have no part nor lot in the moral code of Odd-Fellowship.

"If the N. G. of a Lodge is absent, and the V. G. presiding over the Lodge, is not the V. G. *pro tem.* entitled to the A. T. P. W. in order to examine a visiting brother on card?"

Only the *regularly installed* N. G. and V. G. are entitled to receive the A. T. P. W, by virtue of their office. All other members must take out traveling cards in order to obtain it. A *pro tempore* officer is not entitled to it by virtue of the office.

We extract for the "Querists' Department," the following report submitted to the Grand Lodge of Maryland at the annual session held in January last, by the Executive Committee, and the proceedings of that body on the report:

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of Maryland:

The Executive Committee have investigated the appeal of P. G. J. Thos. Hall, from a decision of Blue Ridge Lodge, No. 86, expelling him from the Order, and respectfully report, that they find the proceedings of the Lodge to have been exceedingly irregular.

The brother received certain moneys, as Secretary, and Secretary *pro tem.*, which he retained, instead of paying to the Treasurer. He then paid fifteen dollars on account, for which he obtained the Secretary's receipt, and subsequently applied for a card—the facts *all* being before the Lodge, the card was granted, the brother promising to pay the money by the Saturday following; which did not, however, clear the Lodge of a violation of article vii, section 2, General Laws, in granting the same. Yet having granted it, they had not, according to a report of the Committee on the State of the Order, adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, to be found on page 1246, the power to annul the same. The report referred to, reads as follows: "A withdrawal card may be declared void for good cause, existing at the time of granting the card, but not *discovered* until after it has been delivered."

Yet, even if the right to annul the card was admitted, the *charge* is not sustained. To sustain the first specification, there was no evidence that the *Lodge* had even *once* requested payment of the brother.

The second specification is, "In the violation of his solemn promise, given at the time when he applied for his final card, that the money should immediately be paid; and on the faith of which said promise, the card was granted." That is to say, he was to have the card previous to

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paying the money. But the Lodge retained the card some months, thereby annulling the compact, if it could be called such, with the breaking of which they charged the brother.

The Committee would therefore offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That the decision of Blue Ridge Lodge be reversed.

On motion to adopt the resolution, P.G.M. Thompson moved to amend by striking out all after the word "resolved," and inserting, "That the decision of the Lodge be sustained;" which was agreed to, and the decision of Blue Ridge Lodge *vs.* P.G. J. Thomas Hall was sustained.

A brother of Louisville, Ky., inquires, "Is not the law of our State authorizing the initiation and conferring of degrees upon clergymen, at variance with the decision of the G.L.U S.? I have recently removed to this jurisdiction, and find such a law in the digest of Kentucky."

The G.L.U.S. (see page 282, § 5 Digest), has decided, "It is improper to initiate Ministers of the Gospel free of charge, because it would he inconsistent with the principles of equality on which the Order is founded."

For the same reason it would be inconsistent to confer the degrees upon them gratuitously.

The following resolution, however, adopted at the Annual Session of 1844, G.L.U.S. legalizes the action of your State:

"*Resolved*, That the admission of members free of charge be left to the discretion of the Subordinate Lodges and Encampments working under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, and to the State Grand Lodges and Encampments where they exist."

"I see by the Constitution of the G.L.U.S. that no change can be made in the unwritten work of the Order, except by a unanimous vote. Why is it that our Grand Officers are constansly giving new instructions, if the signs must remain unchanged?"

It is owing entirely to the treacherous memory of those who give the instructions. The Grand Representatives are always instructed in the *correct* work at the yearly sessions of the G.L.U.S., as laid down in the book of diagrams, and it is their duty to communicate it to the various Grand Bodies which they represent. Every Past Grand knows that the Grand Representatives themselves frequently disagree about the instructions, when both received them at the same time.

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well—while the one ascends, the other descends.—*Hopkins*.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR INSURANCE FEATURE.—A writer in the Emblem, for March, offers a few excellent suggestions which form a fitting sequel to our recent articles relative to the objects and true principles of Odd-Fellowship. We therefore transfer it to our pages, and ask for it an attentive perusal:

"One of the characteristic features of Odd-Fellowship, is its system of weekly benefits to those who, by sickness or accident, are prevented from following some honorable calling for a livelihood. A good, strong and useful link in our chain, and yet it is *but one;* and ought in reality to be ranked in the same ratio as matter is to mind. The mass of mankind, however, seem in their appreciation of these matters, to invert this order, probably because matter is tangible, and easier comprehended, than that which is more immaterial, but in reality not less substantial. In accordance with this well known propensity of mankind, too many of our *well-meaning* brothers have sought to fill our ranks, by holding up to the uninitiated this feature of our Order, and presenting this mercenary motive as the great and leading inducement for them to unite with us. Well, suppose they enter our mystic circle, with this idea prominent in their minds, will they be at all likely to discover the hidden meaning of our emblems, or see the utility of spending a couple of hours each week of their precious time, in, *to them*, unmeaning formularies of the Lodge room? Will they be likely to appreciate the growth of mind as it mingles in the exciting debate, or the enlargement of the social affections, by kindly greetings, or the growth of the soul, where sectarian and party strife do not enter, to retard the generous impulses of our nature? I think not. On the contrary, they will probably deem it all folly. Our regalia will be deemed gew-gaws; our emblems, of no *practical* value; and our forms, arrant nonsense. And in well defined disgust, they will retire and leave such things to those who like them. But they will, most probably, true to their inspiration, continue to be good on the books, or, in other words, see that their *policy* is kept *good in our Insurance Office.* They generally have one other idea, (not well defined, perhaps), and that is, that Odd-Fellowship is in *some* way a capital thing for one who travels. Now, I would suggest, that we have had too many of this kind of converts, and who owe their conversion to precisely just such arguments as have been specified. When Health Insurance Companies were all the rage, thousands, no doubt, were induced by this argument to join our Order. But when the bubble burst, those who united with us from this motive, supposing that our gallant ship was soon to be overwhelmed in the general storm—they, like *wise rats*, left the ship, and suspensions

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for non-payment of dues were as frequent as were the initiations at a time prior to this. Had we only suffered the loss of these members, it would have been of little harm; but the world, always jealous of what they cannot understand, supposed that these retiring members had left in disgust, and that Odd-Fellowship had nothing but tinsel and show to recommend it to the attention of the public. The world is too little apt to inquire minutely into the true causes of things; they jump at conclusions, and they clothe with extra dignity the most sordid wretch, if he comes out from some "mystic circle," and commend him for his withdrawal, while the basest of motives impelled him perhaps to withdraw. Do not misunderstand me. Not all who have been suspended for non-payment of dues have neglected our rules from base motives. Some, yea, many noble hearts have gone out from us, from various causes over which they had no control, and their hearts beat in unison with us to-day. But the question comes again, what is the remedy to be applied to this deplorable state of things? I answer, *elevate the standard of Odd-Fellowship*, and instead of appealing to the selfishness of men, seek to impress the seeker after the hidden mysteries of our Order, that our objects are to re-unite the dissevered elements of sect and party; to fraternize mankind; elevate the social nature of man; stimulate the intellect; humanize the passions; relieve the suffering; and, in short, to perfect society, as nearly as may be, in all that pertains to *true nobility*. Let this be done, not in theory alone, but by practice, and we shall soon have flocking to our standard those whom all delight to honor, and whose influence will shed a luster in their pathway. Let us, therefore, brothers, gird on the *whole* armor, and go forth to battle with wrong and for the right. Be not disheartened; good men and true are with us now, and many are ready to join us, when they see us taking a proper position. Banish, *one and all*, from your minds, the idea that Odd-Fellowship is nothing but a Health Insurance Company, and behold it, as it is, a noble engine of radical reform, and soon shall we be able to take our harps from the willows, and strike them in a song of victory."

FRATERNAL ITEMS.—We learn that the brethren of Covington, Ky., intend having a pic-nic excursion, under the auspices of the Order, on the 20th inst. The proceeds, after defraying expenses, are to be appropriated for furnishing and decorating their new hall, which will be completed and ready for occupancy by the first of August or September. Their building will be decidedly the most handsome public edifice in our sister city. We defer our description of it, however, until it is ready for dedication.

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We are pained to record the death of Bro. Charles Barger, of Galena, Ills. He died on the 22d of February last. Capt. Barger was an influential and zealous Odd Fellow, and his loss will be greatly deplored by Galena Lodge, No. 17, of which he was a member. We have been favored with a copy of the resolutions of condolence, passed by the Lodge, and should be happy to publish them, were it not an infringement of our established rule.

We frequently receive *news* from correspondents, giving account of celebrations in their several localities, which took place several months prior to the dates of their communications. It always affords us pleasure to publish any evidence of the Order's prosperity, but our friends must remember that *stale* news is not palatable, and that items of intelligence lose their interest if not communicated immediately after their occurrence.

Grand Secretary Glenn has recently, on several occasions, been the orator of the day, at celebrations of the Order. No member in this jurisdiction is more capable of expounding the principles of Odd-Fellowship, or instructing an audience, and in this field, or the one in which he will probably be called to work in September next, we know no brother better qualified.

An Important Law Overlooked.—In our report of the decisions of the G.L.U.S. made at the last session, September, 1856, the following resolution was omitted. Our report was prepared with great care, from the daily journal, and as the same omission occurs in the reports of our cotemporaries, we infer that it was not printed until the appearance of the revised journal. We quote from page 2661 of the Journal:

Resolved, That in case of a vacancy in the office of Noble Grand or Vice Grand of a subordinate Lodge, and all qualified members refusing to accept either of said offices, the Lodge may elect a Scarlet Degree member thereto, *who shall be entitled to the honors as in the case of constituting a new Lodge;* provided, however, that a dispensation for the purpose be first obtained from the proper authority in the jurisdiction to which the Lodge belongs.

Errata.—In the article entitled "Decision of Character." published in our last number, the author was made to say, "We have our Burns, our Humes, our Gibbons, and our Voltaires—foster sons of Nature—the recipients of Heaven's highest, noblest, richest, endowments; and yet they were angels fallen, spirits revolted." For "Burns" read *Burrs*.

Such annoying mistakes will occasionally occur, despite the care and vigilance of the editor.

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The Grand Encampment of Ohio will hold its regular annual session in this city on the 5th inst., at Odd Fellows Hall, corner of Third and Walnut streets.

The Grand Lodge of Ohio meets in annual session at Mansfield, on Tuesday, May 12th. Grand Secretary Glenn and Bro. R. Mason, of Springfield, each gave notice at the last communication, that they would at this session of the Grand Lodge, submit an entire revision of the Constitution and Laws of the Grand and subordinate Lodges of Ohio. These, with other important questions, will render this annual session of much more than usual interest.

New Volume.—We hope our friends will bear in mind that our next number will complete the present volume. We wish to double our list of subscribers on the 8th volume, and if every patron will try and send in only one, our wish may be gratified.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mystic Delvings.—The first book of a young poet! "I feel a kind of reverence (says Longfellow) for the first books of young authors. There is so much aspiration in them, so much audacious hope and trembling fear, so much of the heart's history, that all errors and short-comings are for awhile lost sight of in the amiable self-assertion of youth."

The work before us is a volume of poems by A. T. S. Barnitz. It is beautifully printed, and illustrated with a portrait of the author. We have only hastily glanced through its pages, but we find many passages which give promise of still higher flights of poetic imagery, when the judgment of the author shall have become more mature. Published at Cincinnati, by the author.

Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land.—Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, have just published an interesting volume, edited by Epes Sargent, descriptive of adventures of bold mariners in the frigid regions of the Arctic, from the earliest date to the last expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. Sold by Truman & Spofford, Cincinnati.

Pagan Origin of Partialist Doctrines.—This work will particularly please the advocates of Universalism, and those leaning that way. It is written by the Rev. John Claudius Litual, formerly a Romish priest. The author exhibits much skill in literary arrangement, and, doubtless, the *novelty* of the publication will materially assist its circulation. From the press of Longley Brothers, Cincinnati.

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Odd Fellows'
LITERARY CASKET.

EDITED BY T. M. TURNER.

VOL. VII. JUNE, 1857. NO. 6.

The Star of Linwood.

CHAPTER VII.

Aunt Fanny returned from the sewing-circle, and found Alfred in the drawing-room, pacing the floor in uneasy strides, as though disturbed in mind.

"Where is Stella?" he asked, eagerly, as she entered alone.

"Is she not here?" replied Aunt Fanny, in a tone of surprise. Then saying she would look for her, left the room. She soon returned with the note left by Stella, which she handed to her nephew, with a request to read it aloud.

"Very strange!" said Alfred, abstractedly, after perusing the letter; "what can it mean?"

They sat long in silence, each busied with thoughts and conjectures as to the whereabouts of Stella; but neither could solve the mystery. Slowly the evening sped away; the house seemed desolate without the Star, and the two occupants of the parlor were not congenial spirits, fitted to any sympathy and love. The bell tolled ten o'clock, and still Stella appeared not. Alfred, as minute after minute passed, became restless, and ever and anon would start up and pace the floor with measured tread, his gloomy brow but too well indexing his unhappy frame of mind. As the last peal of the bell died away, he seized his hat, and darted to the door. The round, full-orbed moon was shining majestically down upon the snowy mantle of the earth; the hoarse December wind whistled gloomily through the leafless branches of the trees, and the almost deserted streets; while the intense cold seemed almost to freeze the heart's blood. Alfred bared his feverish brow to the keen frosty air, and peered anxiously into the distance, to discover, if possible, some approaching carriage. At length he heard the rumbling sound of wheels at a distance, and awaited with palpitating heart the arrival of his beloved. The equipage drew near, but it was a gay bevy of Fashion's votaries on their

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way to the gay New-Year's Eve party, at the wealthy Mrs. B——'s. He, too, was an invited guest, and engaged to accompany Stella to the party. The thought suddenly flashed into his mind, that perhaps his heart's idol had been sent for to assist in the arrangement of the tableaux which were to constitute a portion of the entertainment. He had forgotten the party in his anxiety for Stella; but now he would attend, and learn the worst. Re-entering the house, he hastily snatched his cloak, and ran on his way to the brilliantly-lighted rooms of Madame B. The hostess was busy with her numerous guests, and he could only pay his respects before being compelled to give way to others, without an opportunity of inquiring for Stella.

The curtain rose, and the first tableau was to be enacted. It was a love scene. A fair girl sat gazing at the miniatures in her hand, the likenesses of her two lovers, and was undecided which to choose. The originals appeared, each perceiving in the other a rival, and each anxious to know his fate, yet not daring to break the spell which would perchance consign him to endless misery. Alfred could not endure to watch its progress further. It illustrated a passage in his own love affairs too nearly, and he darted into another room. Stella was evidently not at the party, and, sore at heart, he could not but feel miserable in the midst of the gayety and festivity of the occasion. Starting away, therefore, without taking leave, he was once more in the street. He darted along abstractedly, his pace comporting with his excited feelings. He knew not, cared not, whither his course tended. His thoughts were far away, and all the realities that surrounded him were unperceived.

"Linwood!" said a voice, and the noble form of Norman Griswold emerged from the Merchant's Hotel, and greeted him cordially. He awaked to consciousness, and grasped the hand of his friend, sadly but kindly.

"What brings you to L——, my friend? Wherefore at the hotel instead of Linwood mansion; and why up so late?"

"I have just arrived," said Norman, leading his friend in. "Have you already heard the sad intelligence?" he added, observing the melancholy countenance of Alfred.

"What intelligence? Has anything serious happened to her? Where is she?" was his anxious reply.

"To whom do you refer?" said his now puzzled companion.

"Stella! Where is she?"

"Is she not still at your Uncle's?"

"No; she went out this afternoon, giving no clue to her whereabouts, and we are fearful that she has met with some misfortune."

"Misery heaped upon misery! Misfortunes follow each other so rapidly that it sometimes seems to me that when once destined to drink the

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cup of woe, we must drain it to the very dregs. Your Uncle Linwood fallen before the Reaper's scythe, and now, perhaps, Stella, too, has gone to meet him in the realms above!"

A groan of agony burst simultaneously from the bosom of each.

"Uncle Linwood dead! O! this is indeed a bitter stroke!" said Alfred, reeling to a chair. "Where did he die? Tell me all."

"I received a letter from my mother this morning, acquainting me with the details. They were on their way home, and had reached London. Mr. Linwood was very feeble, and had given up all hope of recovery, but felt sanguine of being strong enough to reach the land of his birth, and die in peace among kindred and friends. But the fondest hopes of the heart are too oft blighted and nipped in the bud. The fatigues of the journey from the south of France to England brought on a relapse, and he died in a few days after reaching London. My mother will embark with his remains for America in the next steamer, and in a fortnight we may expect to have to perform the last sad duties to the dead."

Alfred's emotion during this recital was too deep for utterance. He had been bereft of the kind guardian of his youth—his more than father; and the stroke was too severe. He could only hang his head and weep. The melancholy presentiments of Stella, both upon leaving Linwood mansion and at parting with her Uncle before his departure, which she had confided to him soon after the latter event, rushed upon his mind. "Too true," he muttered; "her presentiments are ever portentious." Then recalling to mind the mysterious absence of Stella, he arose and insisted on Norman Griswold accompanying him home. When they emerged into the street (for they had talked long, and somewhat matured their plans for the discovery of Stella) it was near five o'clock in the morning of the New Year.

"Buy a 'Erald, Times, Gazette, zurs? Only five cents a-piece, zurs!" said an early news-boy, thrusting his papers in their faces.

Alfred purchased one, and when they arrived at the mansion, lighting the gas, closely scanned the local columns to find, if possible, the realization of his fears in regard to the abduction of Stella. He was about throwing down the paper when his eyes were attracted by the heading of an article entitled, "Romance and Reality." It was a brief history of Blanche S——, with names omitted. Alfred had known her well, and was familiar with her early history. His eyes became riveted to the paper, and suddenly exclaiming "Eureka!" he sank back into the chair, and gave way to his joyful emotions. Norman seized the paper, and read the article. It concluded thus:

"Yesterday evening this noble woman closed her earthly career; not, 'tis true, surrounded with all the luxuries that had marked her early

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years; but two loving hearts, that beat sympathetic to her own, were there to breathe words of love and friendship. One was him for who e love, she had forsaken her wealthy home to share his hard fortunes; the other a companion of those brighter days when she reigned a queen in society. It is refreshing to see a young and beautiful maiden, who can command the smiles and fawning sycophancy of the leaders of the *ton*, with a heart still open for the friend of other years, regardless alike of change of condition and circumstances. We know not who the angelic being is; but we are well aware that this single character in real life is a greater heroine and more worthy of admiration than any ficticious character ever drawn by the most fascinating novelist's pen."

"It must be Stella," said Albert. "Who else in the charmed circle of vanity is capable of such feelings! Who so well fitted to adorn a palace, or give joy to the cottage! I have watched her when amid the giddy whirl of a fashionable ball; have stood beside her when receiving the flattery of the gay butterflies; have been with her to the hovels of the poor, and seen her receive the showered blessings of those whom her bounty had relieved; and in every position she was still the same sweet, amiable, loving being that you know so well."

The speaker's face glowed with enthusiasm as he proceeded, while Griswold heaved a deep, responsive sigh, which told more plainly than words his concurrence in the opinion."

Aunt Fanny was up betimes in the morning, and soon came in. She was introduced to Mr. Griswold, and Alfred informed her of the probable whereabouts of Stella. She soon retired in order to hurry breakfast, that they might at once seek her, and relieve their minds of suspense.

After breakfast, Alfred informed Aunt Fanny of the death of his Uncle, and, as he related the particulars, he watched her countenance narrowly. She was, as we have already seen, well skilled in hypocrisy; but the evident exultancy with which she received this intelligence was not to be concealed from the vigilant eye of the youth by her outward manifestations of sorrow. Loud and vociferous were her lamentations; but they fell not on the ear as the wails of the truly stricken heart.

There was a ring at the door-bell, and a servant presently entered with a billet-doux for Aunt Fanny. It was from Stella. She explained where she was, narrated the events of the past night, paid a brief tribute to the memory of her departed friend, and requested Cousin Alfred to come out and attend the funeral, which was to take place that afternoon. Their minds thus relieved of anxiety on her account, at the solicitation of Aunt Fanny, they retired for a few hour's repose, after giving directions to be called up precisely at twelve o'clock.

The door had no sooner closed after them than Aunt Fanny dried her

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eyes, and assumed an appearance in which not a vestige of grief could be discovered.

"So, so," she muttered, "Albert Linwood is dead! And Stella imagines, no doubt, that she is his heir. Well, we shall see. There will be trouble, though, I'm thinking, before she finds his *last* will and testament, for I, too, have a key that will unlock the depository of the precious document. The paper I will abstract, and in its stead substitute the one he made in my favor years ago, before either Alfred or Stella became his proteges. Yes, the heritage she shall not enjoy while I live. It will be a bitter revenge for the slights I have received during the last few years. She shall know, however, on my death-bed that she was the lawful heir to the estate of her Uncle. This will but increase her rage. Yes, the genuine will shall not be destroyed; but she shall behold it in after years, when *dear* Aunt Fanny can no longer enjoy the possessions. It will serve as a talisman to preserve my name in her memory. In the meantime, trust *me* to securely hold the document."

So saying, Aunt Fanny proceeded to set the house in order, and arrange her wardrobe for the change in her condition.

After partaking of an early dinner, the young gentlemen proceeded to attend the funeral of poor Blanche S——. As they rode through the city, the cheerful fires were perceived in the mansions of the wealthy, whose houses were thrown open to receive the New-Year calls of their gentlemen friends. They both felt with what little prospect could they look forward to the "Happy New Year" thus unpropitiously ushered in. Each felt like communing with his own heart, and during the long ride scarcely a word was spoken. About two o'clock they reached the place where were gathered the few humble ones who were to perform the funeral rites of the once gay city belle. Stella met them with a face suffused with tears, and led them into the presence of the dead. The ceremony proceeded, and soon they were on their way to the village churchyard. Some two hours afterward, Stella, having assisted the few friends in arranging the house in such a manner as to make it cheerful to the family on their return, announced herself in readiness to return home. The carriage was brought out, and the two gentlemen, with Stella, got in, and were soon on their way to Linwood Hall. We will let them make their journey, while we fly to Europe to inquire after Mrs. Linwood.

CHAPTER VIII.

The disconsolate widow, left alone among strangers in a strange land, knew not how to act. Her mind was bewildered, as it were, amid the busy whirl of London life. Surrounded by two millions of human souls,

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she yet felt herself alone in the world. Not one of that immense population could she freely call upon for assistance and advice. Of worldly goods she had an abundance. Her destitution consisted, not in the want of gold, but of sympathy. Where was she to apply? Several days passed, and she became more calm. She thought of her son, the noble youth who had devoted himself to his mother, with all his ambition, energy, and talent exerted only that her heart might be made glad at witnessing his triumphs. O! that he was with her now, to sympathize and console! Then the youthful Stella, the precocious child whom she had so long dearly loved, what would she not now have given for her society! How the heart yearns for sympathy! But Mrs. Linwood was to find a friend in a quarter from whence she least expected it. At the suggestion of the landlord, she called upon the American Minister at the court of St. James, to lay her troubles before him. American ambassadors at European courts are seldom the simple, unostentatious representatives of our government. They are usually apes of the aristocracy with which they are surrounded, and bury themselves beneath ceremony and etiquette to such a degree as to render themselves almost unapproachable. Such was Mrs. Linwood's experience on calling at the residence of the Minister. Half a score of visitors on a like errand were seated in the hall into which she was ushered to await her turn. She was dressed in deep black, and as she seated herself, she relapsed into a deep melancholy abstraction. Thus she continued for some time, but at length aroused herself, and looked around upon those by whom she was surrounded. As her gaze rested upon a benevolent-looking, portly gentleman, who was seated near her, he made a seemingly involuntary movement with his hand, but the quick eye of Mrs. Linwood immediately detected in it a familiar sign of the Degree of Rebekah in Odd-Fellowship. A bright light suffused her countenance, her heart beat with joy unspeakable. She had found a friend, and in a quarter least expected. She answered the sign, and the gentleman advanced, and handed her his card. "Henry Clifford" was the name written on the card, and its presentation was accompanied with a proffer of his services.

Mrs. Linwood hesitated. Should she confide her sorrows to an acquaintance thus made, or carry out her original intention, and consult the Minister? She rapidly scanned the question in her mind. Her thoughts reverted to the evening that the Degree had been conferred upon her, while her first husband was living; of his explanation of the objects and uses of the work, and its ofttimes great advantage in traveling. She had been one of the first to receive the Degree after its introduction. Mr. Griswold was consumptive, and well knew that he must ere long be summoned from his happy home, and leave his wife and child in poverty. It was to place the shield of the Order around them that she was invested

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with its mysteries. She had since become the wife of another, however, and that step would dissever her connection with the Order; but her son was an Odd Fellow, and she felt that even if this were not the case, one nurtured in the principles of Friendship, Love, and Truth would not hesitate to render aid to a widow in distress under any circumstances. There are faces from which we seem to glean an intuitive knowledge of the character of the man at a glance, and such an one was now beaming upon her. His was an open, honest countenance, that spoke plainly of a *soul* within. He bore the appearance of being a jolly old soul, given to fun and kindly deeds, and with a heart open to sympathy. After a careful scrutiny of his features, Mrs. Linwood hesitated no longer, but frankly informed him of her desolate situation among strangers, and her desire for assistance in getting to Liverpool and embarking for America, at the same time explaining her melancholy bereavement. The stranger listened with melancholy interest to the recital, and at its conclusion said that he designed returning to America in the next steamer with his wife and daughter, and if agreeable to her, would be pleased to have her join their party, offering at the same time to see that her husband's remains were properly forwarded. With grateful emotion, she thanked her newly-found friend, and giving him her address, retired, receiving from him a promise to call with his family that afternoon.

Punctual to his engagement, he called at the appointed hour, and the ladies soon became well acquainted, and mutually pleased. Mr. Clifford was a man of energy, and commenced his arrangements immediately. Three days after, they were all on board the steamer, plowing the deep Atlantic, on their return to their native land. Oh! how sad to return to a *home* made desolate; to be reminded at every turn of the loved one forever gone! We will not attempt to portray Mrs. Linwood's feelings as she neared the American coast, but will return to our friends at Linwood mansion.

CHAPTER IX.

We left Stella returning from the funeral of her friend Blanche, with her cousin and Norman Griswold. We have said that the journey was performed in gloomy silence for the most part, for Stella was so shocked at the sudden death of her friend and the unwonted attendance upon the dead, that she felt little like talking, and her friends were too discreet to disturb her, even though they had wished to converse. As they neared the mansion house, however, Cousin Alfred became restless and uneasy, having fears that Aunt Fanny would allude to the death of his Uncle in Stella's presence, and take her unawares; and he thought it best to communicate the painful event at once. He, therefore, after much circumlo-

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cution, designed to prepare her mind for the painful recital, informed her of her irreparable loss, as gently as he possibly could.

The agony of the fair girl was excessive. She shed not a tear,—hers was a grief too deep to weep; but lifted up her hands toward heaven, and murmured a prayer for strength to bear the stroke. She uttered not a word or a cry, but sat the picture of grief. They did not seek to comfort her. Both felt it were best to let the first ebullition of sorrow have full sway. The carriage now arrived at the place of their destination, and Aunt Fanny, robed in sable hues, came out to meet them. Stella threw herself into her arms, and was folded to her breast, while a kiss, seemingly of love and sympathy, was impressed upon her cheek. Alfred looked on in amazement. The greeting of Aunt Fanny was so different from what he had anticipated. He could have blessed her for it, so highly was be pleased. He knew not then that this was but a disguise intented to masque her deeply-laid scheme of outrage and wrong.

They entered, and Stella, accompanied by her assiduously attentive Aunt, retired to her own chamber, where she found relief in tears.

A week had passed, and still Norman Griswold was at Linwood Hall. He had agreed, at the urgent request of Alfred, to remain until his mother's return, which would now be in a few days. He had during that time seen much of Stella, and now felt that existence to him would be a burden without her. But then she would probably fall heir to the greater portion of her Uncle's estate, and he was poor; he must banish her image from his mind. To think of wedding her was impossible. "If she were only poor!" he exclaimed to himself repeatedly, and would be seized with spells of deep melancholy, which would hang on for hours.

The will was to be read to the relatives that morning. Aunt Fanny would have it so.

"The dear child and yourself," she exclaimed to Alfred, "are doubtless heirs to the estate, and let the will be read, and matters be settled at once."

Alfred, knowing that Mrs. Linwood would shortly return, urged its being deferred; but Aunt Fanny knew nothing of the marriage, and not suspecting the existence of a widow to her nephew, would admit of no delay. Accordingly, at eleven o'clock, they were all assembled in the library, with the pompous notary prepared to read the document. Aunt Fanny endeavored to look as unconcerned as possible; but in spite of all her efforts to that effect, it was apparent that she was very excited. The rest of the party were perfectly calm. Stella and Alfred were each willing that their Uncle should make what disposition he liked of his property; and, indeed, each knew, from his own lips, in whose favor he had willed his estate. Norman Griswold looked upon the matter of read-

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ing of the document as a mere form, feeling sure of the disposition of the property in favor of Stella. Stella took the key given her by her Uncle in the garden, and unlocking the antique box handed the deed to the notary, who deliberately untied the red tape, opened and read the will of Albert Linwood, bequeathing all his property, estate, and effects to Fanny Spencer, his maternal Aunt!

All the party were astonished; none more so than Aunt Fanny herself, who was loud in her asseverations that there must be some mistake; surely Stella must be the heir! But the notary re-read the name, and if no will of a later date was to be found, she was doubtless the heiress to the vast wealth of Albert Linwood!

We will leave to the reader's imagination the excitement of Aunt Fanny, who, though fully aware of the contents of the paper before it was opened, appeared amazed at the fortune that had fallen at her feet. Stella was astonished. Had her Uncle forgotten to put the will of which he spoke when conversing with her just prior to her departure for school, in the box? It was not there, and it must be so. She acquiesced without a murmur. Not so Alfred, who had been a close observer of Aunt Fanny's every movement during the reading of the will. He immediately suspected her of having perpetrated a fraud, and resolved to ferret it out and defeat her aim, if possible. Upon Norman Griswold, the effect was exhiliarating. Stella was no longer an heiress in his eyes, and he could now approach her, and ask her to share his humble lot. She might decline; but, nevertheless, he would make the trial.

Stella stole softly up to her Aunt, and after congratulating her, retired. The day was quite mild and pleasant for the season, and the snow having disappeared, in her feverish state of mind she sought the cool atmosphere of the garden, and was soon seated within the summer-house where her Uncle had informed her that she was to be his heir. Stella was neither avaricious nor selfish, but her sensitive spirit was sorely troubled at the thought that perchance Uncle Linwood had afterwards deemed her unworthy of the trust, and destroyed the will which had been made in her favor. But why also disinherit Alfred? Surely *he* was in every respect worthy! She felt sorely for poor Alfred, for she entertained a sisterly regard for him, in return for his almost idolizing devotion to her. But she loved another! One with whom her acquaintance began when he first appeared as the hero to rescue her from a watery grave. She heard a footstep, and looking up, beheld the noble form of that hero advancing to her retreat. Norman Griswold entered, and spoke kind words of sympathy and consolation. He spoke of a far more interesting topic, too, but we will not play eaves-dropper and listen. Suffice it, that there were two hearts made happy, by an exchange of vows. But Stella was now in a perplexing situation; for

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Alfred Linwood would perhaps pine away under this blow to his unrequited love, and become a hopeless misanthropist. They returned to the house, and Stella resolved to have an interview with her Cousin, and herself explain her betrothal, thus at the same time evincing a sisterly regard and revealing the true state of her feelings toward him, while the effect would be to at once remove all hope of his ever making similar advances as a lover.

But this was needless; for a second time had a third party been witness to her interview within the arbor,—and this time in the person of Alfred himself. The twain were too much absorbed in each other to perceive that they were observed, and they departed totally unconscious that the blighted affections of that noble youth were destined to confer still greater happiness upon them. The seared heart full oft grows calm under adversity, and arouses itself to deeds of love and mercy toward the hand which crushed its gushing hopefulness forever.

No sooner had they reached the house than Alfred emerged from his retreat and followed. The few moments of agony had wrought sad ravages in his noble face, but suppressing his emotions, with a fixed determination to appear composed, he immediately requested an interview with Norman. Retiring to the library, they seated themselves, and Alfred remained a moment absorbed in deep thought. He then cautiously informed his friend of his doubts in regard to the validity of the will, and his determination to set it aside. He carefully avoided the subject nearest his heart, for Stella was henceforth to be to him as one no more. Both were well read in law, and knew that the bequest to Aunt Fanny was invalid while Mrs. Linwood (of whose existence she was not aware,) was living, even though no later will might be found. It was agreed, after much deliberation, to defer further proceedings until the arrival of Mrs. Linwood, which would possibly be on the morrow, as the steamer in which she would probably embark had already arrived at New York. They accordingly rejoined Stella in the parlor, and while engaged in conversation, a servant entered and presented wedding cards to the group, with the compliments of "Mr. and Mrs. Flash." These were, as usual, accompanied with the cards of the bride previous to the marriage, which bore the name of "Miss Fanny Spencer!"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Stella. "Can it really be Aunt Fanny? And married to the Notary, too!"

"Who admires her fortune more than his bride," added Alfred, sarcastically.

A carriage drew up, and Aunt Fanny with her husband entered. She received their congratulations somewhat graciously, but mingled with an air of hauteur that plainly showed her appreciation of the dignity of a matron.

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In hight, Mr. Flash was rather above the medium; his form was slender, thin, and wiry; countenance anything but prepossessing, denoting excessive acquisitiveness that would stoop to any petty act likely to increase his possessions. His physiognomy did not belie his character. He was a fitting companion for the one whom he had led to the altar for her wealth.

Mrs. Linwood arrived the next day, with the remains of her husband, which were quietly deposited in the cemetery without the excitement of a funeral, at the request of Aunt Fanny, who did not want the joyousness of her honeymoon disturbed by the solemnities. Followed by the four sincere friends, who truly deplored his loss, he was consigned to mother earth and rests in peace beneath a spreading willow in ——— cemetery.

Aunt Fanny and her liege lord were now informed that the true heir at law had returned, and would claim the estate. Their rage knew no bounds. They denied the whole story as absurd, and declared Mrs. Linwood an impostor. The marriage certificate was produced and this difficulty removed; but the law would only allow her a dower in the estate unless a subsequent will could be found. Stella now related the conversation with her Uncle in the garden, and Alfred felt assured that the paper must have been purloined by some one, and the old will substituted in its place. He went to his Uncle's Notary, to obtain, if possible, some information in regard to it. The Notary recollected drawing up a will some two years previously, bequeathing the property to Stella, but could not recollect the witnesses. Alfred was in despair. The idol of his heart would be defrauded of her rightful possessions, and he had no power to prevent it. He returned home, feeling too sad to encounter the downcast friends in the parlor, and immediately withdrew to his own room. He left the door ajar, and while reclining abstractedly on a lounge, was startled by seeing Aunt Fanny, who, previous to her marriage, had occupied the chamber directly opposite his, open a closet and take from thence a strong box, which she unlocked and carefully examined. It contained a few papers and the little jewelry she possessed, which latter was the object of her search. She drew from the bottom of the box, buried beneath the heterogeneous contents, what appeared to his excited vision a legal paper. It was tied up with the ceremonious red tape common with the profession, and was scanned eagerly by the woman for a moment, and then replaced, muttering to herself the while, "I have you safe, precious document, where no mortal eye shall soon behold you."

Alfred could scarcely control himself, so wild was he with excitement. That paper he knew must be the lost will! Slyly slipping to the door,

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he softly closed it, and continued watching her movements through the keyhole, thinking that the object in view would justify an act that at another time would be inconsistent with the character of a gentleman. Carefully locking the box again, she was about to replace it in the closet, when her husband called her quickly, and she hastened to answer the summons, leaving the closet unlocked. Alfred immediately and without ceremony took possession of the box, determined to examine the paper which had so exalted his hopes. Breaking open the box, he seized the paper, and,—O! joy of joys!—it was his Uncle's will bequeathing all his property to Stella! He could now restore to happiness the despairing lovers, and assist the innocent in asserting their rights! How often is the weapon of the adversary turned upon himself, and the object of the unprincipled thwarted by the very means taken to effect revenge! Had not Aunt Fanny's malicious heart suggested the preservation of this paper, there would have been no bar to her retaining the property, but she had in that act overreached herself, and had gained nothing but the scorn and contumely of the world.

The Notary was almost frantic with rage at finding his wealthy bride dispossessed of her inheritance, and quarreling violently with her, discarded the wretched woman forever. Stella deeded her a neat cottage in a neighboring village, which with the income settled upon her by her husband, enabled her to pass the remainder of her days in quiet, disturbed only by the qualms of conscience.

Alfred, now that he had performed his duty, could no longer content himself in the presence of her he loved so hopelessly, and taking leave of his kind friends, migrated to the west, where he sought excitement in politics, and is now high in office, with a constituency who appreciate his moral worth and high sense of honor.

Stella and her affianced were married some months after, and they are living with Mrs. Linwood in peaceful possession of the mansion in which have transpired the principal events of our story. With boundless wealth at her command, she continues the friend of the poor, and many a recipient of her bounty in his prayers to the Most High, calls down a blessing on the head of the lovely "Star of Linwood."

With her, to love
Was native as a plant that comes with Spring;
Suddenly comes and never blooms but once.
And Destiny, itself the slave of Chance,
Made her to me—what matters it! She died
As died the wind-flower with excess of light,
And trembled into darkness!

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The Friendly Caution.

BY PUBLIUS LICINIUS.

Beware! dear friend, the foe is nigh;
He comes in all his varied forms!
Beware, lest thy fond heart shall sigh
Beneath his touch, or flat'ring charms!

His wand will turn thy day to night;
He captivates the foolish throng;
He makes destruction his delight,
And hushes every gladsome song!

He prostrates honor in the dust;
He drains the cup of social joy;
The heart he fills with vile distrust,
And turns the gold to base alloy!

The inexperienced candidate
May fancy all is bright and fair;
But list:—take heed,—do not mistake,
Look well to all thy ways,—*beware!*

Behold that *Patriarchal form*
That trembles on the verge of time!
His moral lessons timely warn;
And round thy brow a wreath entwine!

In wisdom's ways he long hath trod,
Adn marked the fate of men below;
And if like him you *trust in God*,
Thy heart shall conquer every foe.

Once he was young, but now is old,
(And surely could not be mistaken,)
Yet never saw, as we are told,
The righteous man forsaken!

He never saw his favored seed
Reduced to beggary and shame;
For *trust in God* will ever lead
To plenty, usefulness, and fame!

Then shun with care the wily foe;
Come listen to the warning given;
Let *Friendship*, *Love*, and *Truth* below
Direct thy feet—and point to heaven!

Columbus, Ind., New Year's Day, 1857.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.

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The Pyrenees.

BY HARRY HAZLEWOOD.

A lofty range of mountains, which divides the kingdom of France from Spain, and extends almost in a direct line from St. Sebastian on the bay of Biscay, to Port Vendres on the Mediterranean, a distance of rather more than two hundred and fifty miles. This vast chain forms a species of rugged barrier, which rises like an ampitheater on the side of France, forming lengthwise the segment of a circle, the extremities of which bend and die away in the two seas: and as the greatest masses are in the center, the chain has there the highest elevation taken from east to west, and at the same time the greatest depth taken from north to south. Every part of this ridge is intersected with gloomy, narrow, and deep defiles, which widen and form agreeable valleys in proportion as they recede from the center of the chain, where the woods, the rocks, and the torrents, display all the characters of the sublime and beautiful, though these mountains in general present milder features than usually distinguish such lofty elevations. The ravines and valleys almost always extend north and south; for as the chain runs east and west, so in general does each single mountain: while inferior oblique ridges often stretch in the same direction with the defiles, and small lateral valleys frequently open into the larger ones.

The progression which has been remarked from the open valley to the narrow defile, is perpetually observable in ascending the valleys of Campan, Beaudean, and d'Aspe, in that of Lourde, at Pierrefitte, and from thence to Bareges, or at Cauterets. These entrances everywhere enlarge in descending toward the plain, and close up in the contrary direction, becoming a defile or ravine in proportion as they ascend the mountain; and the waters, the course of which is more tranquil in low places, form furious torrents only when they approach their sources. The stones themselves, also, and which are but of moderate size without the limits of the chain, are always proportioned to the rapidity of the stream, becoming more considerable according to the ascent, and on the upper parts of the mountain are rocks of an enormous size, rolled and rounded by the currents, which have detached and removed them from their places; while in all these defiles there is a perfect correspondence between the substances which form the two banks; the same strata, the same symmetry, and the same inclination being everywhere perceivable. Where the defile widens by the separation of two great mountains, others appear placed upon their flanks; and these are of one form and of the smoothest surface, but on penetrating to a certain depth, the solid rock is again seen, passing under the torrent, traversing the valley, and

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TRAVELING IN THE PYRENEES.

uniting itself to the opposite mountain. These secondary hills seem of posterior formation to the others, and are evidently composed of the wrecks of the primary.

The snow, which covers the most elevated part of the Pyrenees all

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the year, and the lower elevations for a great portion of it, never melts in such abundance as during the rains of Spring and Summer, when south and south-west winds prevail, and a storm drives them toward the mountains, for the sun has comparatively but a trifling influence. At this period, disorder and confusion everywhere prevail, and it is difficult to picture the gloomy and terrible silence which precedes this scene of horror, or the universal noise which follows. The shock of thick conflicting clouds, the roaring of the winds, which are precipitated in furious blasts from the upper regions, or which sweep along the deep valleys; the long continued noise of the groaning thunder, and the flashes of lightning which dart through the air; the impetuous descent of vast masses of snow, called Lavanges, and those great bodies of water which increase like a torrent and rush down on all sides, accompanied with the stunning noise and cracking of the rocks, display the stupendous operations of nature in all their terrors; and hence these mountains present appearances of decrepitude and decay not to be equaled in any other chain.

It cannot, indeed, be difficult to conceive the ravages these frequent and sudden deluges must produce, which, taking their course from an elevation of between nine and ten thousand feet above the sea, fall over an almost perpendicular declivity, sweep away every loose substance they meet with, and insinuate between the crevices of the rocks themselves, which afford a passage as the strata are more or less vertical. As they are frequently of different natures, some of them, like the schists and coarse granites, permit an easy penetration, and quickly divide. Sometimes, also, an inferior stratum, being of a softer substance than the upper, is by degrees washed away, and the whole mass being undermined, falls in with a tremendous crash; while at others, in these sudden deluges, the water forcing itself into caverns, fills them all at once; and as there is frequently no outlet, or if there be, one perhaps too small for the discharge of such a body, the compression is so great that the sides break open and burst, and hence follow all the disorder consequent upon such an explosion.

Nor are the inferior mountains of secondary formation exempted from the effects produced by the sudden melting of the snow, for the water filtrating through the loose soil, introduces itself into the sand, loosens and raises it up. It then forces a passage for itself with considerable noise, and soon issues as a torrent of liquid mud, which rolls gently along, sweeping with it detached rocks, and all the other substances that it meets in its way. Hence, when we consider the rapid course of the Pyrenean torrents, which often gain upon three feet of a descent a foot of perpendicular fall, and sometimes much more, the quantity of earth and stones of every kind carried away by them, a part of which is de-

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posited in the plains, while the lighter matters are transported to the sea, must be enormous.

To the causes which have been enumerated as materially contributing to the degradation and decay of the Pyrenean mountains, may be added another not less frequent or effective in its operations. It is the Lavange, or impetuous descent of vast masses of snow, the avalanche of Switzerland. When the snow has fallen in abundance, and before it has had time to freeze, a blast of wind detaching it from the summits, precipitates it into the ravine below, and increasing in its course from that which it passes over, it sweeps along immense masses of earth and rock, making sometimes bridges over the torrents, and filling up the valleys. This avalanche has the extraordinary quality of being attended with a loud hissing noise, which commences with a strong wind. Nothing can then resist the impetuosity of its course, and the explosion is such that every obstacle is instantly overturned; sometimes even whole villages.

M. Gensonne, a French engineer, from observations which he thought sufficient to ground an opinion, concludes that they are reduced about ten inches in hight every century; but vague as such an estimate must necessarily be, it is impossible not to admit that a considerable diminution must have taken place, for not only the vast plain of Landes, extending from Armagnac between the rivers Adour and Garonne to the sea, but High and Low Chalosse, Bearn, and Navarre, are covered with immense quantities of rolled stones, all bearing equivocal characters of the wrecks of mountains; and the lofty elevation upon which the town of St. Sever is built, is also formed, from its summit to a great depth, of these transported fragments. Thus the ruins of the Pyrenees are carried a very considerable distance to the north and west in France, while on the south they are scattered far into the provinces of Spain; and hence, however remote the period, time alone is wanting to verify the memorable expression of Louis XIV to his grandson,—"Posterity will one day be able to say, 'The Pyrenees are no more.'"

THE term ODD FELLOW may not be considered, nor is it, so pleasant and agreeable to the ear as some other appellations. But the want of euphony in the name does not argue against the measure. The names of individuals are not illustrative of their characters, nor does it matter anything whether the baptismal name or surname of the citizen is sweet-sounding, if he only comport himself with strict propriety, is exemplary in all the relations of life, and acts according to morality's code. As it is to an individual, so is it to an institution, whose course if harmful cannot be accelerated by a high-sounding name, and if beneficial will not be retarded by a graceless grating appellation.

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Benevolence and Charity.

BY BRO. WM. H. YOUNG.

It has been objected that our charities are exclusive, being confined to the members of our Lodges. It is true, that so far as the funds of the Lodges are concerned, they are used mainly in relieving those entitled under their respective constitutions; but this is not wholly the case, nor is it true in the wider sense of our charities, in the broader signification of the word, and the profounder dignity of the virtue, as our teachings and our practice delight to recognize it. Let us take a closer view of Odd-Fellowship, and of the charity of Odd-Fellowship, and see if we cannot find something more beautiful, more elevated, more noble in them than exclusive benevolence, or mere fraternal pecuniary assistance. The charity of Odd-Fellowship is the charity of the Bible, so eloquently eulogised as the holiest attribute of the people of God,—as the corner-stone of religion, without which all else is vanity and vexation of spirit. Our charity is that whereof it is written, "charity covereth a multitude of sins." Odd-Fellowship is not a mere equivalent for a life or health insurance company. It aims at higher and more extended good to man. The minds and the hearts of men are objects of its benefaction; the moral and mental wants, as well as the physical, fall within the offices of its provident care. It aims to knit together in bonds of fraternal sympathy man with his kindred man,—it inculcates the universal Fatherhood of God, the universal Brotherhood of man.

The cardinal principles of our Order are Friendship, Love, and Truth; our office the diffusion of the principles of Benevolence and Charity. What does all this mean? Is it merely to be governed by certain formal laws of *friendly* assistance, *loving* advice and counsel, and *truthful* intercourse one with another? Is it merely the dispensing of charity in the form of pecuniary benefits to a sick brother, or a deceased brother's orphan children? Were these all, indeed, much of good would be accomplished,—much suffering relieved; the pangs of death assuaged by the soothing thought that the helpless ones left behind are in a brother's care; *they shall not want.* We do visit the sick, yea, nurse them, administer to their wants, and furnish kind consolation with deeds and words of fraternal love; we do "relieve the distressed," "bury the dead," and more than all, we "educate the orphan;" and these are the commands of Friendship, Love, and Truth. But if any man imagines these to be the only offices and fruits of our affiliation, if he be an Odd Fellow he deceiveth himself; if he be a stranger he does deep injustice to our noble enterprise. These indeed are charity, but not all—no, not all—of charity. Charity, the noblest and best of all virtues,—the spring,

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the fountain, the source of all goodness, gentleness, kindness, in the human breast! Alike the basis and the superstructure of the holy religion whereby we seek to be saved! What avails the Christian's faith? where rests the Christian's hope, without the Christian's charity. "And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity."

Charity is not the giving of paltry alms out of your abundance, when the collectors for the shivering and starving poor come round, nor is it your subscription in the emblazoned list of favored and popular associations, that the world may know you as a benevolent citizen; nor is it the building of temples whereon men may read your names, and remember you when you are dust. Paltry ambition this may be! nor is it the devising and bequeathing by your last will and testament the hoarded wealth ye have ground from the aching toil of your fellow-man to build churches, endow schools, and sustain missionaries. You cannot so cheat nor bribe "Him who searches the hearts of men." This is not the charity which covers a multitude of sins.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." "And though I have the gift of prophesy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing;" and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

I have said that the charity of Odd-Fellowship in its most extended sense is not the mere rendering of physical assistance to the afflicted and distressed. It is a charity looking to the welfare of the human family, that would fraternize the world, that would exclude no man from its participation; that would make brethren in heart of the richest with the poorest,—the gentlest with the most simple; that would break down the barriers of false pride, vanity, and conceit; that would measure each man by his truth and his worth. It is that heaven-born sentiment, which, erecting a high standard of virtue and moral excellence, stoops, nevertheless, from its lofty place, and extending the hand of love and fellowship, assists all who will to attain to its own high altitude; which pours balm upon the sores of the wounded wayfarer; gives oil and wine to those who are fainting by the way; lays hold upon the weary and downtrodden and bears them up; and to those who are desolate, desponding, and despairing, gives hope, and fresh vigor, and warm life again.

If at our weekly meetings we give to Brother A. his benefits, and to Brother B. his, and there let it end, this office of our association would be but poorly accomplished, and much of our profession be but idle parade; but this is not so,—the plan, the system, the operation of our

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work is upon a different principle. We dispense not only the things of charity to the objects thereof; we diffuse also with these, the virtue, the impulse, the sentiment, the rewards of charity. And this is what we mean by diffusing the principles of Benevolence and Charity. Every brother becomes more or less frequently a direct participant in the dispensation of benevolence; each is thus a worker in charity,—his sympathies become enlisted in some one particular case under his charge, then in another, and soon the kindlier feelings of his nature are quickened, made active, willing, ready,—the calls of suffering humanity find a response in his breast, come whence and in what form they may. He does not confine himself to dispensing the benevolence of the Order; his own purse opens to supply the wants of the poor and the neglected. He finds it is "more blessed to give than to receive," and charity becomes a living principle in his heart. We always love those who have been objects of our sympathy and care, whom we have raised, helped, made better, or confirmed in well-doing. The man of benevolence who has taken by the hand some unfriended youth, and led him along the pathway of success, most frequently cherishes for the object of his bounty a love warmer than the gratitude he receives in return. Again, the cultivation and growth of any single virtue in the soil of the human heart roots out the weeds and vices which before checked and destroyed the better impulses, and as truth delights in truth, and goodness seeks out goodness, so in the breast where one virtue hath been implanted, there springs up, as by magic, in freshness and beauty another and another, until the heart once an unweeded wild, blooms a garden of roses, exhaling rich and healthful perfumes; a glory and a blessing within the circle of its influence.

The charity of an Odd Fellow; one imbued with the life-giving spirit of the Order, its vitality and energy; one who has drank deeply and freely from its fountains of Friendship, Love, and Truth,—does not calculate its mere duty, its obligations. It is not confined to his brother; it becomes an impulse of the soul, a passion, a part of his living and his life, and goes out beyond the association in seeking its objects of succor and care.

Nor is the charity of Odd-Fellowship confined to pecuniary aid. It seeks to create nearer relations between man and man. Universal fraternity is one of its offices. It seeks to elevate and sustain those whom misfortune, or even fault, has debased in the social scale,—to give to such as will properly avail themselves of it, countenance, encouragement and support in making and adhering to better resolutions, and in striving to attain by honesty and faithfulness a good character, and insure future success. It seeks, in fine, to make of us all better men, better fathers, better sons, and better husbands. If our brother forgets his obligations

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and his truth, and would wander beyond our influence and neglect our teachings, our charity seeks him out, and builds a wall of love and tenderness about him; between him and temptation.

Thus, while the rigid laws of the Order demand of its members the faithful discharge of every social and moral dutiy; the blessed charity of the Order assists them in their fulfillment. Thus the true, broad, comprehensive charity of Odd-Fellowship is at open enmity with vice in whatever form the monster presents his hideous mien.

Our charity has another high office to perform. "We educate the orphan." I will not attempt (who will?) to enumerate all the happy results to morality, religion and patriotism which flow from this great work of our brotherhood. Annually, throughout the country, thousands of youth of both sexes become orphans—the children of deceased Odd Fellows. Many of them are left without the means of education, and without hands and hearts out of the Order, to guide and counsel them. But they are not destitute: they are the children of the fraternity: we adopt them as our own: we remove them from obscurity and want—from the temptations and vices that so often beset the path of unrestrained and unprotected youth: we lead them to the temple of learning: we instil into their minds the power of knowledge and the beauty of virtue: and finally send them forth sons and daughters of Odd-Fellowship, better prepared for the struggle of life, holding even chances with the more favored offspring of the wealthy for the prize of well-doing, for the success and the honors which the free and liberal institutions of our republic promise to the intelligent, the honest, and the vigilant.

Contemplate for a moment, if you can, all the ramified channels through which the good thus done extends itself; the manifold influences of these thousands of educated and trained men and women thus introduced into life and sent forth among the people under our auspices, who otherwise might have grown up in ignorance, perhaps debauchery, without affections, virtue, or shame. Hundreds of Odd Fellows, selected for their fitness, kindness of heart, gentleness of manners, and paternal sympaties, are engaged, on committees, in this work of caring for and tending to the moral and mental culture and physical wants of the Order, dispensing annually thousands of dollars in this noble work for the benefit of the fatherless of the land. In the city of Baltimore alone, during a single year, three thousand dollars are appropriated for the purposes of education, and from twelve to fifteen hundred children are usually at one time under the charge of the committee. If a similar spirit animates our brethren abroad in behalf of this department of our usefulness, no mathematical calculation can estimate the value of this Order; and the expanded mind can only reflect in it the expression of grateful thanks to a beneficent God who put these things into the hearts of men.

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O! that I could bring all these children here, in your very midst, in person, as I ask to do in fancy. See their neat and becoming attire, their modest mien, their well-ordered demeanor. See! the shadow which Death, in the father's chamber, cast over their young faces, is fading away; they are not altogether orphans; they are not altogether alone; there are ties between them and this great brotherhood; a grateful sense of the blessings of Odd-Fellowship warms their young hearts, and lends brightness and beauty to their fair countenances. Clothe them all in pure white, emblem of chilhood's innocence and trust; twine their sunny hair with flowers of spring, and deck their forms with wreaths of evergreen; and as your tearful, sympathetic eyes still rest upon them, their voices swell out together in a sweet song of praise, whose burden and refrain are Friendship, Love, and Truth.

When the Roman mother gave to the Emperor her sons, she said, "These are my jewels." So we, too, my brethren, giving to our country these children of our care, may proclaim with an emphasis as proud: "These are my jewels." The coral caves of ocean, nor the bright mines of earth, have none so beautiful, so bright as these. Christian philanthropist, thy work is already half accomplished! Behold, how many virtues our charity has planted, and watered, and dug about! They will blossom and bring forth fruit. Behold, what a multitude of sins our charity hath covered! Jealous patriot, the sons and daughters we have given to the republic, have learned from us no lesson of discord or disunion. By us they have been taught that the happy institutions of our country are our model and pride; that to their free and liberal spirit we owe our existence in our present great form; that with its growing greatness and increasing power, we have grown in influence, and power, and usefulness: that in the bright destiny which the prophetic eye of patriotism beholds for the land of Washington, we behold also our increasing splendor and more magnificent achievements! All this they have learned to feel, and more—instead of ignorance, they bring to the discharge of their respective duties as citizens, as fathers, and mothers of America, intelligent and thinking minds, the surest safeguard of freedom everywhere.

Thus, brothers of the Order, do we present to the people a great moral spectacle and example, commanding their admiration and applause, and inviting their examination of our principles, and participation in the blessings of our union.

Brethren, go forth to your work of love and humanity. Be in earnest, be in life, and your march shall be onward, and the measure of your usefulness no man can tell. Visit the sick, bury the dead, relieve the distressed, the widow, and the fatherless. Your reward shall be as sure as your work is done. The dull eye made glad, the tears of sorrow turned

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into drops of joy, the widow's and the young orphan's prayers—all these ye shall see and hear, and within your heart of hearts ye shall feel a reward richer than words can speak. And in the world beyond the stars ye shall find a memory and a blessing forever.

"Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy, ye have done,
Shall die forgotten all."

Succession of Day and Night.

By the daily motion of the earth on its axis, the same phenomena appear as if all the celestial bodies turned round it, so that, in its rotation from west to east, when the sun or a star just appears above the horizon, it is said to be rising, and as the earth continues its revolution, it seems gradually to ascend till it reaches its meridian; here the object has its greatest elevation, and begins to decline till it sets or becomes invisible on the western side. In the same manner the sun appears to rise and run its course to the western horizon, where it disappears, and night ensues, till it again illuminates the same part of the earth in another diurnal revolution.

One-half of the earth's surface is constantly illuminated, and by its regular diurnal motion, every place is successively brought into light and immersed in darkness. If the axis of the earth were always perpendular to the plane of the ecliptic, the days would everywhere be of the same length, and just as long as the nights. For an inhabitant at the equator, and one on the same meridian toward the poles, would come into the light at the same time, and on the other side would emerge into darkness at the same time. And since the motion of the earth is uniform, they would remain in the dark hemisphere just as long as in the light; that is, their day and night would be equal—the plane of the ecliptic coinciding with the plane of the equator.

But as the ecliptic and the equator make an angle with each other of twenty-three and a half degrees, or, in other words, as the axis of the earth has such an inclination to the plane of its orbit, it is manifest that except the earth be in that part of its orbit where the ecliptic cuts the equator, an inhabitant at the equator and one on the same meridian toward the poles, will not come into the light at the same time, nor, on the other hand, emerge into darkness at the same time. And since the axis of the earth always preserves the same inclination, they will, except at the points where the two great circles intersect each other, remain in the

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dark and light hemispheres at different times—that is, their day and night will be unequal.

The points where the equator cuts the ecliptic are the beginning of the signs Libra and Aries. The earth is at these points of its orbit, or, as is commonly said, the sun enters the sign Aries on the twentieth of March, and the sign Libra on the twenty-third of September. Hence at these periods and at no others, the days and nights are equal all over the world, and on this account they are called equinoxes; the first the vernal, and the second the autumnal equinox.

At these seasons the sun rises exactly in the east at six o'clock, and sets exactly in the west at six o'clock; the light of the sun is then terminated by the north and south poles, and as all parts of the earth turn round once in twenty-four hours, every place must receive the rays twelve hours, and be deprived of them for the same time. But at other seasons, where the rays of light are not terminated by the north and south poles, but extend over the one and do not reach the other, it must be manifest from a moment's inspection of the circles drawn on globes or common maps of the world, that day and night will be unequal in all places, except those situated on the equator, where they will always be equal.

At the poles there is but one day and one night in the year, each of six months. The sun can never shine beyond a pole further than twenty-three and a half degrees, for that is the extent of the declination; and when it has declension from the celestial equator, either north or south, it must shine beyond one pole and not to the other. The days, therefore, will be longest in one hemisphere when they are shortest in the other.

The subject of this article may be illustrated by hanging a small terrestrial globe or any other round body above or below the level of a candle, so as to correspond with the sun's declination. It will be seen that the light shines over one pole and does not reach the other. If the globe or ball be then turned, it will be observed that the circles performed by any parts of the circle are unequally divided by the light; that it will be constant day or night near the north pole as the ball is depressed or elevated; and that all the phenomena will be reversed in the other, or lower hemisphere.

The inhabitants of the polar regions are not in total darkness, even when the sun is absent. Twilight continues to enlighten them a great portion of the time. Besides this, the moon is above the horizon of the poles a fortnight together. And further to assist the total darkness, their full moons have the highest altitude, describing nearly the same track as their summer sun.

To Grow Beautiful.—Cultivate kindly sympathy and forbearance, with increasing love to God and man.

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Eyes Open.

[The following pretty little truthful story is from Arthur's Home Magazine. We transfer it to our pages, hoping the beautiful lesson it teaches of looking out for opportunities of doing good, may stimulate others to "go and do likewise."]

"Our minister said in his sermon last evening," said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous wholesale wine merchant, on Market-street, as she dusted her mantle ornaments of porcelain and marble on Monday morning, "that we who wanted to do good must be on the constant look out for opportunities; that God does not find our work, and bring it ready fitted and prepared to our hand—but spreads the world before us, and we are to walk through the world as Christ and the Apostles did, with eyes open, looking for the sick and the suffering, the poor and the oppressed."

"Now, I am certain," continued the lady, as she replaced a marble Diana in the center of the mantle, "I should like to do some good every day; one feels so much better when they go to bed at night; and I'll just keep my eyes open to-day, and see if I come across any opportunities that, under ordinary circumstances, I should let slip."

Half an hour later Mrs. Beach was in the nursery with the washerwoman, who had come for the clothes. "I wish," Mrs. Simms," she said, as she heaped the soiled linen into the basket, "that you would get Tommy's aprons ready for me by Wednesday. We are going out of town to remain until Saturday, and I shall want a good supply on hand for such a careless little scamp as he is."

"Well, I'll try, ma'am," said the washerwoman. "I've got behind hand a good deal since Sammy had the whooping-cough; but now he's better, I must try and make up for my lost time."

"Has he had the whooping-cough? Poor little fellow! How old is he?" questioned the lady.

"He was three years old last April, ma'am."

"And Tom is four," mused the lady.

"Look here, Mrs. Simms, won't you just open the lower drawer of that bureau, and take out those four green worsted dresses in the corner? Tom's outgrown them, you see, since last winter; but they are almost as good as new. Now, if you want them for little Sammy, they'll do nicely without altering, I think."

"*Want* them, Mrs. Beach!" answered the washerwoman, with tears starting into her dim eyes. "I haven't words to thank you, or to tell you what a treasure they'll be. Why, they'll keep the little fellow as warm as tea all winter."

"Well, I'll place them on the top of the clothes," said the lady,

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smiling to herself, as she thought, "My eyes have been open once to-day."

Not long afterward, Mrs. Beach was on her way to market, for she was a notable housekeeper, when she met a boy who had lived in her family the year before, to do errands, wait on the door, etc. He was a bright, good-hearted, merry-faced lad, and had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had always felt interested in him; but this morning she was quite in a hurry, and would have passed the child with a cordial, but hasty, "How are you, Joseph, my boy?—do come and see us," had it not struck her that Joseph's face did not wear its usual happy expression. She paused, as the memory of last night's sermon flashed through her mind, and asked, "Is anything the matter with you, Joseph? You don't look as happy as you used to."

The boy looked up a moment, with a half-doubting, half-confiding expression, into the lady's face. The latter triumphed. "Mr. Anderson's moved out of the town," pushing back his worn, but neatly brushed cap from his hair. "So I've lost my place. Then little Mary's sick, and that makes it very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted. "But never mind, Joseph. I remember only night before last, my brother said he would want a new errand boy in a few days, for his store, and he'd give a good one two dollars a week. Now, I'll see him to-day and get the situation for you, if you like."

The boy's whole face brightened. "Oh! I shall be so glad of it, Mrs. Beach!"

"And see here, Joseph, I'm going to market, and perhaps we can find something nice for little Fanny." The lady remembered that Joseph's mother, though a poor seamstress, was a proud woman, and felt that this would be a delicate way of presenting her gift.

So she found some delicious pears and grapes, and a nice chicken to make some broth for Mary, whom she learned was ill with fever, before she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it was a pity that the lady did not see Joseph as he sprang into the chamber, where little Mary is moaning wearily on her bed, while her mother sat busily sewing in the corner, and held up the chicken and the fruit, crying, "Good news! good news! I've got all these nice things for Mary, and a place at two dollars a week!"

"Oh! how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped from her mother's fingers, as the tears did down her cheek.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the library, absorbed in some new book, when she heard her husband's step in the hall. Though the

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morning had been so pleasant, the afternoon had been cloudy, and the day had gone down in a low, sullen, penetrating rain.

Now, Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the love of a true wife, but he was a perfectly demonstrative man, and the first beauty and poetry of their married life had settled down into a somewhat bare, every-day, matter-of-fact existence. But her heart was warm to-night, with the good deeds of the day, and, remembering her resolution of the morning, she threw down her book, and ran down stairs.

"Henry dear," said the soft voice of the wife, "has the rain wet you at all? Let me take off your coat for you."

"Thank you, Mary; I don't think I'm anywise injured. But you may help me just for the pleasure of it;" and he stood still, while she removed the heavy coat with all that softness of touch and movement which belongs to a woman. She hung it up, and then her husband drew her to his heart, with all the old lover tenderness.

"You are very thoughtful of me, Mary, my wife," he said.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's heart as she went up stairs—music set to the words, "Eyes open! eyes open!"

Women of the Bible.

BY REV. T. G. BEHARRELL.

HAGAR, the Egyptian hand-maiden of Sarah, was honored in being the mother of a child for Abraham, and though she may have had her faults, she surely had her excellencies.

Being treated hardly by her mistress, she fled from her presence into the wilderness, and there, in solitude and sadness, she wandered until she was wearied, and coming to a fountain of water she sat down to rest, and to refresh herself. While in a meditative mood, sitting by the fountain, her attention was arrested by the angel of the Lord, who, addressing her, asked whence she came and whither she was going. She answered honestly, "I flee from the face of my mistress Sarah." The angel then bade her return and submit herself to her mistress, giving her the promise that she should be the mother of a numberless multitude. She unhesitatingly obeyed the instructions given her, and returned to the tent of Abraham.

Whilst Hagar was wandering in the wilderness, and when she sat down to rest, she felt conscious that "the all-seeing eye of God" was upon her, watching her in all her actions, for she said, "Have I here also looked after him that seeth me?" and she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, "Thou God seest me."

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Having returned home, she remained seventeen years with Sarah. In the meantime, Ishmael her son was born, and afterwards Isaac the son of Sarah.

And now another thrilling scene presents itself in the history of Hagar. The day that Isaac was weaned Sarah became dissatisfied with her, and determined to send her away. Abraham could not refuse, for it was made known to him as *divine purpose*, consequently early the next morning she provided Hagar with bread and a bottle of water and sent her with her son into the wilderness. She had not traveled far, pressed in spirit as she was, until she lost her way. We do not wonder that she was sad and sorrowful as she looked upon herself without a home, and upon Ishmael her son having been disinherited by Abraham, as virtually an orphan; neither do we wonder that she missed her way—failed to find the fountain of water—if it was that she was seeking—she had named Beer-lahai-roi, when the angel of the Lord had met her seventeen years before.

And as she wandered about, the bread she had been provided with failed and the water gave out; hunger began to press them, and their suffering of thirst became extreme; she saw nothing but starvation and death for herself and her child, and in her extremity she bade Ishmael lie down in the shade of a shrub to die—screen himself from the rays of the burning sun, and then she went off from him a distance, for she said, "I will not see the child die." And she sat and wept until the fountain of tears was dried, and she could no longer ease her heart overcharged with sorrow by shedding them.

In this, the greatest extremity, relief came. It may be the same angel that appeared to her years before when alone came to her now, and assured her that the voice of the lad was heard; then bade her go and lift him up, and while she was in the act of raising the head of her dying child, the promise that had been made before the child was born was reiterated, viz.: that he should be the beginning of a great nation. Just at this time the angel of the Lord opened her eyes and she beheld a fountain of water, and softly laying the head of her child down, she went to the fountain and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad to drink; he survived and grew, and the promise of God concerning him was fulfilled.

Hagar instructed her son in the religion of the Patriarchs, and taught him to practice the virtues they practiced; and we behold Ishmael years afterwards, though driven from his father's house when a boy, standing beside the dying Abraham, and ministering to him in union with Isaac, the child of promise, in that solemn hour when man is most dependent, while the last sands in the hour-glass are running down. Having closed the eyes of the father, the two in company bear his mortal remains to the cave of Machpelah and lay them beside those of Sarah.

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Rebekah was the daughter of Bethuel of Nahor, a city in the country Mesopotamia. She became the wife of the illustrious Patriarch Isaac, the son of Abraham.

When Abraham was one hundred and forty years of age, he called unto him his faithful servant, Eleazer, for the purpose of sending him on the embassage of procuring a wife for Isaac, who was then forty years old. He bade "the ruler of his house" go to his former country (that was, the land where he dwelt previous to his dwelling in Charran, or the place where he dwelt when he received his second call to leave his land, and kindred, and father's house, and go unto the land which God would show him), and take of his kindred a wife for Isaac.

In obedience with the wish of Abraham, Eleazer made ready and went to Mesopotamia, unto the city of Nahor. As he approached the city, he beheld a fountain or well outside its limits, and there he tarried as evening came on, being exceedingly anxious in his embassage, for he had solemnly sworn to Abraham—he earnestly prayed for "good speed" that the Lord would make his journey prosperous—and while he was praying, Rebekah the daughter of Bethuel came out from the city with *her pitcher upon her shoulder* to procure water—as she approached the well, Eleazer left his camels and ran and met her, and said, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher." The request he made of her may have been for the use of the pitcher to draw water from the well for himself and also for his camels. This Rebekah would not allow, knowing that the traveler was fatigued with the journey he had made, and with the true feelings of a true woman, courteously she said, "Drink, my lord, and I also will draw water for thy camels," and she hastened to let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave the stranger to drink; then watered the weary and thirsty camels. Here is an exhibit in the daughter of Bethuel of *pure* friendship—the first *link* in the chain that afterwards binds the beautiful maiden of Nahor to the devout son of Abraham.

I suppose this circumstance in the history of Rebekah, so much like the practical workings of Odd-Fellowship, has given the name to the *degree* so beautiful in its teachings given to the wives of Odd Fellows.

Eleazer, confident in his own mind that the Lord was prospering him, asked Rebekah of her kindred, and she told him. She then cordially invited him to tarry that night at her father's house, assuring him that there was room, and moreover plenty of straw and provender for the camels. If the servant of Abraham wondered at the simplicity, innocence, and benevolence of Rebekah when she drew water for his ten thirsty camels, how must he have wondered still more at her cordial invitation for him to tarry that night with her father! Ah! little did she think, when she received at his hand the present of an ear-ring and

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bracelets in gold, that the camels she had watered and the man from whom she had received these gifts, would the next day bear her away from her father's house and her native country, to be the wife of one she knew not, nor had even heard of, but so it was; Rebekah introduced the stranger to the household, and while the repast was being prepared, he asked the attention of Bethuel the father, and Laban the brother, to the errand on which he had come. He stated clearly the object of his visit, viz. to procure a wife for his master's son, and the dealings of God with him so far in his journey. "And now," said he, "tell me, will you give Rebekah to be the wife of Isaac?" They owned at once that the thing proceeded from the Lord, and dare not speak against it; they consented to the marriage.

Early the next morning, Eleazer, having made still further presents to Rebekah, and some to her brothers and her mother, desired them to send him away with her to his master. At first, they were unwilling to part with her so soon, but wished her to remain at least ten days with them; but Eleazer pressed his suit on the ground that the Lord had prospered him; and they referred the matter to Rebekah, empowering her to decide, and she said, "I will go;" consequently on the following morning, attending the stranger, she began her journey toward her new home, with the blessing of her kindred upon her.

Isaac, it may be, was expecting the return of his father's servant from Mesopotamia with a wife for him, and in the evening of the day Eleazer returned he was walking out in the fields meditating. What the subject of his meditation was, we do not know; but as he was near the well Lahai-roi, which signifieth "the well of him that liveth and seeth me," he was probably meditating on the being and attributes of God. But he chanced to lift up his eyes and saw the camels coming. Just about this time Rebekah raising her eyes and looking ahead saw Isaac, and turning to the servant, she asked, "What man is that walking in the field to meet us?" He answered, "It is my master." She quickly took a vail and covered herself, and lighting off the camel she was riding, she was introduced by Eleazer to Isaac. Thus these two remarkable personages for the first time look upon each other. They are at once united in marriage according to the ceremonies that were then in use in the Patriarchal families. The solemn and important contract made a few days before in the city of Nahor between the servant of Abraham and the father and brother of Rebekah was consummated—for "Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and she became his wife, and he loved her." Rebekah was honored as the wife of Isaac in being the mother of two noble sons, Jacob and Esau, who each became the head of a great and mighty nation.

As it was with Abraham, so was it afterwards with Isaac, because of a famine in his own land, he went down into Egypt to sojourn; and in

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that country Isaac dwelt in Gerar. Here we learn of Rebekah what we have previously learned of Sarah her mother-in-law, that she was "fair to look upon—a beautiful woman," and he was afraid that the Gerarites would be so charmed with her beauty, that they would desire his death, hence he charged her to claim the relation of sister to him, though she was previous to their marriage only his cousin.

Rebekah exhibited many excellencies during her life with Isaac, but we will not say that she was without her faults. Her husband may have considered her attachment to Jacob beyond her attachment to Esau a fault; and her management to procure the birthright for the former a development of that fault. But the purpose of God regarding the descendents of the two, "The elder shall serve the younger," was thus brought about. Isaac buried her imperfections with her body in the honored cave of Machpelah, and Jacob learned with sorrow, while in the family of Laban, his mother's brother, or after he returned to his own land with his family and effects, that Rebekah his mother was dead, and her honored remains were mouldering in the family vault of his grandfather.

Blindness.

BY REV. JOHN L. BLAKE.

We find various recompenses for blindness, or substitutes for the use of the eyes, in the wonderful sagacity of many blind persons, recited by Zahnius, in his "Oculus Artificialis," and others. In some, the defect has been supplied by a most excellent gift of remembering what they had seen; in others, by a delicate nose, or the sense of smelling; in others, by an exquisite touch, or a sense of feeling, which they have had in such perfection, that, as it has been said of some, they learned to hear with their eyes; as it may be said of these, that they taught themselves to see with their hands. Some have been enabled to perform all sorts of curious and subtle works in the nicest and most dextrous manner.

Although blind persons have occasion, in a variety of respects, to deplore their infelicity, their misery is in a considerable degree alleviated by advantages peculiar to themselves. They are capable of a more fixed and steady attention to the objects of their mental contemplation than those who are distracted by the view of a variety of external scenes. Their want of sight naturally leads them to avail themselves of their other organs of corporeal sensation, and with this view to cultivate and improve them as much as possible. Accordingly they derive relief and assistance from the quickness of their hearing, the acuteness of their smell, and the sensibility of their touch, which persons who see are apt

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to disregard. Many contrivances have also been devised by the ingenious for supplying the want of sight, and for facilitating those analytical or mechanical operations, which would otherwise perplex the most vigorous mind and the most retentive memory. By means of these they have become eminent proficients in various departments of science. Indeed, there are few sciences in which, with or without mechanical helps, the blind have not distinguished themselves.

The case of Professor Saunderson, at Cambridge, is well known. His attainments and performances in the languages, and also as a learner and teacher in the abstract mathematics, in philosophy, and in music, have been truly astonishing; and the account of them appears to be almost incredible, if it were not amply attested and confirmed by many other instances of a similar kind, both in ancient and modern times.

Professor Saunderson, who was deprived of his sight by the small-pox, when he was only twelve months old, seems to have acquired most of his ideas by the sense of feeling; and though he could not distinguish colors by that sense, which, after repeated trials, he said was pretending to impossibilities, yet he was able, with the greatest exactness, to discriminate the minutest difference of rough and smooth in a surface, or the least defect of polish. In a set of Roman medals, he could distinguish the genuine from the false, though they had been counterfeited in such a manner as to deceive a connoisseur, who judged of them by the eye. His sense of feeling was so acute, that he could perceive the least variation in the state of the air; and, it is said, that in a garden where observations were made on the sun, he took notice of every cloud that interrupted the observation, almost as justly as those who could see it. He could tell when anything was held near his face, or when he passed by a tree at no great distance, provided the air was calm, and there was little or no wind: this he did by the different pulse of air upon his face. He possessed a sensibility of hearing to such a degree that he could distinguish even the fifth part of a note; and, by the quickness of this sense, he not only discriminated persons with whom he had once conversed so long as to fix in his memory the sound of their voice, but he could judge of the size of a room into which he was introduced, and of his distance from the wall; and if he had ever walked over a pavement in courts, piazzas, etc., which reflected a sound, and was afterward conducted thither again, he could exactly tell in what part of the walk he was placed, merely by the note which it sounded.

Sculpture and painting are arts which, one would imagine, are of very difficult and almost impracticable attainment to blind persons; and yet instances occur which show that they are not excluded from the pleasing, creative, and extensive regions of fancy. De Piles mentions a blind sculptor who thus took the likeness of the Duke de Bracciano in a dark

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cellar, and made a marble statue in honor of King Charles I with great justness and elegance.

However unaccountable it may appear to the abstract philosophers, yet nothing is more certain in fact than that a blind man may, by the inspiration of the muses, or, rather, by the efforts of a cultivated genius, exhibit in poetry the most natural images and animated descriptions even of visible objects, without deservedly incurring the charge of plagiarism. We need not refer to Homer and Milton for attestations to this fact; they had probably been long acquainted with the visible world before they had lost their sight, and their descriptions might be animated with all the rapture and enthusiasm which originally fired their bosom when the grand and delightful objects delineated by them were immediately beheld. We are furnished with instances in which a similar energy and transport of description, at least in a very considerable degree, have been exhibited by those on whose minds visible objects were never impressed, or have been entirely obliterated.

Dr. Blacklock affords a surprising instance of this kind, who, though he had lost his sight before he was six months old, not only made himself master of the various languages—Greek, Latin, Italian, French; but acquired the reputation of an excellent poet, whose performances abound with appropriate images and natural descriptions.

Another instance which deserves being recorded is that of Dr. Henry Moyes, who, though blind from his infancy, by the ardor and assiduity of his application, and by the energy of native genius, not only made incredible advances in mechanical operations, in music, and in the languages; but acquired an extensive acquaintance with geometry, optics, algebra, astronomy, chemistry, and all other branches of natural philosophy.

From the account of Dr. Moyes, who occasionally read lectures on philosophical chemistry at Manchester, delivered to the Manchester society by Dr. Bew, it appears that mechanical exercises were the favorite employment of his infant years, and that, at a very early age, he was so well acquainted with the use of edge-tools as to be able to construct little wind-mills and even a loom. By the sound, and the different voices of the persons that were present, he was directed in his judgment of the dimensions of the room in which they were were assembled, and in this respect he determined with such a degree of accuracy as seldom to be mistaken. His memory was singulary retentive, so that he was capable of recognising a person on his first speaking, though he had not been in company with him for two years. He determined with surprising exactness the stature of those with whom he conversed, by the direction of their voices, and he made tolerable conjectures concerning their dispositions by the manner in which they conducted their conversation. His

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eyes, though he never recollected his having seen, were not totally insensible to intense light; but the rays refracted through a prism, when sufficently vivid, produced distinguishable effects upon them. The red produced a disagreeable sensation, which he compared to the touch of a saw. As the colors declined in violence the harshness lessened, until the green afforded a sensation that was highly pleasing to him, and which he described as conveying an idea similar to that which he gained by running his head over smooth, polished surfaces. Such surfaces, meandering streams, and gentle declivities, were the figures by which he expressed his ideas of beauty; rugged rocks, irregular points, and boisterous elements, furnished him with expressions for terror and disgust. He excelled in the charms of conversation, was happy in his allusions to visual objects, and discoursed on the nature, composition, and beauty of colors with pertinence and precision.

A still more extraordinary example of acquired dexterity, in spite of the most afflicting natural privations, was in the case of a lady, who, in consequence of a violent attack of the confluent small-pox, was completely deprived both of her sight and hearing, as well as of her speech, notwithstanding the medical aid of Sir Hans Sloane. In this deplorable condition her touch and smell became so exquisite that she could distinguish the different colors of silk and flowers, and was sensible when any stranger was in the room with her. After she became blind, and deaf, and dumb, it was not easy to contrive any method by which a question could be asked her, and an answer received. This, however, was at last effected by talking with the fingers, at which she was uncommonly ready. But those who conversed with her in this manner were obliged to express themselves by touching her hand and fingers instead of their own. She generally distinguished her friends by feeling their hands, which they presented to her when they came in, as a means of making themselves known—the make and warmth of the hand produced, in general, the differences that she distinguished, but she sometimes used to span the wrist and measure the fingers. To amuse herself, in the mournful and perpetual solitude and darkness to which her disorders had reduced her, she used to work much at her needle, and it is remarkable that her needlework was uncommonly neat and exact. She used also sometimes to write, and her writing was yet more extraordinary than her needlework. The character was handsome, the lines were all even, and the letters placed at equal distances from each other. But the most astonishing particular of all, with respect to her writing, was, that she could, by some means, discover when a letter had, by mistake, been omitted, and would place it over that part of the word where it should have been inserted, with a *caret* under it. It was her custom to sit up in bed at any hour of the night, either to write or to work, when she was kept awake by pain.

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Which was the Coward.

"Will you bear that, Edward?"

The young man to whom this was addressed stood facing another person about his own age, on whose flushed countenance was an expression of angry defiance. The name of this person was Logan. A third party, also a young man, had asked the question in a tone of surprise and regret. Before there was time for a response, Logan said sharply, and in a voice of stinging contempt:

"You are a poor, mean coward, Edward Wilson! I repeat the words; and if there is a particle of manhood about you"—

Logan paused for an instant, but quickly added, "You will resent the insult."

Why did he pause? His words had aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson that betrayed itself in his eyes. The word "coward," in that instant of time, would have more fittingly applied to James Logan. But, as quickly as the flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the indignant light from the eyes of Edward Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated him for the moment!

"We have been fast friends, James," said Wilson, calmly. "But even if that were not so, I will not strike."

"You're afraid."

"I will not deny it. I have always been afraid to do wrong."

"Pah! Cant and hypocrisy!" said the other, contemptuously.

"You know me better than that, James Logan; and I am sorry that, in your resentment of an imagined wrong, you should so far forget what is just to my character, as to charge upon me such mean vices. I reject the implied allegations as false."

There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson that he did not attempt to repress.

"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion, as if he were about to strike the other in the face.

The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the purpose of Logan was not executed. Instead of giving a blow, he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault. But Wilson was not to be driven from the citadel in which he entrenched himself.

"If I am a coward, well," he said. "I would rather be a coward than lay a hand in violence on him I have called my friend."

At this moment, light, girlish laughter, and the ringing of merry voices,

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reached the ears of our excited young men, and their relations of antagonism at once changed. Logan walked away in the direction from whence the voices came; while the other two remained where they had been standing.

"Why did'nt you knock him down?" said the companion of Wilson.

The latter, whose face was now very sober and very pale, shook his head slowly. He made no other response.

"I believe you are a coward!" exclaimed the other, impatiently; and turning off, he went in the direction taken by Logan.

The moment Wilson was alone, he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the party whose voices had interrupted them, by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands, continued motionless for several minutes. How much he suffered in that little space of time, we will not attempt to describe. The struggle with his indignant impulses had been very severe. He was no coward in heart. What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering. Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought against him. In spite of his better reason, he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he half regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment. They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of this misunderstanding is briefly told. Wilson made one of a little pleasure party from a neighboring village, that was spending an afternoon in a sha[illegible]retreat on the banks of a mill stream. There were three or four young men and a half a dozen maidens; and as it happens on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former. These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties; and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good feeling and generous deportment toward others. Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark upon some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly. An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult, so cutting that all present expected nothing else than a blow from Wilson as an answer to his remark. And to deal a blow was his first impulse. But he restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this, than to have stricken the young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself and then moved slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene, an impression somewhat unfavorable. Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment,

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many of those present looked for the instant punishment of Logan for his unjustifiable insult. When, therefore, they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer, and heard the low, sneeringly uttered word "coward," from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man. A coward we instinctively despise; and yet how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment rather than do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute instinct which, in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical con equences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions, he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a bitter trial; and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honor.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence, that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him from disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a personal enencounter, as he had desired.

Edward Wilson had been for some time sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some immediate danger impended. Springing to his feet, he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of the excitement. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity. Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves at some distance above in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down, far out in the current, with a fearfully increasing speed, toward the breast of a milldam, some hundreds yards below, from which the water was thundering down a hight of over twenty feet. Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands toward their companions on the shore and uttering heart-rending cries for succor.

Instant action was necessary, or all would be lost. The position of the young girls had been discovered while they were yet some distance above, and there happening to be another boat on the milldam, and that nigh at hand, Logan and two other young men had loosed it from the shore. But the danger of being carried over the dam, should any one venture out in this boat, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter the hazard. Now screaming and wringing their hands. and now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party on the shore, when Wilson dashed through them, and springing into the boat, cried out:

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"Quick, Logan! Take an oar, or all is lost!"

But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted. At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls were saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely he pushed from the shore, and with giant strength, born of the moment, and for the moment, and the occasion, from his high, unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat out into the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat, toward the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every stroke the light skiff sprung forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat. Both were now within twenty yards of the fall; and the water was bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time left ere the down-sweeping current would bear their frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage was, for Wilson, impossible; to let his own boat go and manage theirs, he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water. It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene, that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over. Not so, however. In the next moment he had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam, was not three feet deep. As he did so, he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point where the foam-crested waters leaped into the whirlpool below. At she same instant his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current to the shore. But this he perceived to be impossible the moment he felt the real strength of the current. If he were to let the boat go, he could easily save himself. But not once did such a thought enter his own heart.

"Lie down close to the bottom," said he, in quick, hoarse voice. The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.

And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks. Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the fall, he sprang into it and passed over with it. A moment or two the light ves-

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The Dead Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who is so busied, so unwearied in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay. You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hang glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above the sweet clay, save those your hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measures an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

Many a husband may read this in the silence of a broken home. There is no white arm over your shoulder; no speaking face to look up in the eye of love; no trembling lips to murmur, "O! it is so sad."

The little one whose nest death has rifled, gazes in wonder at your solemn face, puts up his tiny hand to stay the tears, and then nestles back to its father's breast half conscious that the wing that sheltered it most fondly, is broken.

There is so strange a hush in every room! no light footstep passing round. No smile to meet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes and strikes and ticks!—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

It strikes one! the fatal hour when the death warrant rang out "there is no hope." Two! she lies placidly still—sometimes smiling faintly, sometimes grieving a little, for she is young to tread the valley of the shadow. Three! The babe has been brought in, its little face laid on her bosom for the last time. Four! Her breath becomes fainter, but a heavenly joy irradiates her brow. Five! There is a slight change—O! that she might live! Father, spare her!

"Thy will be done."

It was her soft, broken accents. Yes! Heavenly Friend, who gavest her to bless me—Thy will be done!

Six! there were footsteps near. Weeping friends around. She bids

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Carrie read through the note with a thoughtful face and carefully refolded it, looking steadily at Minnie, who sat demurely, tossing back her curls, and passing one hand, then the other, down over her face, in a vain attempt to smooth away the smiles that were lurking in the laughter-loving dimple that nestled so roguishly round her beautiful mouth.

"Do you intend to carry those flowers to-night, Minnie, and become engaged to Mr. Emery?" inquired Carrie.

"Why not, Miss Inquisitive; I mean only for to-night. You need not think I mean anything *serious*, Carrie; but I do love to tease that scarecrow, Mary Gordon; she is so provokingly jealous of me, too. How woe-begone and wild she will look, when she sees Mr. Emery escorting me," and the thoughtless creature began to imitate as near as she could, the sad looks of the poor girl she intended to torment.

"What a sad lesson you have learned, since you have left me," said Carrie. "Chas. Elwell has failed, I fear, in the task of teacher, if he allowed you to practice such deception—and I shall regret that you ever left me, notwithstanding the many benefits you have received from his instruction."

At the mention of Charles Elwell, Minnie turned pale, then color came back to her face, reddening it to the very temples, and she answered almost indignantly—

"Charles Elwell is too noble to flirt himself, or counsel others to do it."

"Listen to me, Minnie," said Carrie.

"That scare-crow, Mary Gordon, has been far more beautiful than you can ever boast of being. Three years ago, when Edward first met her, she was a fairer girl than you will often find, and he loved her, and won her affection in return. But that frightful fever which attacked her while attending so faithfully upon her infirm old father, when they were traveling at the South last year, left her exceedingly pale and emaciated, and bereft her of her luxuriantly beautiful hair. Edward has been teased and taunted by his friends about his ugly bride until almost any one would be weary of it. But he has shown her the attention which her fine qualities of mind and heart so well merit, until you came home from school. His fancy is captivated by your playfulness, and your bewitching, baby-like beauty, given you for a better purpose, is luring him away from the right. He needs just that stability and firmness for a wife that Mary possesses, while you, with your clinging baby dependence, so bewitching to him now, would detract him from his own too small amount of firmness, and he would be even weary of you. You are winning away from Mary what rightfully belongs to her, and she feels it too, although too proud to show it except in the increased palor of her cheeks. And what for, Minnie? Not because you care for him, but only to gratify a love of admiration, the baneful effects of which will

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"I am at a loss to know how to arrange my hair," said Miss Gordon. "It is so short and dry that I hardly know what to do with it."

"I should think it would look well in curls," said Minnie, "allow me to arrange it for you. I am used to dress my own in that way."

Minnie's soft hands, together with the aid of a brush and some water, soon coaxed the bushy refractory hair into smooth, glossy curls. She combed them far enough away from her face to prevent shading it, and interspersed them so tastefully with pearls and moss rose-buds, that Mary said she would not have known it was the same head, and Minnie wondered that she could have ever thought her homely.

The crimson bodice, relieved by the delicate rose-colored trimmings, and the rich white lace around the neck lent a rosy glow to Mary's cheeks, and the excitement attendant upon entering a large company, a brilliant sparkle to her eyes. She looked so fascinating that Minnie thought she needed no further assistance from her to gain attention.

Minnie was seated by Mary's side, and when the quadrilles were forming, Edward crossed the room with a beaming countenance, seemingly unmindful of Mary's presence. As he approached, Minnie looked him full in the face, laid the bouquet of flowers in Mary's hand, and turning, gave her hand to a gentleman at her side who solicited the favor.

Edward turned away with a sad look of disappointment, and left the room.

Mary danced well, and was soon perfectly at ease among her old friends, who were delighted to see her again amongst them.

In the course of the evening, Minnie was invited to sing, which she declared she could not do without the assistance of Mary. They chose "Bonnie Doon." Minnie's soft warble mingled perfectly with Mary's sweet clear tones. The words of the beautiful song were distinctly enunciated. Mary played the piano finely, both the singers did their best, and every one stood still to listen. As the concluding lines floated away, a chord was touched in Edward Emery's bosom, which had almost ceased to vibrate. A full sense of his treachery rushed over him. He saw the despicable meanness of which he had been guilty, and at the same time, the true state of his feelings. He knew Mary's high sense of honor, and he knew, too, that she would see him in the same light in which he viewed himself. He knew that she would strive to conquer her attachment, and feared, from her perfect self-possession and composure, that she succeed too well. He went home with his mind filled with shame and remorse, and the consequence was that he called upon Mary the next day, acknowledged his fault, begged to be forgiven, and had the pleasure of knowing himself reinstated in her affections.

Two years after, Minnie Gray was arrayed in her robes, and by her side stood Charles Elwell, the loved and loving teacher, soon to be the

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from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.

True contentment depends, not upon what we have, but upon what we would have. A tub was large enough for Diogenes; but a world was too little for Alexander.

Poets escape outward evil through their imaginations; philosophers, by their reason. The one arrays reality in the garb of fancy, the other analyzes it in the crucible of thought, and through combination or inference attains comfort.

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man. It is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts. The wisdom of God receives small honor from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and, with a gross rusticity, admire his works. Those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts and deliberate research into his creations, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration. To raise so beauteous a structure as the world and the creatures thereof, was but his art, but their sundry and diversified operations, with their predestined ends, are from the treasury of his wisdom.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

The philosopher does not climb the hights of knowledge to collect rare pebbles, to arrange into brilliant pictures, for immediate effect, as Sheridan gathered fragments of wit for his comedies and figures for his rhetoric; nor to pick wild flowers for elegiac garlands, such as Gray wove to cast on the sepulcher; but to reach a more bracing atmosphere, behold more vast prospects, and draw nearer to the stars.—*Tuckerman.*

Satire has its office in literature and in the affairs of the world, but it is one so liable to abuse, and so infrequently in alliance with perfect justice, that its exercise is seldom desirable. Where appeals to the reason and feelings prove insufficient, ridicule is sometimes the only available means left. No one doubts that the keen edge of criticism has lopped away excrescences, and caused the sap in the tree of knowledge to evolve in fruits and blossoms.

Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven; but insults admit of no compensation.

"All truth is beautiful, but not all beauty,
Made worship, leads the absorbed and restless soul
To blissful hights of love."

"High-born she was, but of a flower-like pride;
Tender as tears, serene in her young grace,
And pure as young, and beautiful as pure.
Clear-browed Elvira!"

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Dread of being a Gal.—I was talking with my Sunday-school class of the necessity of getting a new heart, and being born again; when I observed a little rosy fellow, about five years old, who had been one of my most attentive scholars, with his hands to his eyes, and crying bitterly. I asked him what was the matter, but for some time his sobs would not let him talk audibly. At length he said convulsively, "I don't want to be born again, for fear next time I might be a gal."

Tears.—Robert Hall considered the word "tears" surpassingly beautiful. It belongs to the Saxon family he so dearly loved. The tear itself often glows like a diamond on the cheek where the rose and lily blend. Its moral beauty as a *daguerre* of compassion and benevolence is still greater. It shone on the face of the Savior's cheek at the tomb of Lazarus, and when he wept over Jerusalem. It still shines on his disciples in their missions of mercy. There are indeed tears of deceit, like those fabled of the crocodile. Let them pass. None but a fallen angel would gather them up. There are tears of gratitude, joy. Those sparkle like the morning dew. There are tears of penitence. Angels celebrate them with their heavenly harps. Though no tears can open to us the gates of Paradise, yet the tears of penitence, of piety, and such as are sown in the path of our pilgrimage, by sorrow meekly borne, will become gems to enrich our heavenly crown.

"Jack," said a gentleman to an old negro, who was rather busily engaged in clearing the snow from his premises, "Jack, my old boy, you don't get along with this job very fast."

"Why, master," replied Jack, scratching his wool, "pretty considerably for an old man, I guess; and I conceit myself that I can clear more snow away in dese here short days, than the spryest nigger in dis city could do in the longest summer days as ever was."

A witty fellow slipped down on an icy pavement. While sitting, he muttered, "I have no desire to see the town burned down, but I sincerely wish the streets were laid in ashes."

Sub-Rosa.—This compound word is often used in writing and conversation as significant of secrecy. It is said that the derivation is as follows: Anciently the Greeks consecrated the rose to Hippocrates, the genius of Silence. An orthor rose or its representation was placed upon the ceiling of their dining-rooms, implying that whatever was done therein should be kept from public knowledge. It was done *sub-rosa*, or under the rose.

Why are sheep the most dissipated and unfortunate of animals? Because they gambol about in their youth, frequent the turf, are very generally black-legs, and are universally fleeced.

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INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF OHIO.

The Right Worthy Grand Encampment convened in annual session on the 5th ult., at Odd Fellows' Hall, Cincinnati. The reports of the Grand Officers were very voluminous, the Grand Patriarch himself inflicting some sixty pages upon their consideration. The Grand Scribe's report is the most complete and satisfactory digest of the condition of Subordinates that we have ever had the pleasure of examining. We have before published a summary of it.

An appeal from the action of Capitol Encampment relative to the payment of benefits to a Patriarch who had not paid his dues in advance for the quarter, was decided adverse to the action of the Subordinate. "It appears from the transcript of the proceedings of Capitol Encampment, that a Patriarch applied for benefits from the 26th of January to February 10th, 1857, which application was referred to the Committee of Relief, which committee reported adverse to the payment of said benefits, from the fact that said Patriarch was in arrears for dues, not having paid three months in advance as required by the laws of the Grand Encampment, Art. 7, Sec. 3. The report was not accepted by the Encampment, and the benefits were ordered to be paid, from which decision the appeal was taken." The Patriarch's dues were paid to March 1, 1857, or six weeks in advance at the time of his being taken sick, yet the Grand Encampment reversed the action of the Subordinate because the dues had not been paid for the whole quarter.

Rep. Ross, of No. 6, obtained leave to appeal the case to G.L.U.S.

Officers Elected.—Grand Patriarch, Thos. Spooner; Grand H. Priest, Rev. Samuel Marks; Grand Scribe, Wm. M. Hubbell; Grand Treasurer, Geo. D. Winchell; Grand Warden, C. H. Babcock; Grand Representative, A. E. Glenn.

Several amendments of the Constitution were adopted. The clause in Art. III., Sec. 8, making the mileage of Representatives payable by the Encampments which they severally represent, was stricken out, and an amendment adopted making the same payable from the treasury of the Grand Encampment.

The percentage to Grand Encampment from Subordinates was increased from five to eight per cent. The Finances are still in a deplorable condition, there being now but $195.44 in the treasury.

A resolution was adopted requiring Scribes "to notify the different Lodges to which the members belong that they are members of such Encampment, and it shall be the duty of the Scribes as soon as a candidate

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sisted in the Subordinate department by P. G. "Digest" Overdier, they are probably in a better shape than heretofore. But as they were not printed, and but one copy to act by, it is not improbable that there may be "overlapping or short joints" discovered when they are sent to the Subordinates. From the earnest attention given to them while on their passage, by representatives, it was manifest that they were not careless or indifferent to any part of the Law, and any proposed alteration was generally discussed and examined before allowed to pass.

One measure of justice was decided triumphantly for the right, (but two votes against it), which will relieve many of our best Lodges from an unequal burden of taxation for the support of the Grand Lodge. A proviso was attached to the Revenue article, making percentage payable only on the *minimum amount directed to be received for Initiations, Degrees, Deposit of Cards, Dues*, etc. The force of this will be perceived, when it is known that some of our Lodges charge fifteen dollars for Initiations, seven dollars for Deposit of Card, and ten dollars a year for dues, whilst some of the city and most of the country Lodges charge only ten dollars for Initiations, two for Deposit of Card, and four dollars a year for dues. Hence, a portion of the Lodges were charged twice as much, or more, per member, as others, under the resolution passed by the Grand Lodge last year.

A retrenchment spirit is manifest in the cutting down of bills, some of which had been piled up until *services rendered to the Order* seemed a very remunerative business. They should have gone farther, and stopped altogether those very unnecessary extensive drains upon the Order—the D.D.G.M.'s bills for Installing Officers; that duty could be just as well performed by some P. G. of the Lodge, in nine cases out of ten, and with no expense at all, or the retiring N. G. could perform the service if no P. G. were present. The bills of D.D.G.M.'s amounted in the aggregate to over eleven hundred dollars.

As new stereotype plates must be procured, the expense of printing this year will be large. The Constitution having to be submitted to the G.L.U.S. for approval, it will not be issued before October.

There were quite a number of the old "wheel horses" of the Order in the G. L. at this session. Several P. G. Masters and P. G. Representatives were found taking the "laboring oars" with the earnestness of young zeal. We are pleased to record this evidence of the continued interest of those upon whom the honors of the Order have been heaped. Too often, those who have been elevated to official distinction relapse into apathetic indifference, and vouchsafe little of their experience to the regulation of the internal affairs of the Order.

Some of the appeal cases were quite important, and elicited much

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these words: "Persons cannot be initiated at places remote from their residence, whether within or beyond the limits of the State in which they reside, if Lodges or Encampments, as the case may be, are located in the immediate neighborhood of their residence."

The penalty of "Removal from office and disqualification of being re-elected," was stricken from the requirement not to use the Books in delivering charges upon Initiations. The Law regarding *Benefits* was altered, making every member ineligible to Benefits whenever he is in arrears for dues. The percentage to the Grand Lodge is to be *five* per cent. on minimum receipts, and its next session is to be held in Cincinnati.

A proposition was made by the Trustees of the Female College of Mansfield, to sell to the Grand Lodge that Institution. It is a new establishment, with a fine building, handsome grounds, with a commanding view of the country on every side, overlooking the city of Mansfield, and has the usual educational apparatus for a scientific course of instruction, with all the usual accompaniments of such an Institution.

The Grand Lodge in body examined the premises, and by a special committee reported on the proposition. It being foreign to the policy of the Grand Lodge to take upon its hands the management of such an Institution, it of course declined the purchase, but pronounced a hearty approval of the purposes sought to be attained by the offer. And here we must notice the noble proposition of Mansfield Lodge, No. 19. They proposed to *give* one-third of the amount of the purchase money, $15,000, if the Grand Lodge should accept the proposition. The College property was valued at $26,000, but offered to the Order at $15,000.

Bro. P. Grand Sherman made the proposition to the Grand Lodge and enforced the propriety of its purchase in a speech of some length—those who have heard Bro. Sherman in our State Senate, and in Congress, will know with what ability he would urge it—and when the Grand Lodge decided not to take the property, Bro. Sherman announced that Mansfield Lodge would probably take it themselves. Such a noble proposition on the part of Mansfield Lodge commends itself to the highest consideration of the Brotherhood in our *educating* State, and we trust that whenever that Lodge shall come to the Order for assistance in so glorious an enterprise, that it will find that generous response which they much deserve.

The following from the Grand Master's Report on the subject of a Digest of Decisions and Laws, was responded to by the Grand Lodge by the appointment of a special committee consisting of P. G. Master Earl, G. Sec. Glenn, and P. G. Overdier, of Columbus, a committee to prepare such Digest—freed from unnecessary repetitions and useless matter, and have the same printed with the Laws and Constitutions by the Grand Secretary:

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TEXAS.

We have received the proceedings of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Texas, at the annual session of those bodies held at Galveston, February, 1857.

The Grand Secretary reports 66 Lodges in this jurisdiction, with 1,495 contributing members. Value of property owned by Subordinates, $10,054.98. The Order enjoys great prosperity in this State, and from the proceedings of the Grand Bodies we infer that much interest is felt in the work.

The Grand Lodge has purchased a site for a Grand Lodge Hall, in the city of Galveston, the corner-stone of which will be laid with appropriate ceremonies at the next annual meeting of that body.

The officers elected for the present year are as follows: Henry E. Perkins, G. M.; Peter De Cordova, G. W.; E. P. Hunt, G. S.; C. R. Hughes, G. T. Subordinate Lodges were authorized to so change their laws as to provide for meetings in daylight, when desired. This is a novelty in Odd-Fellowship—so far as our knowledge extends, without a precedent.

An emblematical medal was unanimously voted to Bro. E. P. Hunt, the Grand Secretary, as a mark of esteem, and for his efficient services and devotedness in the cause of Odd-Fellowship throughout the State. A well-merited tribute to a worthy brother.

An interesting question was raised by the consolidation of two Subordinate Lodges, relative to the honors of one set of officers. At the previous session of the Grand Lodge, Galveston Lodge, No. 3, and San Jacinto, No. 12, were, at their own request, consolidated into one Lodge, under the name of the Galveston Lodge, No. 3. For the sake of the union, the N. G. and V. G. of the old Lodge, No. 3, gave up their offices, after serving part of the term; and for this service the Grand Lodge was petitioned to declare them entitled to the honors of said offices. The Grand Lodge not having authority to grant such request in the face of the law requiring service for a full term to entitle the holder to the honors, very properly instructed the representatives to the G.L.U.S. to ask the legislation of that body on the subject.

Grand Encampment.—We regret that the proceedings of this body contain no report of the number of Subordinates, and the usual statistics. They have probably been inadvertently omitted. The Subordinates were allowed to change their meetings from night to day, or alternate them, holding one meeting in daylight and the succeeding one after night, when desirous of so doing.

The proceedings generally were unimportant. The following officers were elected: H. E. Lockett, G. P.; Geo. W. Grover, H. P.; M. W. Young, S. W.; E. P. Hunt, G. S.; C. R. Hughes, G. T.; Wm. M. Carper, G. J. W.

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QUERISTS' DEPARTMENT.

"The Emblem for May copies an address from the Memento containing the following sentence: 'In 1336, our present excellent, worthy, esteemed, and faithful G. S. of the G. L. of the U. S., P.G.M. James M. Ridgely, was installed Grand Sire. He was succeeded, in 1839, by Zenas B. Glazier, of Delaware.' I possess one of your beautiful lithographic groups of the Past Grand Sires, and do not find his portrait among them. Why have you left it out?" A YOUNG MEMBER.

Grand Secretary Ridgely was never installed Grand Sire, and consequently his portrait would be out of place in the group. The author of the address from which you quote has made an egregious blunder, which the well-informed editor of our cotemporary doubtless overlooked.

Brother Ridgely was *elected* to the office of Grand Sire in 1836: but having declined accepting, at a special session in the following year, P.G.M. Sam'l H. Perkins, of Pennsylvania, was elected in his stead, and was duly installed at the annual session following. He was a second time chosen for the office in 1840, but again *declined*. For his reasons, and other interesting matters connected with the rise and progress of the Order, "A Young Member" is referred to volume 5 of the Casket, which contains a voluminous, complete, and valuable history of Odd-Fellowship, with a copious chronological table appended.

The Emblem requests us to quote the following editorial from its pages, and give our opinion on the subject:

* * "The question, deprived of all its superfluities, and reduced to its proper limits, is this: Are any Past Grands entitled to be chosen upon Standing Committees, other than those who may be Past Grand Masters, installed officers, and regularly elected Representatives? The Representative from Siloam Lodge says, "No; because the first clause of the Constitution says that the Grand Lodge is composed *only* of such." We take the opposite ground, because we consider that the Standing Committees are officers of the Grand Lodge.

"There seemed, at first sight, some reasons for adopting either conclusion: but the further we look into the subject, the more we are convinced that our reading is the correct one. Furthermore, we believe that the first clause is itself of no binding effect, if literally taken, because it conflicts with the laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States. Section 8, on page 267 of the Digest published in 1852, says:

"'Each Grand Lodge consists of all the Past Grands in good standing within its jurisdiction, but by its Constitution it may restrict its *legislative* power to such

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Representative basis as it may deem best for the proper transaction of business. It cannot, however, abridge the privileges pertaining to the rank of Past Grands, viz: their right to past official degrees, *eligibility to office*, precedence belonging to their grade, privilege of attending the meetings of their Grand Lodge, and the right to vote for Grand officers.'"

"Here is an important provision. A Grand Lodge cannot deprive its Past Grands of the right of 'eligibility to office.' We contend that a member of a Standing Committee is as much an officer as is the Grand Marshal or a District Deputy. The only differences that can be found are, that the former are approved by the whole body of Representatives, the latter by the board of Grand Officers alone. The District Deputies, indeed, who, it is allowed, are not necessarily Representatives, practice all the functions of the Grand Master himself in their respective districts, and are responsible to him alone for their acts, and he alone has the power of removing them.

"The section above quoted expressly states that the Constitution may only *restrict its legislative power to a Representative basis*. We contend that the Standing Committee, having nothing of Representative power given them, even should we allow them not to be officers, may, by the highest law known to us, be selected from among such as are Past Grands only."

Our opinion is totally at variance with the above. In a body organized on a representative basis, for legislative purposes, none but duly qualified Representatives of right have a voice in its deliberations. "Committees," says Cushing, "are commonly said to be the 'eyes and ears' of the assembly; it is equally true, that, for certain purposes, they are also its head and hands." Hence, it would not only be unparliamentary, but wholly inadmissible, to place this important branch of legislation in the hands of persons not Representatives. The advantages and objects of Committees are thus set forth by the same high authority:

"It enables a deliberative assembly to do many things, which, from its numbers, it would otherwise be unable to do; to accomplish a much greater quantity of business, by dividing it *among the members*, than could possibly be accomplished if the whole body were obliged to devote itself to each particular subject; and to act in the preliminary and preparatory steps with a greater degree of freedom than is compatible with the forms of proceeding usually observed in full assembly. Committees are appointed to consider a particular subject, either at large or under special instructions; to obtain information in reference to a matter before the assembly, either by personal inquiry and inspection, or by the examination of witnesses; and to digest and put into the proper form, for the

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

Our reports of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, to be found in the appropriate department of this number, will be found highly interesting. We are under obligations to a worthy Past Grand for the very complete report of the Grand Lodge proceedings. The emphatic rebuke given to Grand Representative McLain by the Grand Encampment will have the effect of making Representatives more particular in reporting the distance traveled, and will thus considerably lessen the expenses of the G.L.U.S. We presume the brother will, of course, refund the amount overdrawn. His own reputation as well as the credit of the body he represents, require such a course.

Literature of Odd-Fellowship.—As we shall commence a new volume of the Casket with the July number, in making the announcement, our thoughts have reverted to the patronage bestowed upon publications devoted to the interests of the Order. We know the importance of the press, and the salutary influence it is capable of exerting, and when we observe the present apathetic condition of the Order, we can attribute it to no other cause than the failure of the members to read on the subject, and keep alive their zeal by learning the doings of their brethren, and striving to excel them. Political parties have their organs, and churches their advocates, and each considers their support a duty,—nay, more, they look upon the press as the most important element of their success, in disseminating their doctrines, and in the diffusion of knowledge among the masses. The same theory holds good in the case of Odd-Fellowship. Without the aid of the press, our Order cannot achieve the high position, and command the extended domain that the glorious principles of our affiliation richly deserve. The mere formularies of the ritual, and the routine of Lodge business, are not sufficient of themselves to keep alive the zeal, and inform the membership of all that is important to know in the work of the Order. Important questions are constantly arising both as to the construction of the laws, and relative to organic changes in the work, that can only be learned from the journals of the Order. There are in the United States nearly two hundred thousand Odd Fellows. Of these, including *borrowers*, and those who do not *patronize* the publications of the Order, there are not over 20,000 readers of the four journals devoted to the interests of Odd-Fellowship. These journals are all filled with matter important to every Odd Fellow, and yet not one-tenth of the members assist in sustaining them! We appeal to the brethren to

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meant the work in use at the time of the revision of 1845, I am unhesitatingly opposed to a return to it. I am free to confess, that whilst portions of the work digested in 1834, and again reviewed in 1845, was in my judgment more scenic and dramatic in effect, than that which is now in use; yet as a whole, the revision of 1845 has an advantage in the morality and literature of the work. The present Ritual is the result of the joint labors of a committee, than whom the Order does not possess men more eminent for experience, more distinguished for talent, or more deservedly beloved for long and ceaseless service in the cause. This committee have given us a code of morals which will compare favorably with the most approved system of ethics, clothed in a tone and style of literature which is scarcely inferior to the standards of our language. For myself, I regard the present work, so far as the Subordinate Lodge is concerned, as sublimely beautiful in moral and language, although, as I have already observed, somewhat deficient in scenic effect. If in any one thing more than another our Order should be a fixture, it is in the ceremonials and forms, which embody its moral, not less than in its mystic and unwritten language. To return to the work in use up to January, 1845, would be in my feeble opinion to progress backward.

"Allow me to be and remain your brother, in Friendship, Love and Truth, "THOMAS WILDEY, *P. Grand Sire.*"

FRATERNAL ITEMS.—We regret to perceive that the subject of building an Union Odd Fellows' Hall in Cincinnati is likely to fail, because of the indifference of our wealthier Lodges. They are mostly well situated at present, and are unwilling to invest in the enterprise, or to agree to remove if the Hall is erected. We conceive this to be shortsighted policy, and hope some means may yet be devised to induce them to enter zealously into the arrangement.

The article in the present number entitled "Benevolence and Charity," is an extract from an address delivered before Potomac Lodge, No. 31, Hagerstown, Md., on the occasion of the celebration of their anniversary, April 23, 1857. We should have been pleased to insert the entire oration, had it not been too lengthy. We are indebted to the courtesy of Grand Secretary Escaiville for the copy from which we extract.

The brethren of Brandon Lodge, No. 63, at Brandon, Miss., had an anniversary celebration on the evening of the 22d of April. Rev. J. A. Godfrey delivered an address at the Court House, to a large audience.

A celebration of the Order was held at Harrison, O., on the 28th ult. We are not advised of the proceedings on the occasion. Will Bro. Godley favor us with a communication on the subject?

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